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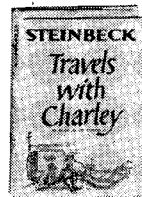
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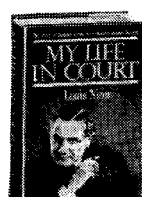
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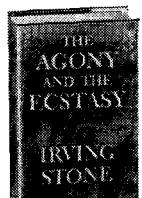
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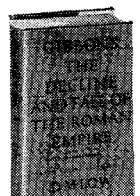
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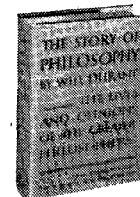
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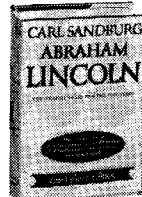
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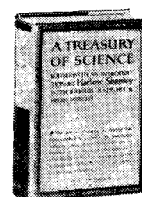
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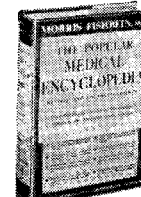
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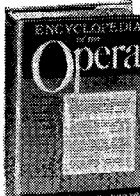
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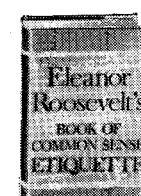
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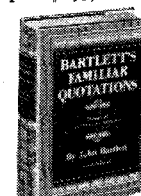
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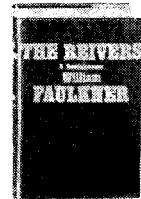
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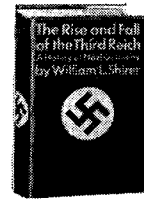
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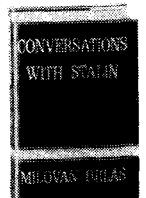
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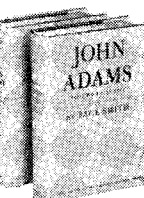
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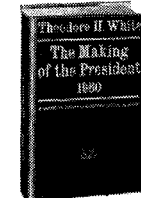
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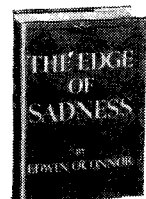
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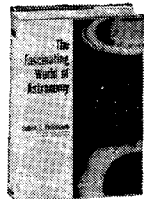
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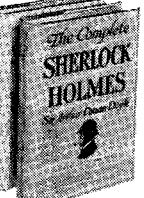
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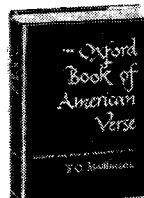
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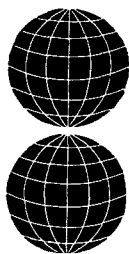
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WASHINGTON

LIKE many other presidents before him, President Kennedy has begun work with his second Congress with more limited and realistic objectives than he put forward two years ago. Instead of a long list of controversial measures, many of which he knew would not be accepted, the President has asked the 88th Congress for concentrated work on a comparatively small number of major proposals as a kind of bridge to a second term. He outlined his program in detail in his State of the Union message and in the other basic documents he sent to Congress in January.

Above all, he made it clear that he wants substantial tax reduction and reform this year. "This is the most urgent task confronting the Congress in 1963," the President said. He argued that only with a sizable cut could the domestic economy be strengthened to provide the underpinning necessary to deal with the "stubborn and troublesome" balance-of-payments problem. In nearly all his speeches, the President emphasized the close alliance between domestic and foreign policies. "Nothing we could do to help the developing countries would help them half as much as a booming United States economy," he said. "And nothing our opponents could do to encourage their own ambitions would encourage them half as much as a chronic, lagging United States economy."

Months will be required to win House and Senate approval of President Kennedy's far-reaching tax proposals. But however long the battle will take, he is resolved to see it through. For on the success of the effort to strengthen the domestic economy this year rests his main hope of winning approval for his other proposals.

The honeymoon period with his first Congress, the 87th, was more difficult for President Kennedy than for most presidents because of the uncertainty

of his mandate in the close election of 1960 and because of the narrow margin between Kennedy supporters in Congress and the conservative coalition. Now, although the numbers are not greatly changed between Democrats and Republicans, a new atmosphere is apparent as both parties attempt to assess the meaning of the President's strength with the voters, to survey the changing political currents in the country, and to maneuver for the 1964 presidential election campaign.

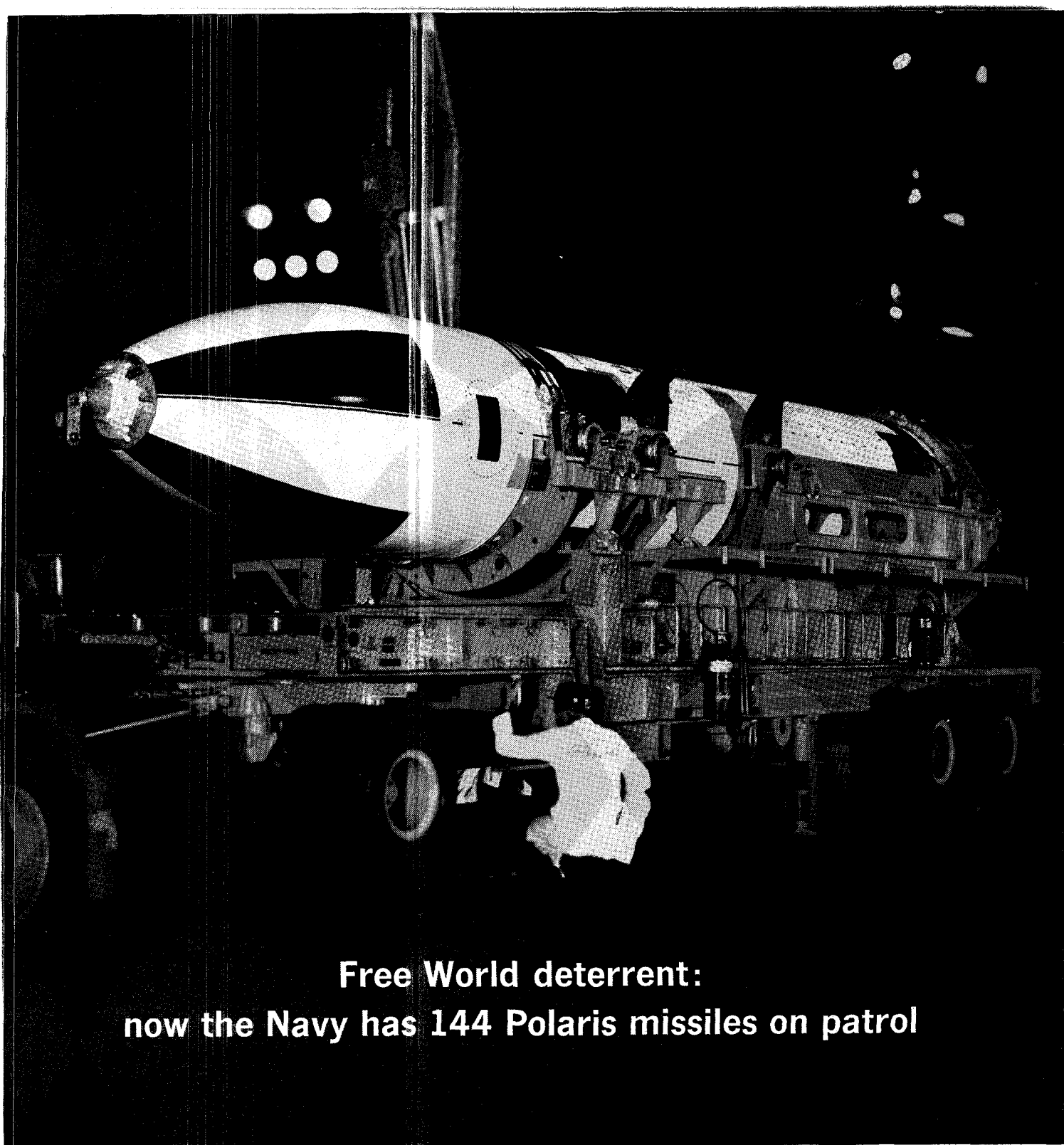
New directions in Congress

The ease with which the President won his fight to enlarge the House Rules Committee this year, as contrasted with 1961, and the revolt of the young Republican House members against the orthodoxy of their House leaders underline the fact that there is political ferment and a search, however halting and uncertain, for new paths.

It should be noted that 28 Republicans and a majority of Southern Democrats voted this year with the Democratic leadership to enlarge the Rules Committee. And the Young Turk rebellion that ousted veteran Representative Charles B. Hoeven of Iowa from the chairmanship of the House Republican Conference and replaced him with Representative Gerald R. Ford, Jr., of Michigan won by a vote of 86 to 78. The revolt was a painful shock to House Republican Leader Charles A. Halleck and Republican Whip Leslie C. Arends. They recognized at once that the attack on Hoeven was a warning that the younger men will not oppose every Administration measure just for the sake of opposition.

The President's strategy

From the beginning, despite the warnings of many in his party who said he could lead Congress only if he marshaled public opinion against the obstructionists, the President has resolutely fol-



Free World deterrent: now the Navy has 144 Polaris missiles on patrol

Above is the 2500-mile A-3, newest version of the Polaris, now in advanced flight test at Cape Canaveral.

With a steadily increasing number of swift, deep-running nuclear Polaris submarines on patrol, the U.S. Navy has the world's most formidable, most impregnable deterrent to aggression.

Each submarine will carry sixteen Polaris missiles—which it can launch in as many minutes. And each Polaris missile launched will mean destruction for one of the aggressor's vital targets.

To build the Navy's Polaris fleet to its authorized strength of 41 submarines, a close-knit team of defense contractors is working day and night on

the hulls, power plants, electronics, rocket engines, and missiles that are needed. One of the major contractors is Lockheed Missiles and Space Company, system manager for the Polaris missile.

Working with the Navy's Special Projects Office, Lockheed helped develop a revolutionary method for speeding new weapon systems to completion.

Result: a completely successful test vehicle only 28 months after the project began—followed rapidly by the operational 1200-mile A-1 Polaris and, a year later, the 1500-mile A-2.

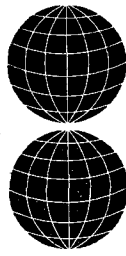
When the 2500-mile A-3 Polaris joins the fleet in mid-1964, no target on earth will be beyond the reach of this mighty force for freedom.

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Report on Washington



lowed the path of conciliation, cooperation, and persuasion. In his approach, he has been more orthodox than most of his Democratic predecessors. While he has attempted to assert presidential power, he does not usually do so at the expense of congressional feelings, which are sensitive in the extreme. He has refused to quarrel openly with the powerful committee chairmen who opposed him. Rather, he has sought to bring them into his camp. When critics told him how often men like Chairman Wilbur D. Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee or the late Senator Robert S. Kerr opposed him, the President replied with a list of Administration measures they supported.

He rejected the advice of men like Professor James MacGregor Burns of Williams College that he should attempt to lead in the reform of Congress. That is not the way a President who wants to win rather than put on a showy fight operates, Kennedy said in effect. He stated what is for him a basic philosophy when, in a television interview in December, he was asked about last year's fight with the steel companies: "There is no sense in raising hell and then not being successful. There is no sense in putting the office of the presidency on the line on an issue and then being defeated."

The President accepts the inevitable difficulties of the seniority system because he believes that there is nothing he can do to change it. He has continued to act within the existing system and to accept philosophically the limitations on his power. For example, he was never particularly fond of Representative John W. McCormack. But when Speaker Sam Rayburn died in 1961, Kennedy's political sense, his sense of what is possible, told him that to try to deny the Speakership to McCormack would stir the bitterest kind of party strife.

The President therefore worked to establish the best possible relationship with Speaker McCormack. Today Kennedy is convinced that his efforts have paid dividends. In McCormack's second year as Speaker, the President describes his relations with him as excellent. To the surprise of nearly everyone, when the Rules Committee fight came up on the opening day of the new Congress, McCormack won it by 39 votes. Two years earlier Rayburn led the fight and won it by

5 votes. McCormack and his associates could claim an exceptional victory. So, also, could John F. Kennedy, who is convinced that he knows more about the art of dealing with Congress than any of his critics.

Who's who in Congress

While the leadership group under McCormack is not wholly united and of single purpose, it does have a strength that has not always been present in recent years. At the top of the list in general influence is Carl Albert, the quiet-spoken Oklahoman who is more conservative than most New Frontiersmen and whose homespun appearance hides a quick and resourceful intellect. In his unobtrusive way, this former Rhodes Scholar is a tower of strength to the Administration as the House Majority Leader.

If Albert is at the top of the list in general influence, House Ways and Means Chairman Mills is at the top in specific influence, and his influence is not always used as the President wishes. An independent conservative of extraordinary ability, Mills commands what is easily the most important House committee, because it has original jurisdiction over all revenue bills and because its 15 Democratic members serve as their party's committee on committees to fill Democratic vacancies on other committees.

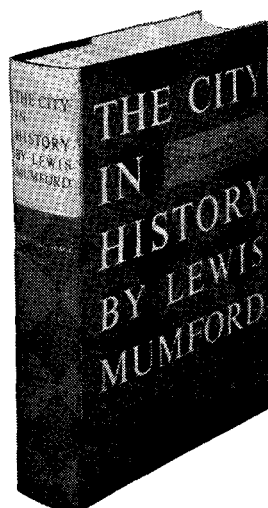
On the Ways and Means calendar are or have been Kennedy's trade-expansion bill, the principal Administration measure in the last Congress; the new tax bill, the principal measure this year; the medical care for the aged bill; unemployment compensation; and debt limitation measures. No one in Congress has a greater sense of what the House will do than Mills. Rarely does he take a bill to the floor until he is sure it is bulletproof.

Fortunately for the President, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana, the Majority Whip in the House, is a senior member of Ways and Means. He has been influential in persuading reluctant Southern Democrats to support the President. Boggs is less conservative than Mills and more a party stalwart. His relations with the President are excellent. As Whip he has played a leading role in sizing up the party's chances in advance of key votes. Two other members who, like Boggs, have played a significant role in persuading Southerners to support the Administration are two representatives from Alabama, Albert Rains, on the Banking and Currency Committee, and Carl Elliott, an Administration leader on the Rules Committee and an expert on education. Elliott was co-author of the National Defense Education Act and will play a key role in the fight for education programs this year. Both Rains and Elliott long ago were aroused against the Rules

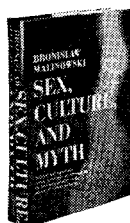
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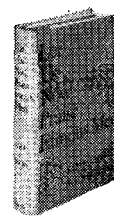
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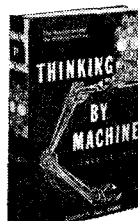
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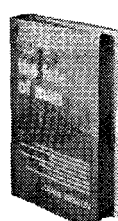
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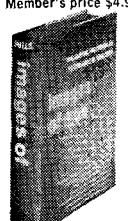
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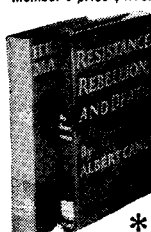
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SHRINKAGE

Henry James once said, "America is too large for any human convenience." Of course, that was before jet planes carried passengers from coast to coast in five hours, before one could sit in Boston and dial a friend in Los Angeles for a long-distance telephone chat, and before radio and television sped information and entertainment across the country and even around the world.

Not that James would have cared for such things. He preferred the more stately pace of life in Europe. But if he had been an investor, he might have appreciated the scientific marvels that make possible the handling of orders to buy and sell most stocks—from the placing of the order to the reporting of the execution—in a matter of minutes, regardless of where the buyer and seller are. Perhaps even James would have wondered at the electric and electronic miracles that are worked every day in the brokerage business as a matter of routine.

The financial community today is, in fact, a combination of the traditional and the modern, of long-established custom and newly developed facilities, and of contrasting points of view that James would have found fascinating if he had subjected it to his scrutiny.

And as for the inconvenient largeness of America, *nous avons changé tout cela*.



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Report on Washington

Committee because it blocked the housing and education bills they fathered.

Representative Richard Bolling of Missouri was passed over a year ago when the leadership team was formed. Now he has regained some of the influence he had when he was Rayburn's spokesman on the Rules Committee, and his counsel is increasingly sought. Finally, the powerful Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, will play a dominant role in defense policy.

Of more than passing interest is the future of the GOP rebels who surprised their colleagues the day before Congress convened by installing Ford as chairman of the House Republican Conference. They unquestionably had their eyes on the 1964 campaign.

Although there have been substantial changes in the Senate membership, the leadership on both sides of the aisle remains the same—which is to say, moderate but not very forceful. Increasingly, the second man on each side is providing the push: Democratic Whip Hubert H. Humphrey, and Republican Whip Thomas H. Kuchel, who won a resounding victory in California last November when former Vice President Nixon was defeated in his bid for the governorship.

The death of Senator Kerr removed the most powerful figure from the upper chamber at a critical time, since the President was relying on him to help win Senate approval of the tax bill. Ironically, Kerr's death makes the Administration task in another field easier, however. He led the fight last year against the President's medical care program, when it was narrowly defeated on the Senate floor.

One of the most powerful obstructionists in the Senate is Richard B. Russell of Georgia, the chairman of the Armed Services Committee and the leader of the little band of Southerners who are less and less effective with each passing year. If Russell's energies were directed toward posi-

tive accomplishments rather than opposition, he would hold a commanding position in the nation and in his party, for there are few abler men in Congress.

As soon as he reached Washington this year, he assailed the Administration's plan to give military aid to India. His statement recalled the comment of Harold Laski that no private member of any other legislative body in the world enjoys so much power and influence as do members of Congress. The fact that he directly challenged the leader of his party, that he raised in India grave doubts about America's intentions, and that he put his knowledge of foreign policy requirements above that of the President and the Secretaries of State and Defense apparently bothered Russell not at all. Perhaps his outcry was useful in reminding the President that the 88th Congress was not very different from the 87th in its determination to assert its own powers and maintain its independence of presidential leadership.

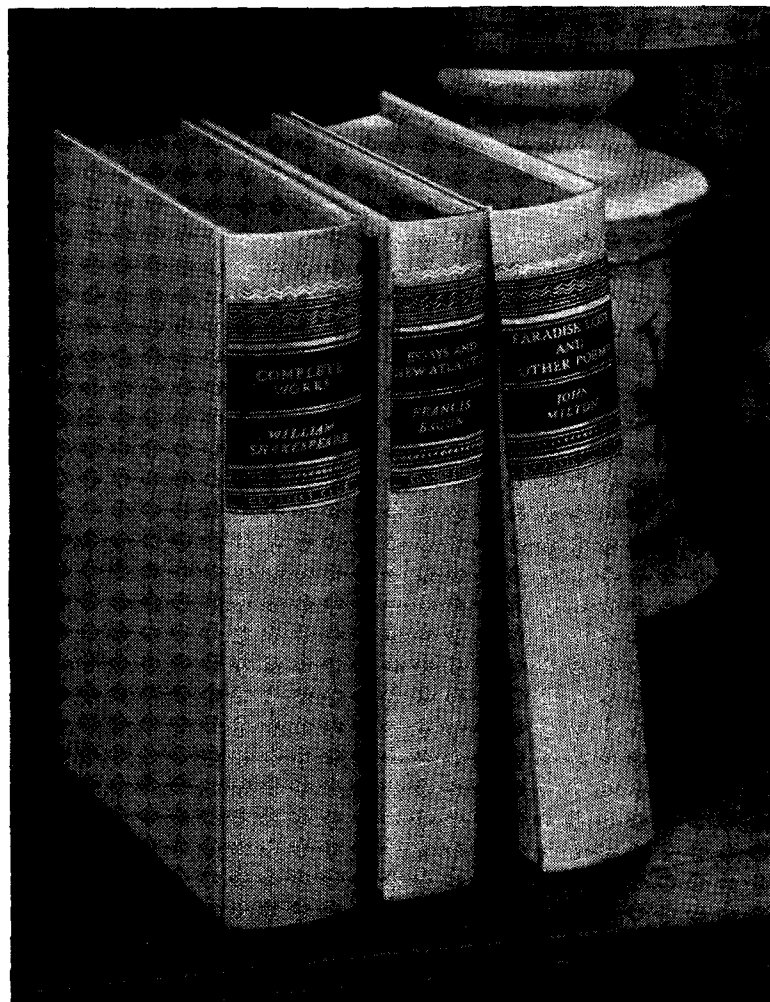
Mood of the Capital

While there is generally more optimism in Washington since the Cuban crisis about the future course of the cold war, the President is on guard. He does not believe that a government which less than a year ago planned to place nuclear missiles in Cuba has been changed by one setback. In the President's view there will be more perils and more opportunities as 1963 unfolds. He cannot foresee the effects on world affairs of the Sino-Soviet differences, and he recognizes that China may have altered the balance of power in Asia by its attack on India.

Domestically, the President shares the somewhat restrained optimism prevalent this winter about the economy. The winter was not so bad as he had feared, although unemployment remained discouragingly high. His big battle with business is a thing of the past, he believes. Labor problems, particularly strikes growing out of fears of automation and loss of jobs, bother him, and he feels that they will get worse rather than better. But if Congress will approve the tax bill, nearly everything on the domestic front will improve, he feels, from the unemployment rate to labor relations.

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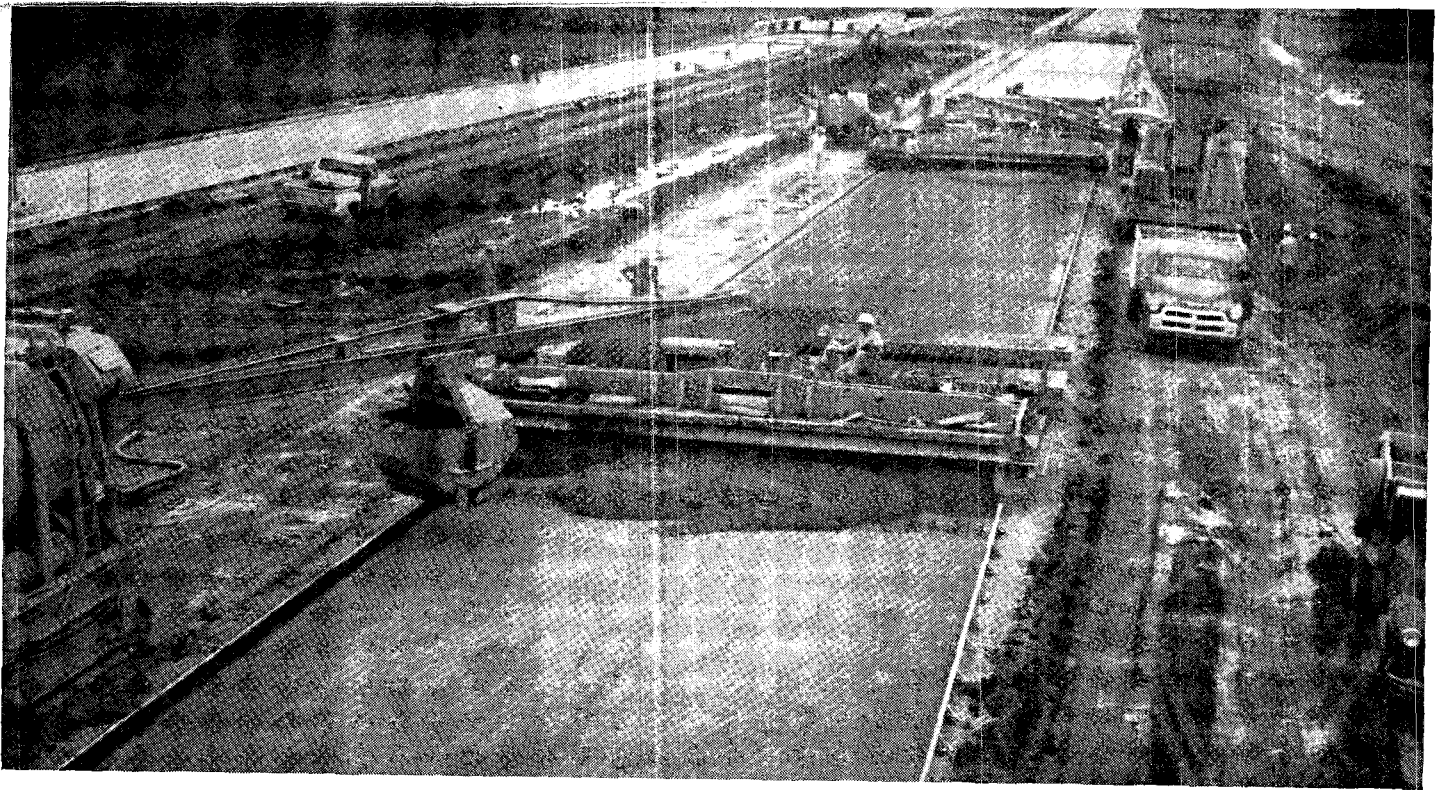
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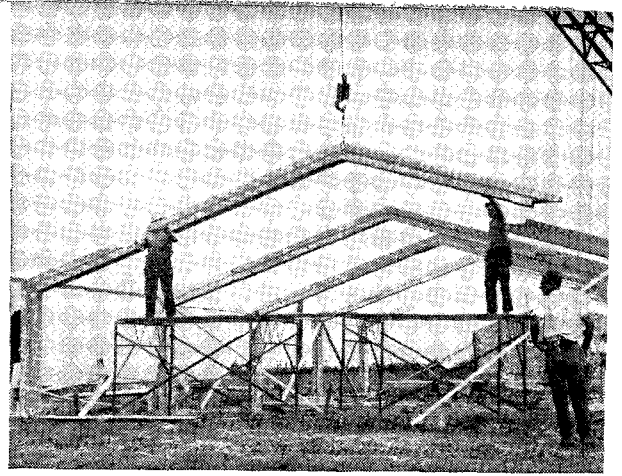


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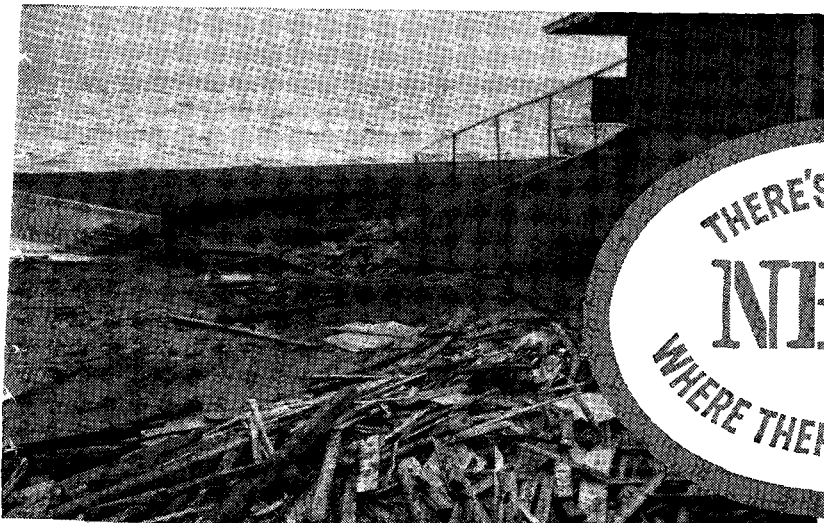
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The Atlantic Report FINLAND



FINLAND is often thought to be behind the Iron Curtain. If so, it is news to the Kremlin. It would be nearer the truth to say that Finland is astride that parlous boundary and upright still only through its own remarkable feats of agility.

In the summer of 1962 the Finns played host to the Communist Youth Festival, which began with tear gas and ended in nuclear explosions. Earlier they received two notes from Russia which seemed to threaten immediate Estonianization; they escaped. Meanwhile, Pentti Nikula has become one of the three best pole vaulters in the world; the Finns have discovered the automobile and the accelerator pedal, but not the brakes; and the only clear statement of foreign policy was issued by the young poetess Sirja Kumo, who declared that her country "must be moved a few inches nearer to the West."

Finns need no reminder of the fragility of their existence. Forty-five years of independence has been but a series of impossible barriers turned into bare possibilities. Their country is a small country, of necessity neutral. They are prepared to accept the isolation imposed by their geography. And they are willing to face, without help, their great economic problems. But being small and isolated, they are occasionally subjected to wholly irrational demands from the outside, and these they find more difficult to manage.

The Kremlin sends a note

The first note from the Kremlin, seventeen months ago, seemed to be just that. What the great explosion was all about is still a mystery. The note, which spent most of its pages excoriating Denmark and Norway, claimed that there was danger in the Baltic and, according to the Treaty of 1948, called for consultations on mutual defense. But no danger was anywhere visible. True, the West German Defense Minister was planning a visit to Norway, and Germany and Denmark were contemplating a unified command in the Baltic, but that either of these small countries would be party to an attack on the U.S.S.R. was absurd. Whatever the real issue, it was further obscured

by wall building in Berlin, by President Kekkonen's visit to Canada and the United States, by negotiations over a new Finnish-Soviet trade pact, and by the huge nuclear explosions over Novaya Zemlya.

Was this note, after the oblique fashion of such messages, a warning to Denmark and Norway? Was it directed at Swedish trade, or at West Berlin, or at China? Nobody knew. Was it pressure to get Finland to be the first Western country to recognize the proposed East German republic? Or only an elaborate method of forcing Finland deeper into economic dependence upon Russia? Nobody knew. Finland, at the time, was engrossed in an election campaign in which President Kekkonen of the Agrarian Party was being hard pressed by the Social Democratic candidate, Olavi Honka.

After three weeks, a second, more urgent note arrived declaring there was imminent danger of attack through the Baltic and demanding immediate talks, possibly "military concessions." This was clearly a summons. Finns recognized both the words and music of the exchanges of 1939 which led to the Winter War. Was this, then, a manufactured crisis to be followed by a take-over, Czechoslovakia style? Twice since the war Finns had managed to squeak past similar schemes.

President Kekkonen decided to go at once to see Khrushchev, then in Novosibirsk. At this critical juncture, Honka announced he was withdrawing from the presidential race, and everything was settled with the speed of light: the danger of attack had evaporated, talk of military concessions could be postponed, there was "complete agreement." Kekkonen was duly elected for his second six-year term. But what there had been complete agreement about, only the principals knew. It is an axiom of Finnish politics that when you do not know something, do not talk; when you do know, do not talk — and above all, do not publish.

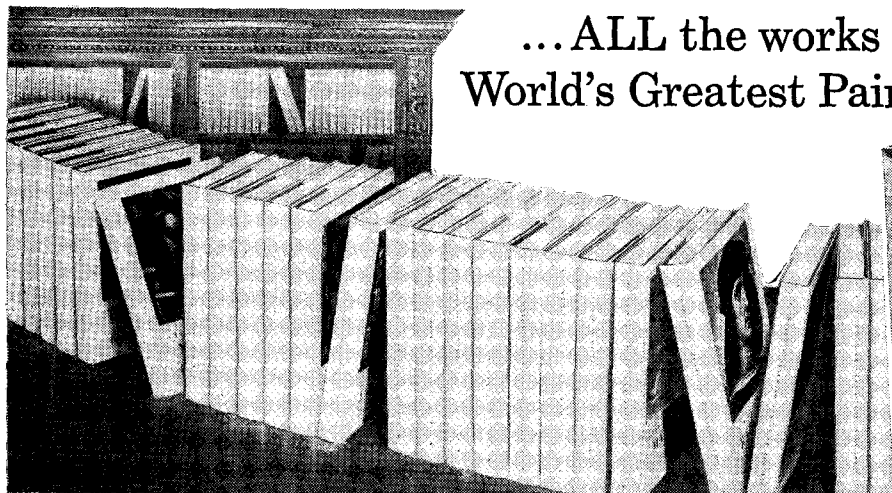
In retrospect, however, the most likely guess is that all this megaton diplomacy was set going

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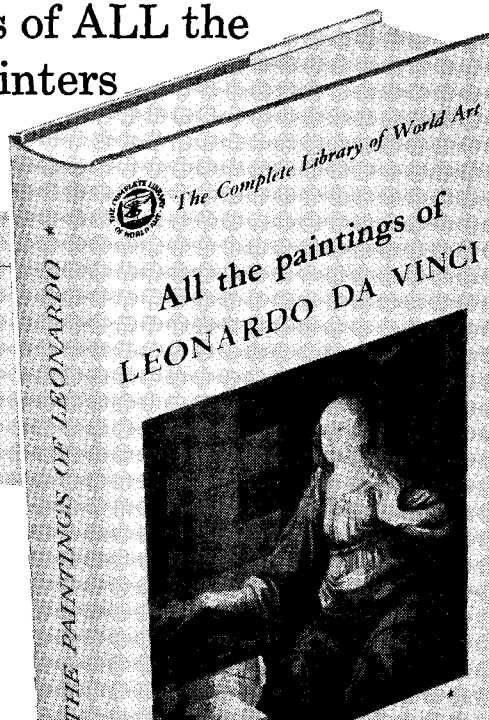
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Report on Finland

mainly to ensure the re-election of Kekkonen as President, or, rather, to continue to disrupt and suppress the Social Democratic Party. It is not that the Agrarians are acceptable to the Communists, but that the Social Democrats are a positive menace. Finland's Communists, the People's Democratic League, for a long time the largest political party, are well organized and well financed. Finns do not hate Communists, and they do not hate Russians except as agents of Russian imperialism. The People's Democratic League constitutes a permanent bridgehead for the Kremlin in Finland.

The Social Democrats threaten this bridgehead. Having social and economic aims somewhat similar to those of the Communists but very different political objectives, they appear to be the one party which could bring about the withering away of the Finnish Communists.

With the re-election of Kekkonen, the issue was postponed and the crisis passed. Compared with it the Youth Festival in Helsinki from July 29 to August 6 was merely an annoyance, one of the numerous social obligations of neighborliness. Yet the festival provides an interesting study of young people in general and Finns in particular. After three years of preparation and an expenditure of some \$25 million by its Eastern backers, the festival was not a great success.

Finns behaving like Finns

Of course, young people, wherever they get together, will have a noisy, gay time. Some 10,000 came to Finland in national costumes, or duffle coats and sandals, Castro beards, and hairdos inspired by yaks. They bunked in ships or on school floors or in campgrounds especially fenced off for them. Riots and tear gas and truncheons only added spice to the ceremonies.

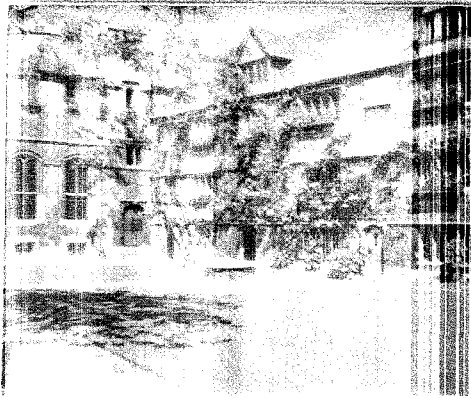
Many delegates were surprised by the hostility of the Finns. The Finns had not asked to hold this festival; they had tried in every way they could to back out. Student groups other than the Communists had vigorously protested this violation of their neutrality; failing this,

they agreed on nonparticipation. Members of the government had made speeches raising "grave doubts." But after the notes of last year and the agreements in Novosibirsk, it became clear that the government would have to give official welcome to the festival, if only to remain neutral. Newspaper editors would not print anything against the festival — they would not print anything at all.

Tear gas did make the headlines. It had never before been used in Finland, and the people were shocked and humiliated. There was talk of "Cossacks riding in the streets." Trouble began during the opening evening rally in the square near the Olympic stadium. Thousands of delegates were there, and thousands of onlookers. In the middle of the ceremonies someone started singing the Finnish national anthem, and this, seized on by the crowd, drowned out the loudspeakers. Festival organizers, trying to restore a peace-loving silence, were assailed by rocks and sticks and bottles. Then the police arrived, and the rally was dispersed.

While the Communist press accused the United States of organizing the demonstrations and West German *provocateurs* and Finnish die-hards of "feeding whiskey to hooligans," it was quite clear after three nights of rioting and the jailing of some sixty persons that the reactions were unorganized. Finns were simply behaving like Finns.

There were, of course, hoodlums having fun in Helsinki and refugees from Eastern countries having their say. There were defections across the border into Sweden. And there were also well-organized anti-festival groups. A large Dutch and Swiss contingent came to protest all nuclear tests and stayed to run a popular nightclub on a ship in Helsinki harbor; the Americans had an exhibit at the Ateneum — "paintings of rags and moults in the best new tradition"; books were given away by the thousands; and two jazz clubs were at work, it seemed, nonstop. Finnish students booked full hotel rooms and youth hostels; they misdirected festival buses; they set up and ran a special newspaper, printed in three languages, to counter the propaganda of the political meetings.



COLLEGES. The only way to see the city is through the colleges. The best way to get a hint of Oxford is to ask a local resident (a hint: rip a college sign off a post, it's about 50 cents and ask for it to be your guide.

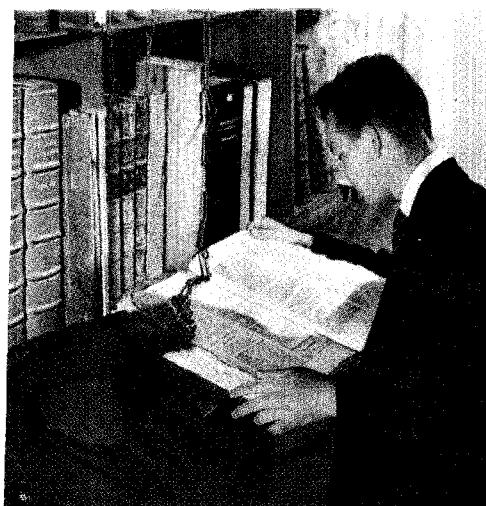
Visitor's Guide to Oxford

*Oxford has 31 colleges, 3 museums, 2 theatres, friendly old inns, the smallest cathedral in England and one highly suspect unicorn's horn.**

*Some unromantic scientists say it's a whale's tusk.



STROLLING. Best way to see Oxford is to stroll. Try the "Water Walks" of Magdalen College, the pathway on top of the old city wall, or the remarkable garden of St. John's.



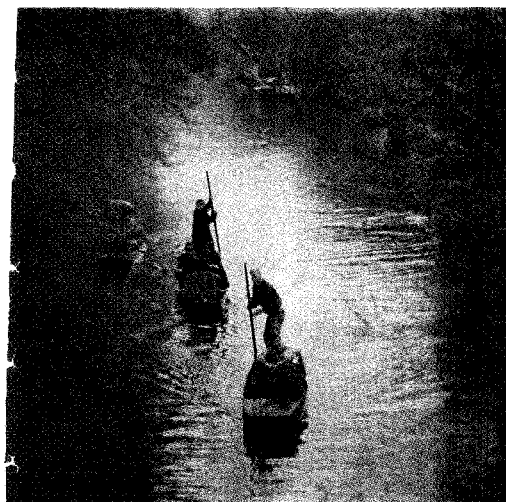
BROWSING. The library of Merton College is the oldest in the world. It has been collecting books for 600 years. Note the chains—relics of the book-starved past.



DINING. This is the hall of Christ Church. Henry VIII dined here. Another college has an annual boar's head dinner to honor a student who choked a charging boar with a copy of Aristotle.



SCHOLARS. The first scholars came to Oxford in the 12th century. Cardinal Wolsey, Thomas More and John Wesley were educated there. William Penn, Shelley and Gibbon were expelled.



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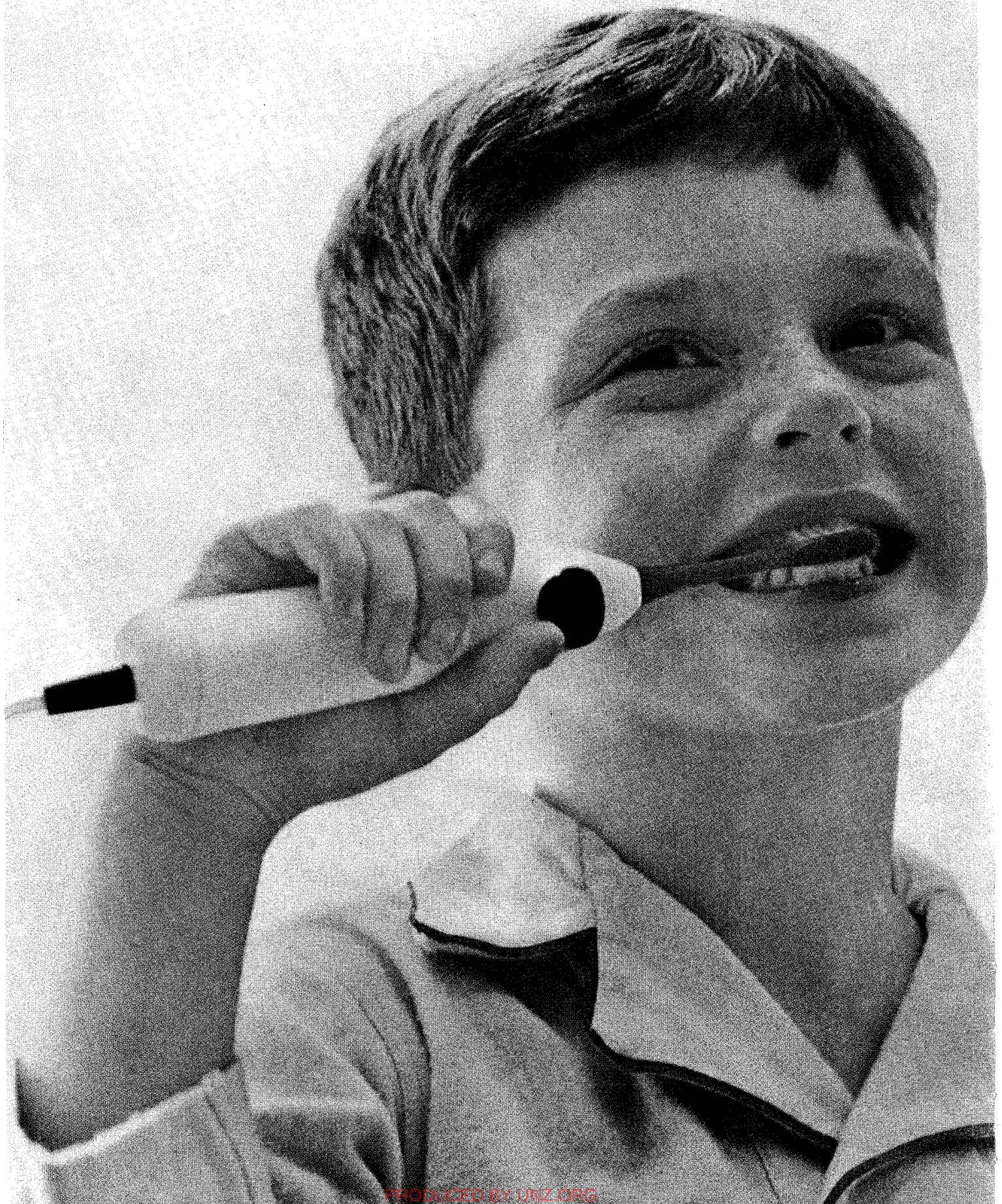


CHOIRS. At sunrise every May Day morning, the choristers of Magdalen sing from the college tower. Oxford's choirs are famous. You can hear them most evenings in the college chapels.



HIGH JINKS. May is a lively month in Oxford. Colleges compete in boat races during Eight's Week. And the cricket season is under way. Spring temperatures are ideal for sightseeing.

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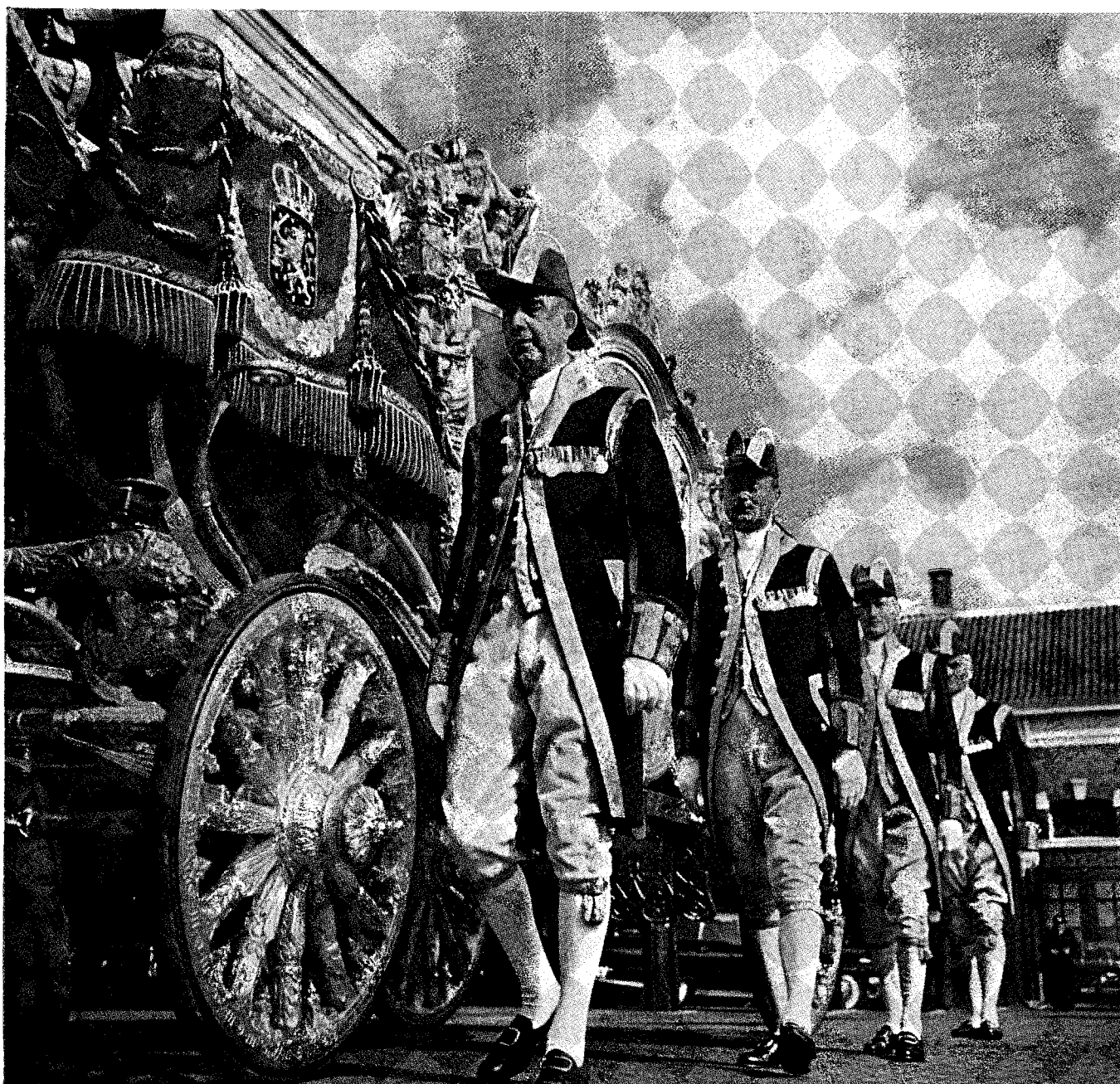
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The Queen on her way to the Ridderzaal. In this Hall of Knights, William the Silent laid the foundation for Holland's democratic way of life.

The Burgemeester of The Hague invites you to help open Holland's Parliament this September

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See Queen Juliana ride from her palace in a golden coach, her escort, the resolute soldiers of Holland. Watch the procession wend through the ancient gates to the Hall of Knights, where Her

Majesty addresses her Parliament.

There's so much for you to see and do in Holland. Meet van Gogh, Rembrandt, and other masters at the many museums. Watch diamond cutters at work in Amsterdam. See the world-renowned Edam and Gouda cheeses go to market. Cruise Holland's canals. Go antique hunting.

Come to Holland this year. The friendly Dutch are expecting you. Especially Burgemeester Kolfschoten of The Hague, who has a memento of your visit awaiting you at his tourist office.

For literature and information, see your travel agent, or write to the Netherlands National Tourist Office, 605 5th Avenue, N.Y. 17, N.Y.



Report on Finland

But the real *coup de grâce* was delivered by the unknowing left hand of Russia. It came on the next to the last day of the festival, when the Soviets began a new series of nuclear tests. Suddenly the wind of reality blew through the meeting halls, and the shamefaced secretary of the organizing committee found himself tearing up placards protesting all tests, by East or West. Vividly turned into truth were the words of an Asian delegation which had walked out of a political meeting because "youth was being systematically exploited for purposes of cold war politics."

Probably the festival was a good thing. Few delegates could have missed seeing the glittering shops of Helsinki or failed to notice the uncowering ways of the Finns. They must have learned something about what it is to be a small country, neutral, astride the Iron Curtain, and still alive and kicking.

Finland faces east and west

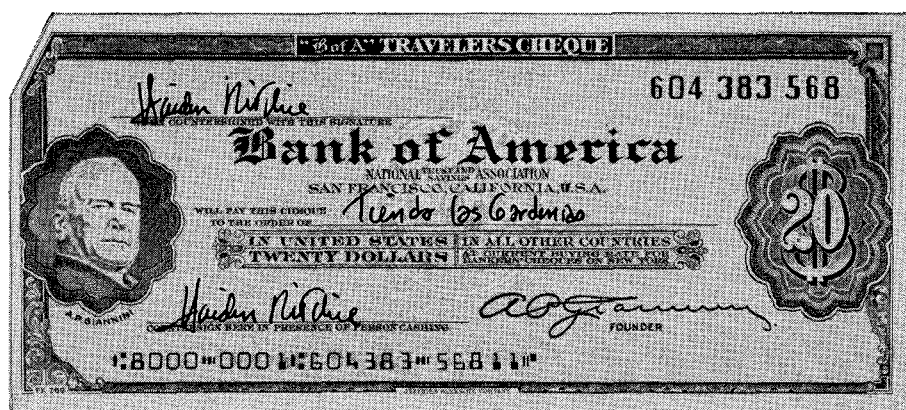
Delegates would be mistaken if they assumed that Finnish neutrality was merely the product of geography and the bitter lessons of history. It is profoundly psychological as well. There are no hitchhikers in Finland. One often sees men walking the long forest roads from one job to the next, packing their gear on their backs, but no man turns around to see who is coming, and no man will humble himself to his thumb. The same is true of the man up to his elbows in the workings of a broken-down car. He neither asks for help nor expects it. He does not even look up.

The nation itself reacts in much the same way. Yet in political and economic affairs Finnish neutrality is based on a total paradox: in foreign policy Finland asks only to be left strictly alone to go its own way as best it can; and in economics Finland has one foot planted firmly in the East, and one inextricably in the West. For the moment, Finland is prosperous, its arts flourish, its clean, bright architecture is renowned, its books and bookstores are probably unrivaled, its children are well clothed and happy, and the names of its designers — Wirkkala,



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Report on Finland

Poutila, Sarpaneva, and others — are chanted in the civilized world like incantations to excellence.

The heavy debt of war reparations demanded by Russia in 1944 has been turned into a valuable resource. The wholly new industries required of Finland — shipbuilding, wire-rope manufacture, copper products, instruments and tools — have diversified its economic base and now account for 20 percent of its export trade. In its traditional export industries Finland has not only regained its former markets for raw wood, pulp, paper, and lumber, but has supplemented these with new processed wood products — cardboard, fiberboard, wallboard, prefabricated houses.

It is only eleven years since Finland shook off its war debt to Russia. In that short time it has become one of the fifteen most prosperous nations in the world. Its recovery, if less showy than that of West Germany, is even more remarkable, for it had to be begun and carried out without Marshall aid. Yet, as the Finns well know, prosperity is a kind of trap. More than almost any other country, Finland depends upon foreign trade. One quarter of its per capita income is earned through exports. And here the paradox still abides: its exports are strictly divided — metal products to the East, wood products to the West. There is little maneuvering Finland can do. If it is to keep its standard of living it must go with both East and West.

The Common Market

The present impetus for a Common Market in Europe, valuable as it may be for some countries, creates a special new dilemma for Finland. It cannot join because of its agreements with Russia, and it cannot stay out without risking the loss of its best customers, England and Germany.

Some time ago Khrushchev generously conceded that Finland had to develop its markets in the West. He further agreed that it could become an associate member of the European Free Trade Area (EFTA), provided this did not change Russia's status as "most favored nation" and provided

such association did not involve membership in a supranational organization.

It is not yet clear how far the EFTA and EEC countries will go in establishing a Common Market, or whether Great Britain will be a part of it, or how much organization such an association will involve. But if a Common Market comes to Europe, the simplest administrative machinery must inevitably grow into pan-European institutions — toward the much-discussed federation of Europe.

Thus, the Finns will have to wait and see and make whatever moves are possible. It seems unlikely that their country will be moved many "inches nearer to the West." Logic would say that little by little this resourceful and energetic people will be incorporated into the Soviet economic empire. Logic would say that, despite occasional outbursts of suspicion, this is Russia's friendly strategy. Yet the Finns would not be impressed. Their very existence over the past forty-five years is a cool smile in the face of logic.

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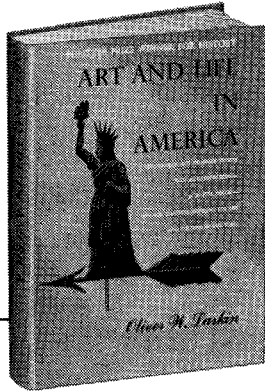
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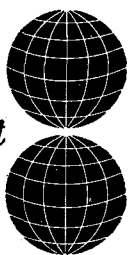
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The Atlantic Report **NEPAL**



FOR a long time, this storybook kingdom on the roof of the world between India and Tibet had been spared violence. The only casualties in the quiet years were minor and not the result of armed clashes. Overzealous searchers for the yetis, or Abominable Snowmen, which by legend inhabit the Himalayas, would sometimes sprain an ankle. An occasional mountain climber, attempting to scale Mount Everest or one of the other foreboding peaks, would break a leg or be overcome with altitude sickness. A few tourists, visiting the valley towns of Katmandu, Bhadgaon, and Patan, acquired stiff necks gazing at the ubiquitous temple carvings that can only be described as pornographic by Western standards. Nepalese explain them and their vivid coloring by saying that their goddess of lightning is a virgin and that if she sees the carvings, she will be scared away.

Against this background of years of tranquillity, the past twelve months have been chaotic. Rebel raids occurred daily and slackened only when the China-India border war flared nearby. By the end of 1962 more than two hundred Nepalese had lost their lives in the domestic fighting.

Buffer state

Politically, recent months have been marked by efforts on Nepal's part to move away from traditional dependence on India and to seek friendly ties with China. Communist China welcomed this shift in Nepalese policy but seemed to have plans of its own for the area. Last summer, Radio Peiping called for a Himalayan Mongoloid Federation, to include Nepal and the semi-autonomous states of Sikkim and Bhutan, as well as Tibet. This would give expansionist China both a suitable buffer with India and boundaries similar to those at the height of past Chinese dynasties.

India, Russia, Communist China, Britain, and the United States all have embassies and aid programs operating in Nepal. But in this nation with a population of about 9.5 million and an area of 54,000 square miles, it is the competition between India and China that matters.

Nepal's primary ethnic elements are Mongolians, who migrated to Nepal by way of Tibet, Sikkim, Assam, and northern Bengal, and Indo-Aryans from the Indian plains and the sub-Himalayan areas west of Nepal. India has made a large contribution to Nepal's development, but in view of the developing situation, it perhaps should have done more. China claims that historically the Himalayan states were linked to it and that British imperialist expansion in India severed the ties and set the areas up as semi-autonomous buffers relying on India. Nepal's King Mahendra began wooing the Chinese as animosity toward India mounted in his own country.

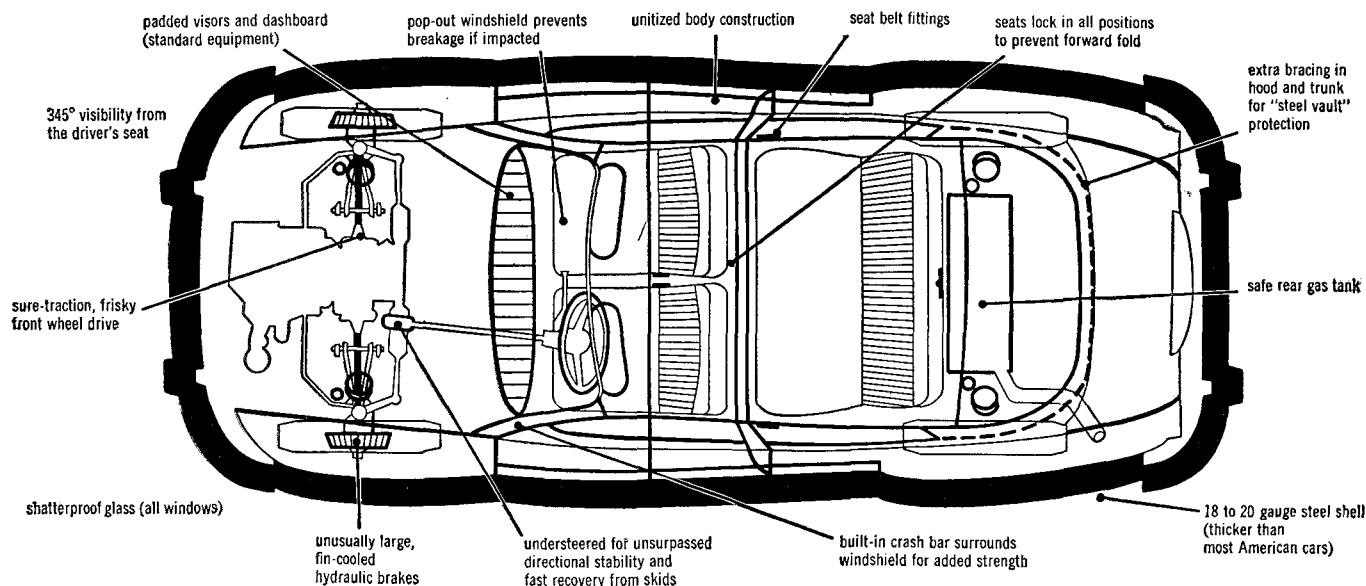
Hostility toward India

In 1950 India's independence movement had fired Nepalese patriots to rise up against the rana regime. King Tribhuvan was smuggled from the palace where he was under virtual house arrest and flown to New Delhi. Soon he was able to return, triumphantly, as the rightful ruler of Nepal. The Ranas were chopped down to size and retained an understandable hatred for all things Indian.

From 1952 onward, India speeded development of Nepal. The Indians built roads, bridges, irrigation dams, power stations, hospitals, and communications facilities. As Americans have discovered, however, donor nations can become resented, and Indians were so tactless in giving their aid that great hostility was aroused. The King died in a Switzerland hospital in 1955, and his son Mahendra had ideas of his own that differed from his father's vision of democracy.

Open anti-Indian feelings came to the surface in 1960, when King Mahendra dismissed the elected government and assumed personal power. Former Premier B. P. Koirala was thrown in a Katmandu prison, where he remains today. India was shocked by these developments. Nehru called them a "setback to democracy," which may have been true but was tactless in view of the growing anti-Indian feeling fanned by the deposed ranas.

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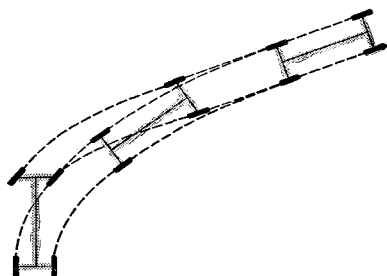
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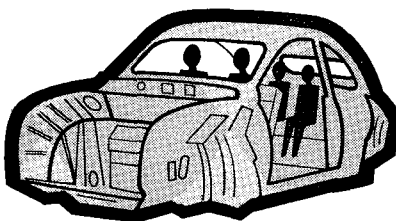
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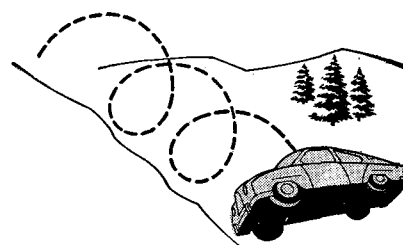
*Engine, transmission (3- or 4-speed gear box available), and differential have a written warranty for 2 years or 24,000 miles.



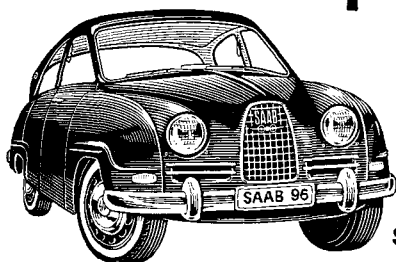
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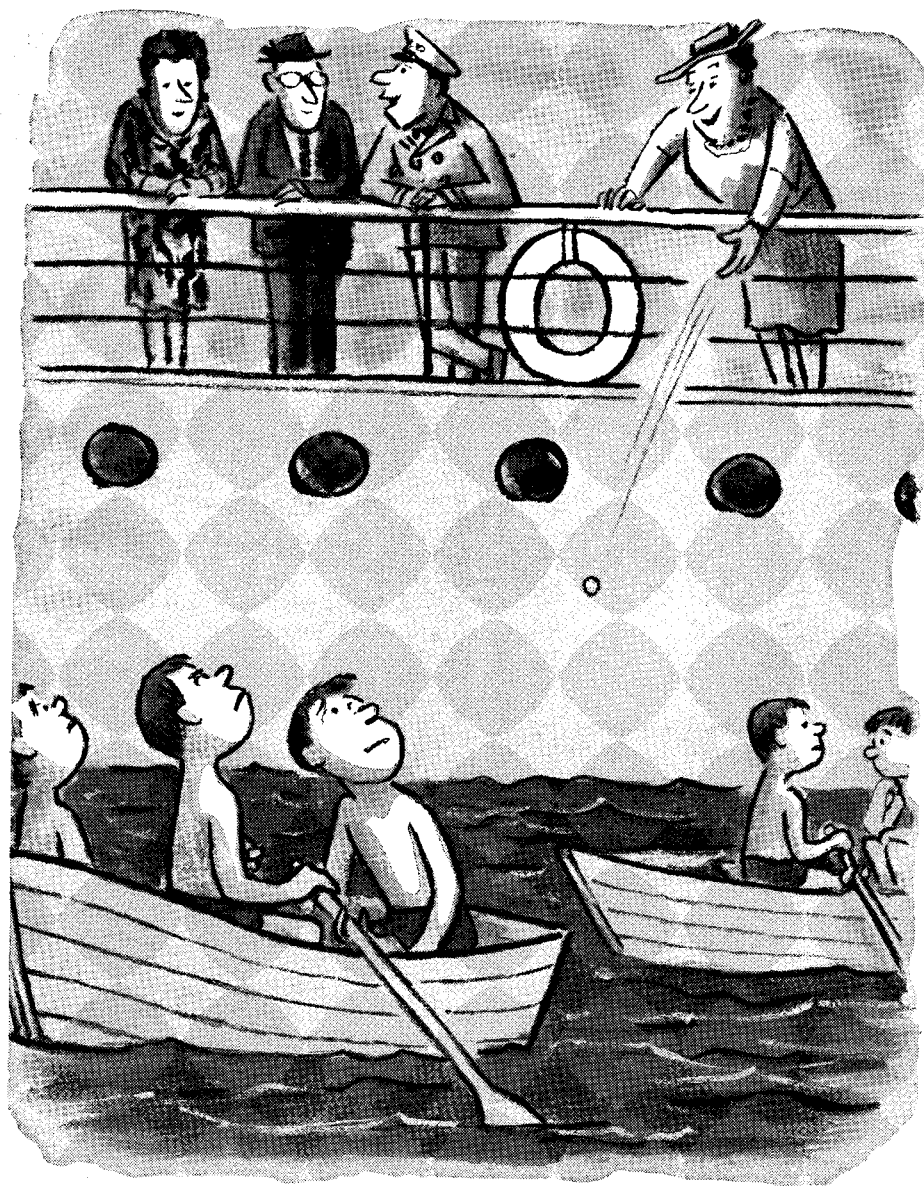


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Report on Nepal

The King envisaged an eventual return to democracy and has allowed elections to village and city *panchayats*, or councils. New Delhi remains cold to his genuine efforts, however, and Nepalese cannot understand this since India recognizes other dictators, including Nasser and Ayub Khan. The King and his followers were further riled when India gave asylum and, seemingly, support to ousted politicians of the Congress Party, who fled to Calcutta and set up a government in exile under former Deputy Premier General Subarna Shamsher. India's newspapers began boosting this group's "liberation movement" and its plan to oust the King and restore democracy.

Wooing the Chinese

With these events as a background, King Mahendra began in earnest to woo the Chinese, who were already a step ahead of him in exploiting and agitating the situation. The King's announcement in October, 1961, that the Chinese would build a road linking Katmandu with Kodari (70 miles to the northeast), which is already linked by unpaved road to the Tibetan capital of Lhasa, took India by surprise. The project, to be completed by 1966, will include the training of Nepalese in road-building skills.

India feels the road opens not only Nepal to penetration from China but India as well. There is a road built by the Indian Army linking Katmandu with Raxaul on the Indian border. India was angered by the fact that it was not consulted on the project, which by treaty it had a right to be, and also because the project meant that another two to three hundred Chinese road builders would be allowed in Nepal to spread propaganda as well as gravel. About this time, General Subarna Shamsher's rebel group from Calcutta began making raids across the border, signaling a general breakdown of order in south Nepal.

As a countermeasure, King Mahendra undertook a "get to know the people" tour early last year, concentrating on the southeastern Terai, or farming district, which was a former stronghold of the ousted



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Report on Nepal

Congress Party. In February, at the town of Jnampur, an attempt was made on the life of the King when a homemade bomb was thrown at his car. Suspects were arrested, but accomplices were believed to have fled to India, joining other exiles.

In April, the King went to New Delhi for a meeting with Prime Minister Nehru, and a communiqué signed by the leaders announced that a joint Indian-Nepalese committee would investigate rebel raids on request of either party. Nepal insisted that the raids took place from Indian territory, while India claimed just as emphatically that they originated within Nepal. In fact, the 600-mile border between the two was almost impossible to police. Three joint inquiries were held after April, but they did not satisfy either side.

A serious incident occurred on September 29 at Raxaul, the busy Indian border town and the gateway to Nepal. A band of Nepalese reportedly entered the town and fired on residents, killing five. The Nepal government blamed the raid on Nepalese rebels "stationed in Indian border towns." Indian crowds subsequently threatened Indian transport operators, and goods destined for Nepal were held up for a week in a blockade which severely disrupted the Nepalese economy and demonstrated the country's economic dependence on India, and added to the ill feeling between the two countries.

Second thoughts about China

King Mahendra was threatening to take India's "encouragement" of the border raids to the United Nations when China began its massive attacks on the Indian border in October. Meanwhile, the Chinese had been subtly agitating the situation within Nepal and taking advantage of the strained relations between India and Nepal. Speaking in Peiping on October 5, on the first anniversary of the signing of the Chinese-Nepalese boundary treaty, Communist China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi said the Chinese people would come to the aid of Nepal if Nepal was attacked by a foreign power.

The Katmandu-Peiping cordiality was increased by a spirited United Nations speech by the Nepalese delegate on behalf of Communist China's admission. The delegate's statement that the Tibetan issue is closed since "Tibet has always been thought of as part of China" was welcomed by China, but caused rumblings domestically and in New Delhi. There are thousands of Tibetan refugees in Nepal. Some of them have told Western correspondents that their numbers are infiltrated with Communist China's agents on missions of subversion.

When the Sino-Indian war became intense in late October and early November, the Nepalese apparently had second thoughts about playing power politics. General Subarna Shamsher called off his liberation crusade for the duration. King Mahendra denied that he had been playing off the two giant neighbors against each other. Nepal went on record warning both China and India to stay clear of its territory.

The King's domestic program

Domestically, King Mahendra has shown little inclination to relax his own tight grip on the country. Early in December, with an eye on the Sino-Indian situation, he announced that the state of emergency in Nepal would be extended for one year. On December 17 he announced a new constitution, but it failed to provide for the broad participation in government that opposition elements had hoped for.

Agricultural reform continues to be Nepal's most immediate need. The country's second Three-Year Economic Plan, begun in July last year, provides for an increase in agricultural productivity through planning and shifting from traditional to modern farming methods. Out of the total population of 9.5 million, it is estimated that 8 million draw their livelihood from some 6 million arable acres. With this small per-capita area of land, agricultural extension has been given priority. An Israeli agricultural expert has been advising the government on the resettlement of landless peasants.

In the central valley, wheat, corn, buckwheat, millet, barley, sugarcane, and a variety of vegetables are

DEFENDER

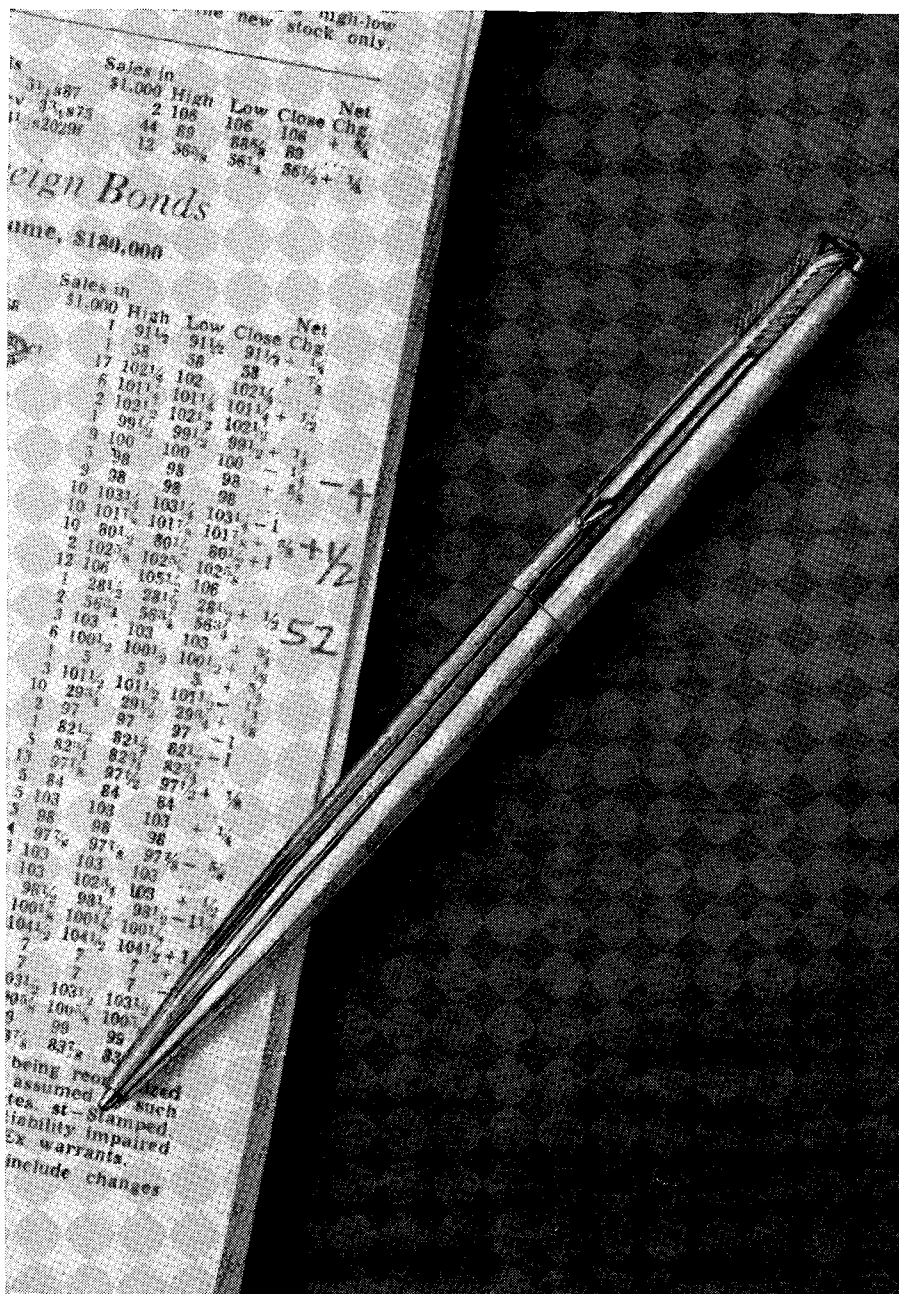
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Report on Nepal

grown. Tea, cotton, and tobacco are cultivated in the hot southern plains, while the temperate foothills yield a variety of fruits. Favored by a profusion of flowers, beekeeping is an important cottage industry.

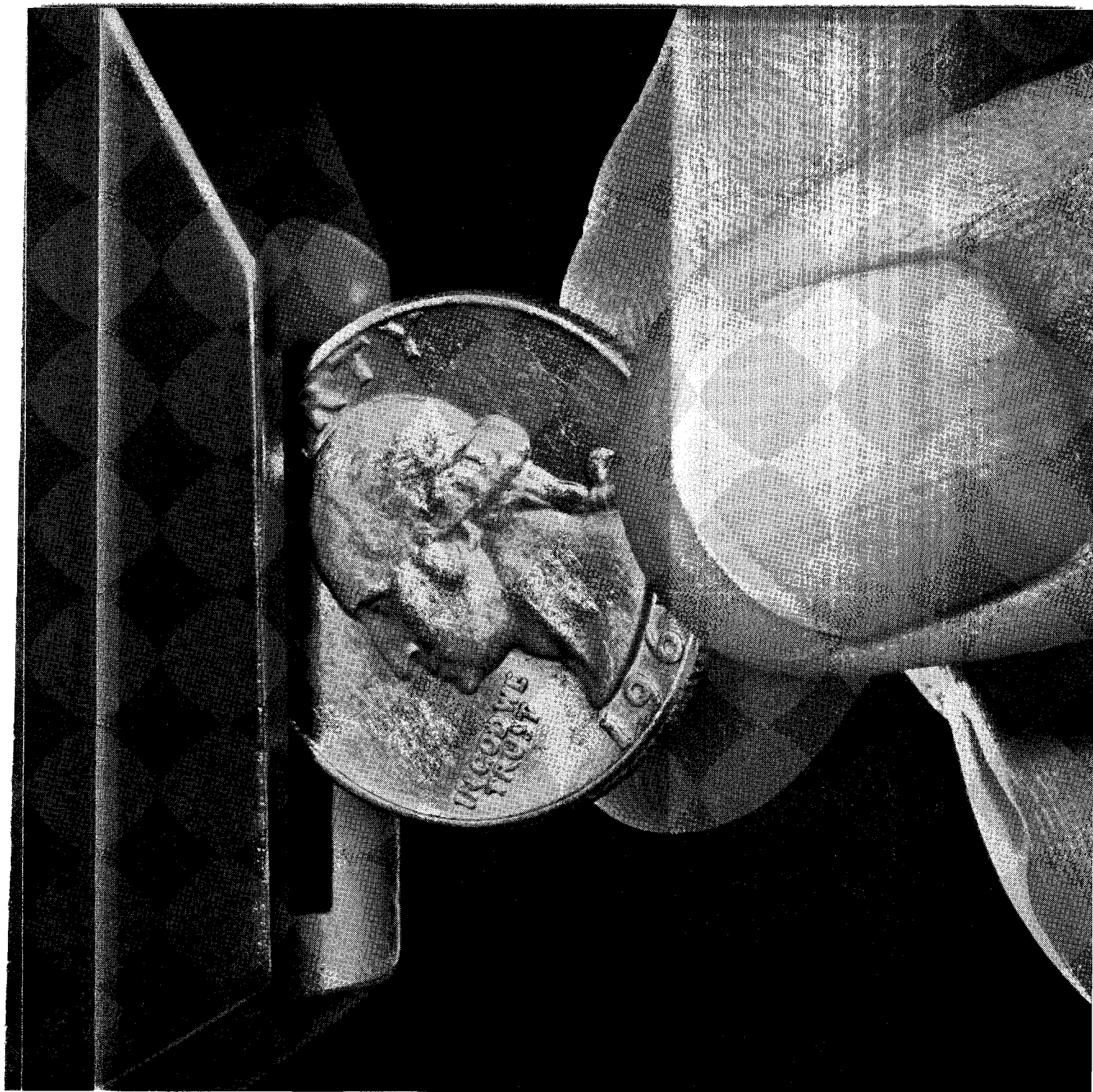
The highlight of Nepal's 1962-1963 budget is its emphasis on mobilization of internal resources. Taxation has risen to its highest level in the country's history — until a few years ago there were no taxes at all in Nepal — and this has added to the political unrest.

Cold-war battleground

Nepal today is fast becoming a major cold-war battleground. Foreign assistance comes from both blocs and is made more interesting by the competition between Russian and Chinese efforts on the Communist side. In the past year, for example, several foreign-aid projects have been undertaken or completed. The Indian-assisted Phewatal Dam in Pokhara and the Tika Bhairab irrigation project were finished early last year. The United States completed installation of a 1500-line telephone system in the Katmandu Valley.

Work began on Soviet-aided factories to produce sugar and cigarettes. Two other Soviet projects, the Panauti hydroelectric plant and a hospital in Katmandu, are nearing completion. A cultural program with the Soviet Union has also been instituted. China's main efforts have been in surveying and other preliminary work on the Katmandu-Kodari road, which will open Nepal to new trade opportunities with Tibet. Nepal also signed a trade treaty recently with Pakistan and has been inquiring about barter deals with Japan, the Philippines, France, and Italy.

As in other capitals, the Chinese Communists stick close to their embassy in Katmandu and avoid fraternization with other diplomats, including Russians, who gather often at parties or around the fireplace at the Hotel Royal, which is managed by a Russian expatriate. However, the Chinese have begun a program of exchanges, and several Nepalese delegations have visited Peiping.



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The Atlantic Report



SENEGAL

THE republic of Senegal, lying at the extreme western tip of Africa, where the continent bulges out into the Atlantic and then curves in sharply toward the equator, is in many ways typical of the new West African nations. It is poor and it is ambitious, and it shares common problems with the multitude of new states which have sprung to life since 1959.

If the visitor steams into Dakar, Senegal's modern capital, from the sea, his first sensation is surprise. A huge, sleek hotel looms up above the cliffs ten miles from the city. Farther on, apartment buildings dominate the plateau on which the new city is built. A short drive around Dakar confirms the initial impression. The banks have electric-eye doors; American cars speed through the streets; handsome villas dot the lovely corniche road along the sea; Parisian-style cafés line the main streets; and *Time* magazine is on sale.

In fact, Dakar looks like a very comfortable place to live. For most of the French and for the various embassy officials, for African politicians and for well-heeled visitors, it is. There are several tennis clubs, and there are sailing regattas. The stores stock Pernod, Scotch, American cigarettes, and fashionable clothes. The lovely sand beach at N'Gor is filled with laughing girls in bikinis. There are wonderful restaurants, comfortable movie houses, and horse shows occasionally on Sundays.

Few white people are interested in the squalor. They do not see the sprawling medina where the Dakarois live, the rows of tumbledown shacks, the sewage flowing in ditches along the street, and the carefully apportioned daily ration of rice. Nor are they concerned that the average Senegalese annual income is about \$240. To the whites, both resident and transient, this means only that they can get a houseboy for less than two dollars a day and have a car washed for twenty cents.

Yet the animosity that one would expect on both sides of the color line is conspicuously absent. Few Africans resent the French who have re-

mained in Dakar. To the Senegalese, the Frenchman has been here for a long time, and he continues to need houseboys and to have his car washed; and the African's life is an entirely separate one. The Frenchman, on the other hand, resents the African only when the latter invades the former's world, the world of offices and parties and dominance. The French find it hard to believe they are no longer masters here; to their minds, West Africa would collapse without French financial and technical assistance and direction. Consequently, the African's efforts at self-government are ridiculed. Otherwise, the Frenchman prides himself on the way he gets along with the African, with the boy and the marketwoman and the *fatou* who does the washing.

The Africans are, indeed, likable. In Dakar the women of the predominant group, the Ouolof (pronounced *wool-off*), are coquettish and exotic. They clothe themselves in colorful robes and head-dresses, wear gold jewelry, and carry themselves stiffly erect and proud. With their babies wrapped on their backs, they walk the streets as if they own them. They joke with white women at the markets, and they push flowers at the tourist. The Ouolof men are hard pressed to support their wives, and many men take several jobs to keep their several wives in robes and jewels. Thus, the women parade through the teeming streets and the men sweat through their jobs, and the boulevards swarm with life, both African and French.

At night, however, the center of the city is deserted, except for a few cafés and movie houses. The Africans troop back, on foot and in rickety *cars rapides*, to their medina, the maze of narrow streets and *bidonvilles* on the edges of the city. There, dinner is a bowl of rice, perhaps with some fish, and the nightly entertainment is the *tam-tam*, dancing to the infectious rhythm of the drums.

The student elite

Five miles from the center of the city is the University of Dakar, which was built by France, is financed by France, and is run by France. The professors, too, are French. The student body,

with a few exceptions, is drawn from all over West Africa. The campus is modern, spread over several acres on the heights above the sea. In the dormitories, the elite of West Africa's youth spend endless hours arguing politics, mainly attacking the incumbent government for its conservatism and alliance with France.

These students seem to be sharply aware that they are the cream of West Africa, and believe that they are guaranteed high positions in government or business because they are all that West Africa can look to, aside from the French. But they are not content to wait, to be thought of as future leaders. Africans, they say, can run everything now. They demand, however, French and American financial aid as the least that is owed to them to compensate for centuries of exploitation. They spend their government scholarship money on clothes and radios, since their tuition, lodging, and meals are provided free.

In a way, it is not difficult to understand their ambition. One need only look at the incumbent politicians to see the good life that these students aspire to. Deputies in the National Assembly ride through the streets in sleek, chauffeured sedans, and they live in the fashionable quarters of the city. They make more than \$100 a week in government salary, and they have other income as well. Even in the interior, local African administrators live in comfortable, rambling houses, keep several servants, and enjoy the prestige of high status.

The patterns of power

Power patterns in Senegal are complex, and the sources of influence are many. Senegal is more than 85 percent Muslim, and on the local level real control lies in the hands of the marabout, the Muslim leader whose influence goes far beyond the religious sphere.

The marabout directs the practice of Islam in his area. He also collects the rents, directs the vote, enforces the taxes, and generally runs the society. The key to his power is his absolute hold over the minds of his people; the African Muslim believes he cannot get into heaven without the marabout's intercession. The marabout's influence, in this

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Report on Senegal

respect, is exerted in direct propor-
tion to the amount of obedience he
receives. Since he is rich and power-
ful, he must be courted by any
aspiring African politician.

Political power in Senegal is cen-
tered in the hands of one party, the
UPS (Union Progressiste Sénégalai-
se). There are other small par-
ties, but they offer only token
opposition. In his last Independence
Day message, President Léopold
Sédar Senghor expressed the hope
that opposition politicians and stu-
dents would join the UPS, since
Senegal's plans for development
would be hampered by divisive
efforts. Students at the university
greeted the statement with jeers and
insults.

Economic goals

The policies of the Senghor gov-
ernment are easy enough to follow.
The one phrase constantly heard is
"development." To achieve his eco-
nomic goals, Senghor practices a
policy of close cooperation with the
French and encouragement of new
industrial investment. The first
Four-Year Plan, 1961–1965, out-
lines bold objectives in the area of
industrial expansion, road building,
agricultural development, and ex-
ploitation of natural resources.
French assistance is heavily relied
upon, but private capital is to pro-
vide 45 percent of the industrial
growth. To lure this capital, the
government has written an invest-
ment code promising substantial tax
benefits and official encouragement
to potential foreign investors.

Despite these ambitious goals, one
gets the feeling that there are con-
stant beginnings but few results.
Commissions are set up, and pilot
projects are established by the score.
Yet there is little to attract foreign
capital. Senegal is a one-crop coun-
try, the base of the economy being
peanuts. Aside from this, there is a
coastal fishing industry that remains
primitive, one phosphate plant in
the north, some rice cultivation in
the south, and little else. The land
is most unyielding and dry, and
there are few mineral resources. The
one real resource is cheap labor, but
there are practically no skilled work-
ers or technicians.

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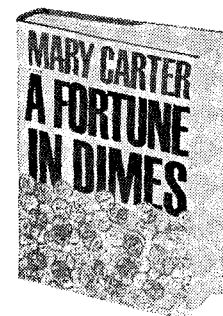
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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

Effectively, economic power in Senegal remains in French hands. Octopus-like trading companies, French-owned, spread out from the capital cities and into the bush. They sell everything from real estate to ice cream, hardware to life insurance, and they carry on most of the important commerce in West Africa. Their hold is not as oligarchic as it was before independence, but it remains strong.

Outside the big cities, competition cannot get a foothold. Until recently these giant companies also bought the entire peanut crop, setting prices and wages according to their own intercompany agreements. The government has now established a cooperative which has in part taken over this buying and the processing which follows it, but the cooperative, though partly government-financed, is still largely owned by the French companies. French capital continues to predominate in almost every commercial enterprise.

This French economic hegemony is one side of a two-way street. Senegal, as a member of the French Community, grants France tariff and import privileges and subsidies which are unavailable to other countries; in return, France gives its excolony financial and technical assistance and buys the peanut crop at a price pegged above that of the world market. Thus, Senegal subsists and France retains its prestige as the mother country.

Where Africans have taken over administrative positions, the picture is often a discouraging one. The high-living elected delegates to the Assembly pay lip service to their public patriotism, but their main concern is their bank accounts. In the administration, corruption is the rule rather than the exception. Senegal is fortunate, however, in having honest and capable men in the top ministerial offices. In the lower official echelons, performance is often sloppy and graft is common. The government is working hard to train capable administrators, but progress is slow.

The new middle class

But Africanization of the civil service, as well as of office workers and clerks, is inevitable and is proceeding rapidly. African bureau-

crats, businessmen, salesmen, bookkeepers, mechanics, and small shopkeepers are gradually replacing their French counterparts. They have been trained mainly by the Frenchmen they replaced, and they suffer from neither the arrogance of the university student nor the avarice of the high official. The growing influence of this African middle class can be seen in its expanding purchasing power, its higher standard of living, and in the new housing developments that are spreading on the outskirts of Dakar.

In the interior, old habits and ideas change slowly. Despite the growth of Islam, tribal traditions and superstitions continue to dominate the bush African's existence. But life in the bush has been complicated since independence. For one thing, the authority of the local chiefs has been undermined by the presence of African government administrators. For another thing, the lure of lights and good clothes is attracting the young people to the city, leaving the villages largely to the old and the infirm. Moreover, when the newly sophisticated boys and young women return to their natal home, their dissatisfaction gives rise to frequent family and tribal disputes.

Improving the villages

The government is trying to bring a better world into the bush. Centres d'Animation Rural have been set up in several regions of the country. Here young men from the villages may come and live for ten days or two weeks. They are shown how to improve the looks of their villages and how to take various health precautions.

The graduates of the camp are expected to spread their newly acquired knowledge in their villages, but the government is finding it hard to lure the villagers away from their traditional methods.

Senegal is therefore a difficult and complicated place to understand. Perhaps the best evaluation is that offered by a Senegalese administrator in the Ministry of the Interior. When asked what he thought about his country's chances for success and improvement, he answered cautiously: "We are black, we have strong friends, and we are ambitious. Isn't that a good beginning?"



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



SIR:

The *Atlantic* — never a bad publication, rarely to be charged with mediocrity, and usually excellent — has risen to superb heights in its extraordinarily effective, myth-dispelling issue of January, 1963. I wonder if you deliberately selected Carl Jung, Murray Friedman, Cecil Woodham-Smith, John K. Fairbank, Clarence Randall, and John Doe for presentation in one issue.

I used to fancy myself as fairly well informed of English and Irish affairs, but Cecil Woodham-Smith's brilliant and graphic account of the Irish famine in the 1840s in "Ireland's Hunger, England's Fault?" makes me aware of how utterly without understanding and sympathy I was.

Clarence Randall's "When You Fire Him" and the anonymous Mr. Doe's "The Coming Tax Reform" ruthlessly and daringly bang a few clichés on the head and turn the light on problems which touch every one of us.

Despite the diversity of subject matter there is a compelling unity of principle in all these articles. Whether or not you intended it, you have achieved in this issue a remarkable little compendium of progressivism. My congratulations.

JOHN W. PUTNAM
Acton, Mass.

SIR:

Cecil Woodham-Smith's article "Ireland's Hunger, England's Fault?" is incomparable. It jarred me from any sense of complacency. For the first time I have been able to grasp the significance of the Irish

potato famine and why the Irish hate the English. Finally, this article has forever eliminated any further interest in the laissez-faire doctrine of economics.

HOWARD D. BLANK
Waynesburg College
Waynesburg, Penn.

SIR:

Your favorable comments in the Washington Report in the January *Atlantic* on the President's handling of the Cuban crisis are of interest.

To me the ultimate error in this nuclear age is the precipitation of war. Mr. Kennedy was prepared to commit this error. A number of the group that made the final decision, I have read, voted to make an air strike against Cuba. It appears that Mr. Stevenson, in his maturity, suggested that there was a more reasonable approach to the crisis.

The area of the American press and TV that I have been exposed to has without exception commended the President and leveled no criticism at those men favoring an air strike. The great criticism was against the voice of moderation.

The really frightening thought is that in the next crisis the President will be "ready and willing" again, and next time the results might not be so happy.

ROLAND McLEAN
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

SIR:

For many months, as I have read the *Atlantic*, I have been tempted frequently to express the views of a teen-age reader concerning some of the interesting articles that have ap-

peared. After reading John Keats's "Ask the Man Who Doesn't Own One" in the December *Atlantic*, I found it impossible to resist this temptation any longer.

Mr. Keats did an excellent job of pointing out the many advantages of renting an automobile and answered most of the arguments that might be raised by the proponents of private ownership of the valuable machine. However, he failed to consider one aspect, perhaps that which is most important to many teen-agers and countless adults as well — the automobile as a symbol of status.

BERNIE FINKLE
Newton, Mass.

SIR:

Although we live in an area where trains are nonexistent and buses inadequate, for over ten years we have lived quite happily without a car. So we were pleased to learn, from reading John Keats's article, approximately how much we have saved annually. Taxi fares are reasonable here; the drivers we have known are not only excellent drivers, but courteous, helpful, and usually interesting. We feel a lot safer riding in a cab than we do in a private car; in very bad weather a cab will bring the children from school, and we know they are safe.

MRS. J. T. REAY
Taunton, Mass.

SIR:

The article "The Coming Tax Reform" by John Doe in the January *Atlantic* should be extremely valuable in awakening the conscience of our legislators and informing the public. It is a revealing synopsis of all that has been presented concerning the inequities in our tax structure, and as the conclusions of a lawyer, intimately involved with the question from the standpoint of big business, it is truly authoritative.

The disheartening core of his thesis lies in his statement: "there is no public-interest lobby. . . . Even though the necessary effect of reducing one group's taxes is to thrust that much more of the burden of government on all the other taxpayers, the millions who foot the bill seldom notice, or even know about, the change."

Enlightened or ignorant, how does one overcome apathy?

GEORGE HELLER, M.D.
Englewood, N. J.

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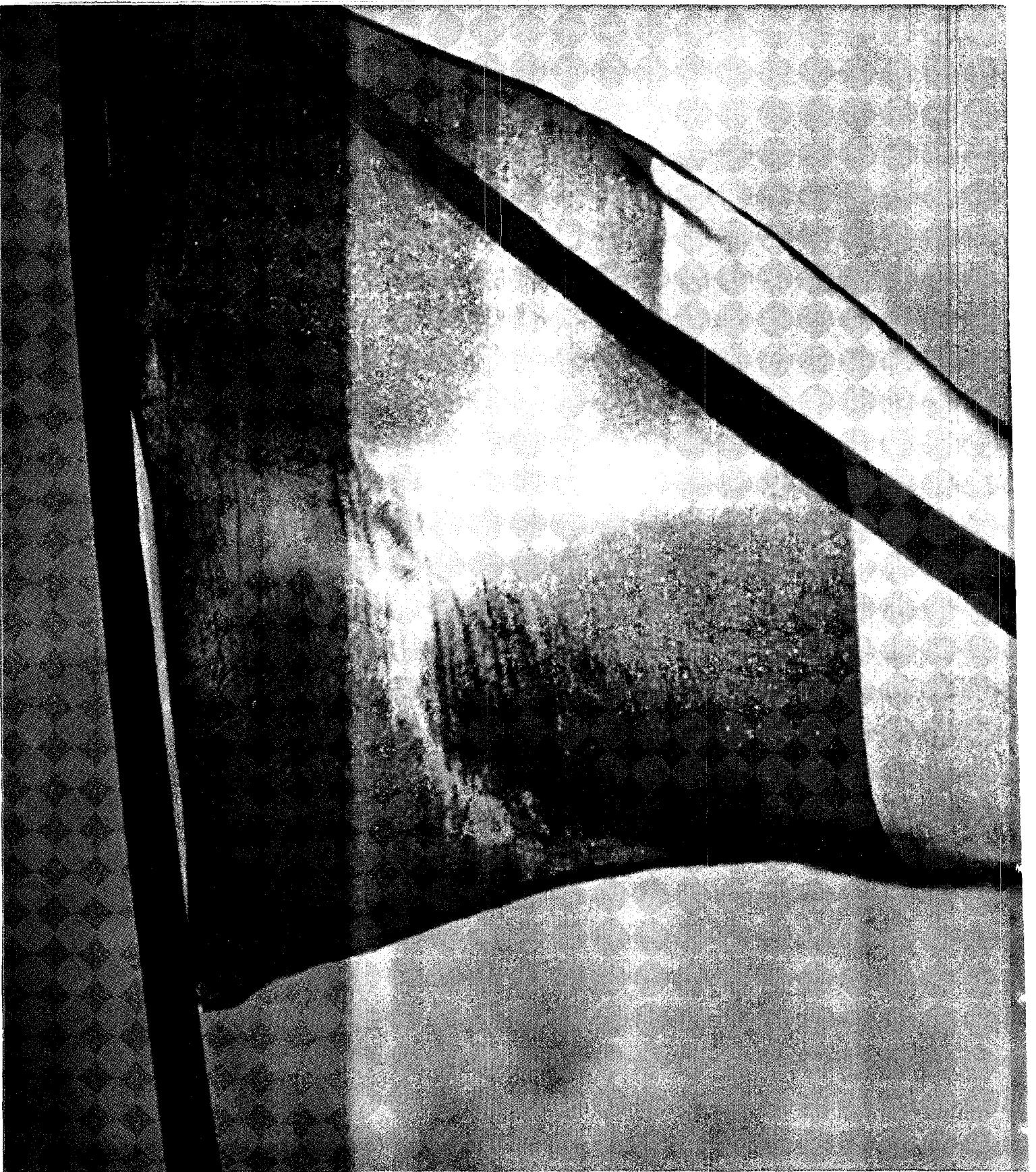
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Versailles is dazzling in candlelight. And the Louvre has 26 new halls filled with dramatic antiques. We've turned a lot of picturesque castles into charming inns for you and opened a lot of new hotels. We've



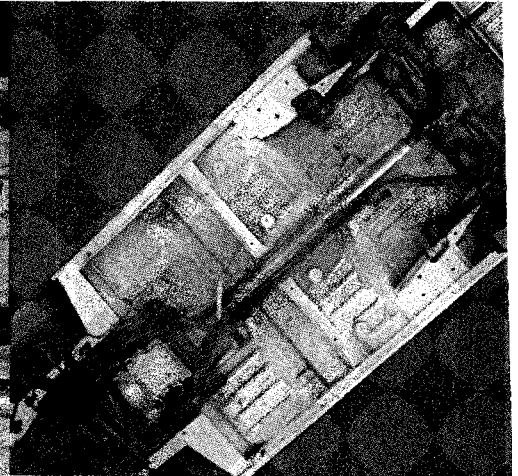
even planted flowers all the way from Paris to Nice so we'll be coming up roses. In other words, we hope you'll have a wonderful time. If there's anything we can do, any literature you need, just write Dept. AM-A

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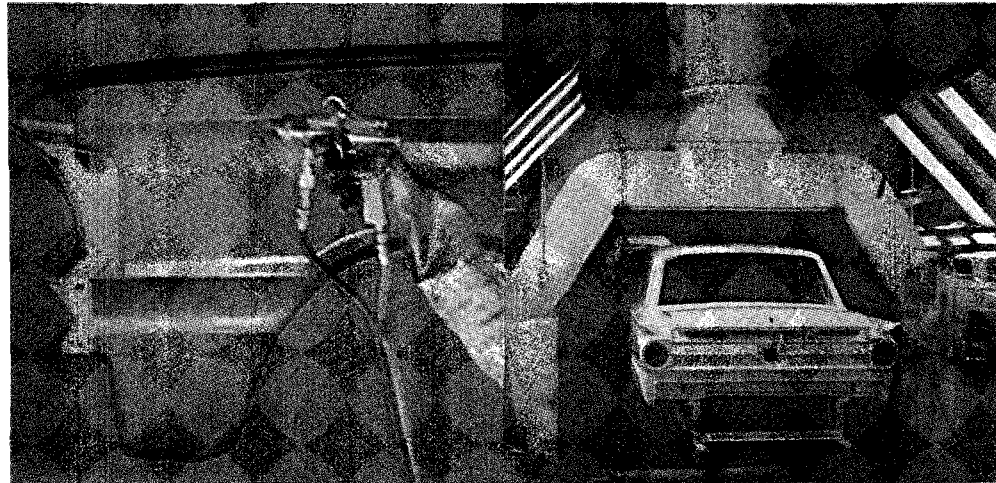
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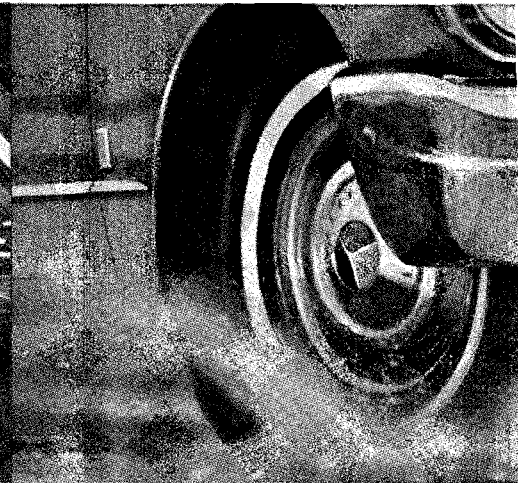


Vital parts of galvanized steel (shown in yellow on this unitized body) resist rust 2 to 3 times longer than ordinary steel. Factory-applied undercoat deadens sound, protects against rust.

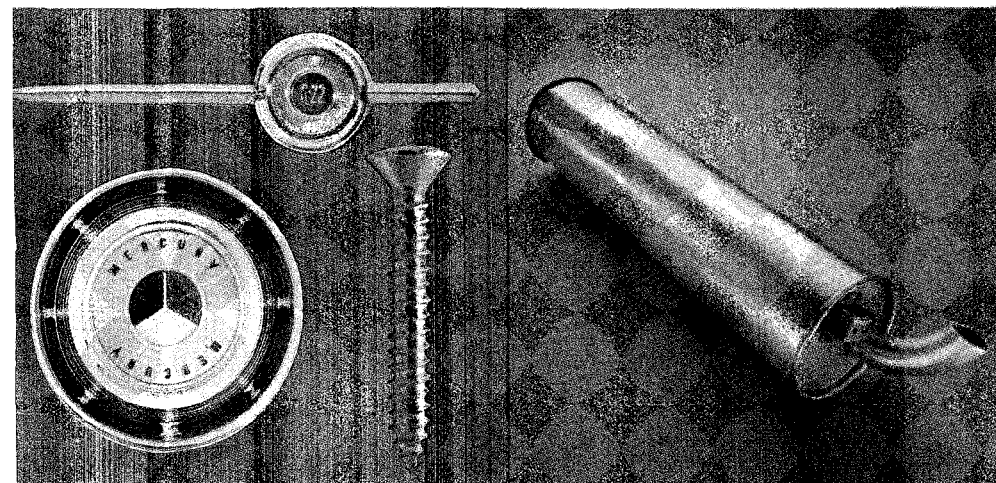


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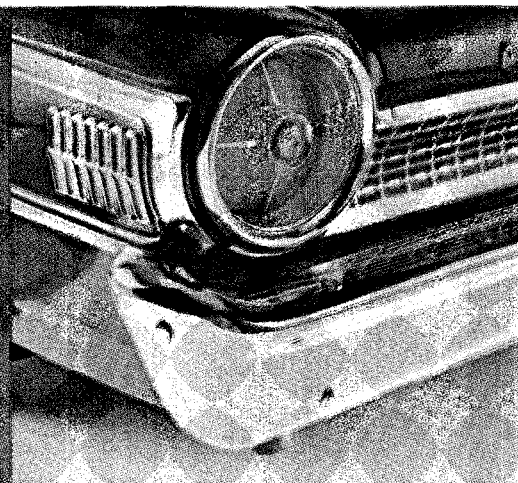


How to baffle wheel spray. Ford-built cars have baffles in fender wells. These are designed to shield rocker panels and other areas from mud, splash and salt.



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THE GULLIBILITY OF THE NEUTRALS

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

"Neutralism," says OSCAR HANDLIN, "is often described as a policy of nonalignment adhered to by the new Afro-Asian nations which desire peace in order to further their own interests." The inaccuracy of this description, the development of the original concept of neutrality, and the disastrous form it has now taken are pointed up in the following article by Mr. Handlin, an eminent member of the faculty of Harvard and director of its Center for the Study of the History of Liberty in America.

THE old man blinked in bewilderment on the television screen. Fatigue showed in the droop of his eyelids, in the hesitant choice of words as he expressed dismay over the problems before him. The Prime Minister of India speculated on the meaning of the Red Chinese invasion of his country in October, 1962. The camera shifted to banner-carrying demonstrators marching through a city street, to scrawny volunteers at a recruiting station, to women offering their jewels to the nation; then came some old clips of the Dalai Lama, Tibet, mountains.

For almost a decade Nehru had refused to believe it could happen. In 1954, he had agreed with Chou En-lai's five principles of *Panch Sila* ("peaceful coexistence"), then had stubbornly clung to faith in Communist peaceful intentions despite the existing evidence of Korea and Indochina. That same year the Chinese began to build a road across territory the Indians claimed, but no issue was made of it. The seizure of Tibet, the crossing of the MacMahon Line, and numerous minor provocations were explained away as misunderstandings among friends. But the newest act of aggression could not be explained away; thousands of ill-prepared Indian troops lay dead in the passes, and the massive Red armies ground ahead as fast as their supplies caught up with

them. The brutal reality, the Prime Minister explained, had compelled him to shed his former illusions. "We were getting out of touch with the realities of the modern world. We were living in an atmosphere of our own creation."

But his statement revealed that he still had far to go in freeing himself of self-deception. He still considered the Soviet Union his friend and expected aid from it. And he still thought that he could find safety in neutralism.

A month later, those hopes were only slightly faded. By December, the Russian MIGs had not yet arrived. "We understand there has been some difficulty," the Prime Minister said, "but it has nothing to do with China." Actually, the only help that reached the beleaguered Indians came from the West; and a painful reconsideration of past errors became necessary.

But the fate of India had no perceptible impact upon the other uncommitted nations which stubbornly clung to policies that threatened someday to expose them also to aggression. Indeed, in November there were efforts to draw Pakistan, theretofore a friend of the West, in the same direction. U Thant was no sooner elected Secretary-General of the United Nations than he reasonably called for "a spirit of compromise" but with "give and take on both sides," as if both the

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United States and the Soviet Union were equally prone to aggression.

As 1962 drew to a close, neutralism, the greatest illusion of all, persisted; and few were aware either of its true meaning or of its disastrous effects upon the hopes for world order.

NEUTRALISM is often described as a policy of nonalignment adhered to by the new Afro-Asian nations which desire peace in order to further their own interests. Such a description is inaccurate on almost every count. Neutralism is partisan, European in origin, ideological in character, and a threat to the development of that rule of law which is the only hope for a durable peace.

The neutralism of the past two decades is far removed from the traditional neutrality recognized in international law. Such states as Switzerland and Sweden adopted neutrality as a conscious policy out of an unwillingness to become involved in the nineteenth-century system of alliances. They were able to do so because they were small, incapable of affecting the existing balance of power, and uninterested in expansion. Hence, they could stand apart from the struggle for advantage of the great nations.

However, the neutral countries also accepted the peculiar obligations of their special status. On the one hand, they understood that they had to be strong enough to defend themselves and free from dependence upon external support; otherwise their vulnerability might invite aggression and upset the balance of power. On the other hand, they understood that they could aspire to no positive role in the normal play of international politics. They could only be bystanders to decisions that others made, and they knew that their security rested upon a regime of international law.

The neutralism of the past seventeen years has been different from traditional neutrality in every respect. It is a doctrine not of small but of great states, with populations that run into hundreds of millions. The countries that adopted the policy of nonalignment were militarily weak and dependent upon foreign aid, yet they insisted upon attempting to constitute an independent force in international affairs. In doing so they generally, if unwittingly, threw their weight on the Soviet side. Lacking power, the neutrals could act only through appeals to reason and justice, which only the West respected. Meanwhile, the Reds, contemptuous of weakness, operated without fear of restraint from this source.

To understand these attitudes, one must go back to the immediate post-war years. Then, well before the countries which are now the chief

exponents of neutralism achieved independence, dissident groups of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians formulated the basic ideas of neutralism. They did so out of the need for giving intellectual respectability to the anti-Americanism to which socialist ideology bound them.

In England, France, and Italy a significant number of intellectuals and politicians had been allied in a united front with the Communists before 1939. The betrayal of the Hitler-Stalin Pact and the attack on Finland disillusioned some of them for a few years, but Russia's participation in the war reconstituted the antifascist collaboration, particularly in the resistance movements. That experience supplied the background against which most of the European non-Communist left interpreted the problems of the peace.

Such men as Harold J. Laski, Richard Crossman, and Aneurin Bevan in England, Jean-Paul Sartre and Claude Bourdet in France, Kurt Schumacher in Germany, and Pietro Nenni in Italy anticipated the development of some form of democratic socialism in their own countries; neither the Soviet Union nor the United States supplied them with a model worth emulating. The one was reprehensible in its authoritarianism, the other in its capitalism. Their efforts were bent toward the development of forms that would avoid both evils. At home they sought to oust the conservative parties and gradually to transfer ownership of the means of production to the state. In foreign policy, their salient objective was peace that would free the energies of men for economic reconstruction.

From that point of view, both the United States and the Soviet Union were threats, for each seemed ready to plunge the world into another conflict that would destroy civilization. Each was a great power armed with terrible instruments of destruction and ready once more to make Europe a battleground. Each, moreover, had its own view of the future in terms of which it was ready to move aggressively, the one to spread Communism, the other to preserve capitalism. The equal likelihood of danger from both sources created a moral parity between the two great superpowers.

For Europeans, reluctant to be pushed to either extreme, the way to salvation was the creation of a third force; the uncommitted countries advancing toward democratic socialism were to hold together, throw their weight in whichever direction was necessary to establish an equilibrium, and thus neutralize disruptive tendencies from either the East or the West.

When these abstract concepts were applied to practice between 1945 and 1950, however, there were significant differences between the judgments

rendered of Soviet and American activities. The interpretation of Communist measures was consistently apologetic, while the United States was generally suspected of covert designs upon the peace.

The European neutralists, by then, had had extensive experience in explaining away the peculiarities of the Soviet regime. The pact with Hitler was a lapse accounted for by the earlier transgressions of France and Britain at Munich. The disregard of solemn agreements in Eastern Europe after 1945 could similarly be justified, on the grounds of Russian fears of attack from the West. The ruthless repressions of the Stalin era were either denied altogether as capitalist propaganda or mildly reproved as the inevitable incidents of a period of reconstruction. A socialist state could not really be anti-Semitic or send its people to slave-labor camps. In any case, there was a disposition to minimize the importance of civil liberties; the well-known omelet could not be made without cracking some eggs. Besides, the United States was just as bad. Characteristically, Harold Laski's article on civil liberties in the Soviet Union in 1946 concluded with an attack on the private ownership of American newspapers.

THERE was an amazing gullibility in accepting at face value Soviet professions of concern with peace and with the welfare of the working class everywhere. That a government in power for three decades should still require the use of terror to maintain itself aroused no disturbing questions in the minds of the neutralists of London and Paris. In 1936, at the height of the Russian purges and famine, Englishmen had read Sidney and Beatrice Webb's ecstatic account of Soviet democracy with approval; ten years later, at the height of Stalin's terror, they again placed their faith in the Red nirvana. Of course, they disapproved of censorship and the police state, but not enough to shake their confidence in the beneficence of Communism. The system had improved the lot of the Russian people; it would do the same for the Czechs and the Poles. Meanwhile, all the peace-loving men of the left could join in the condemnation of the evils of British and French imperialism.

The basic belief persisted that Communism was only an extreme version of a general leftist position, given to excesses, no doubt, but nevertheless progressive in the light of history, which ordained a development from the political democracy of capitalism to the economic democracy of socialism. The common Marxist rhetoric that many well-intentioned writers in Western Europe shared with the Reds persuaded them to accept verbal

assurances that the Soviet Union labored toward the same objectives as they, and blinded them to the realities of Russian aggressiveness.

Their view of history also shaped the attitudes of the neutralists toward the United States. The capitalist stage in social evolution was drawing to a close as internal contradictions widened the gulf between the masses and the masters of wealth. The capitalists could block off the ascent to socialism and retain power only by finding other people to exploit or by repression. Imperialism gave capitalists the resources by which to appease the proletariat; fascism supplied the weapons by which to cling to control. Either course was a threat to peace.

The United States was, after all, the last stronghold of capitalism. Its intentions, beneath the surface appearance of generosity, were essentially predatory. The aid it sent across the ocean was by no means disinterested, but designed to bring up to date an outmoded economic system, to inhibit the growth of a just social order, and ultimately to establish a permanent colonial relationship by which Europe would serve American interests. All those packages of food and crates of machinery were but means to diffuse the taste for Coca-Cola and breakfast cereals and to create a need for parts which would add to the mounting profits of Yankee corporations whose greed would lead to disaster. American aid, wrote Laski in 1947, "would lay the foundation for capitalist revival on the Continent; that capitalist revival would mean counter-revolution; that counter-revolution would mean civil war over half of Europe or perhaps more; and that civil war might very easily provoke a third world conflagration."

It was not surprising to find Americans allied with unprogressive causes around the world. That the United States in actuality often took stands against colonialism that embarrassed its allies seemed less significant than the fact that it had long retained ties with Vichy France and now made common cause with dictators in Nationalist China, Spain, and Portugal. Did it not follow that the regimes it supported in Greece, Turkey, Poland, and Yugoslavia were also fascist in inclination? "The model all of us are approaching," explained *Le Combat*, is the police state. Moreover, unlike the Russians, who spoke as the champions of liberation everywhere, the Americans and their allies doggedly defended exploitative colonial empires in many parts of the world. Such was the version of world events many European neutralists accepted.

Although these Europeans never drifted out of the orbit of the West, they were frequently swayed by anti-Americanism. Bitter people who had suffered through the blitz or bombardment or

German occupation scarcely concealed their resentment of a country which had remained thousands of miles away from the fighting. Proud people eagerly wished to believe that the gifts from across the Atlantic, on which they depended, were not the products of benevolence but of some ulterior selfish intention.

Anti-Americanism also moved some conservative nationalists. Right-wing Tories in England, some of De Gaulle's followers in France, and neofascist groups in Italy had reasons of their own for disliking the influences that crossed the Atlantic. Whatever their source, these emotions confirmed the neutralists in the habit of regarding every action of the United States with suspicion and strengthened the conviction that the two great powers were equally dangerous to peace.

The result was five years of calamitous miscalculation. The Soviet Union maintained an immense force under arms, while the United States promptly demobilized and formulated a scheme for the control of nuclear weapons, of which it still had a monopoly. That did not alter the impression of American belligerence or of Russian susceptibility to conciliation. "If war begins between China and the United States," said the *New Statesman* in 1950, "the aggressor will not be the Communists." Events in Greece, Czechoslovakia, and China, the Marshall and Truman plans, NATO, the Rosenberg case, and McCarthyism were all interpreted in the light of the same curious logic. "Yankee Go Home," scrawled across the walls of every European city, expressed the pervasive will to believe that if only the interlopers from the New World would halt their "phantom crusade against the U.S.S.R.," then the Old World would be able to take care of its own affairs. That the genuine danger came from the East was a fact that did not fit the neutralists' image of the world, and was one, therefore, that they resolutely refused to recognize.

Fortunately, the neutralists never won power in any Western European country. Their greatest strength lay in the Labor and the Social Democratic parties, but even there they were a minority, useful in criticizing enemies of the center and right, but never given access to office and never in a position to shape policy. They enjoyed some popular support immediately after the war, but when American aid stimulated economic recovery and growth, their following dwindled, never to be restored. The rising standard of living enabled Europeans to form their own conclusions about the relative merits of their system and of Communism. As sympathizers for the Soviet Union narrowed down to a hard core of committed Party members, it became clear that the free world could find safety only in common action. After

1950, it no longer seemed plausible to argue, as did a correspondent in the *New Statesman*, that while the North Koreans had been guilty of aggression, they were not to be resisted, because the result would be "restoration of corrupt and oppressive oligarchies which happen to suit American capitalism." The successive shocks of the exposure of the Stalinist dictatorship and of Soviet brutality in Hungary further discredited neutralism.

Anti-Americanism lingered in Europe as a prejudice of aging intellectuals trapped by a commitment to old ideas. However much they praised the Red Chinese or made a hero of Castro, their influence waned steadily. Neutralism as an effective political program in Europe was dead after 1950, except in Yugoslavia, where it justified Tito's maverick line.

IRONICALLY, however, the concept of neutralism, sterile in the continent of its origin, was transplanted and flourished in Asia and Africa. India, Ghana, Egypt, Burma, and some of the other countries that acquired their independence after the Second World War proved remarkably receptive to an idea that had already demonstrated its fallacy in Europe.

The movements for national independence in Morocco, Egypt, India, Indonesia, and elsewhere had been directed against the allies of the United States — England, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Portugal. In the course of the struggle, the colonial oppressors blurred into a single conglomerate target, the hateful image of which endured long after independence. By contrast, the Soviet Union appeared to be free of the taint of imperialism and was generally loud in its protestations of support for the cause of national liberation.

The colonial heritage was thus an important factor in shaping an anti-Western orientation in the new nations. The gains from Western contacts were entirely forgotten; the imperialist past became a record of unmitigated exploitation. Concessions, when they came, were taken as a sign not of democracy, but of weakness. The contrast between the American treatment of the Philippines or the British withdrawal from Africa and the Soviet control over its satellites was not one that seemed relevant to the rulers of Ceylon or Indonesia. The issue of imperialism, as it had been formulated before 1939, overshadowed every other consideration and planted an anti-Western bias in the countries that achieved their independence in the 1950s and 1960s.

The question of color added an emotional pitch to their attitudes. The shameful pages in the

record of the contacts of whites with the yellow and black people of Asia and Africa could not be excised by a few tardy gestures of conciliation. The accumulated resentments of many generations now fanned the smoldering hatred of the former master races. And the fact that the new states were still dependent, still needed technical and material aid, added to their bitterness. Pride demanded that they too receive aid, not with gratitude but with condescension as an obligation due them. They had a long account to settle with the whites of the West.

The predisposition to hostility sensitized all of them, and the Africans in particular, to developments in race relations in the United States. Little Rock and the lunch-counter sit-ins were not taken for what they were — incidents in a slow evolution toward equality. They were rather reminders of inequality, of the degradation of slavery, of the former masters in their clubs denying the humanity of the Kaffir. In the minds of many Nigerians and Ghanaians, Washington and Pretoria fused, both centers from which whites exploited blacks.

Most of the men who had led the new nations to independence were socialists by commitment; and the circumstances of their own struggle for freedom confirmed their deep-rooted distrust of the Wall Street capitalists who they thought controlled the governments of the West. Consequently, the Soviet Union was exempt from the general opprobrium attached to Europeans, not only because its record in the treatment of minority groups was little known, but also because it was a general article of faith among neutralist leaders that prejudice was a phenomenon of capitalism and that a socialist society was free of that evil.

In the two decades before independence, Nkrumah, Menon, Nehru, and a good many other future leaders of the Asian and African countries had spent time in London and Paris, as students or as exiles; there they had become involved in the left intellectual circles most sympathetic to their aspirations for freedom. Laski, the *New Statesman*, and the ideologists of the united front were their mentors and imbued them with the conviction that the causes of liberty and of socialism were identical. Interpreting the world in terms of the class struggle, the future leaders went back to their countries convinced that imperialism was the instrument by which the capitalist rulers of the West kept them enslaved.

At home, they found evidence to support that conclusion. Although the support of middle-class nationalists was sometimes enlisted, as in Egypt and India, the indigenous men of wealth usually worked hand in glove with the colonial authorities, thus confirming the impression that a social revolution was necessary to complete the political

one. And when the new states were established, the former ruling classes often were liquidated or fled into exile, while the influential native and European bureaucrats and advisers who took office were generally men with a strong leftist orientation.

In some places, the paucity of informed personnel magnified the neutralist influence. The British and French had made an attempt to train men qualified to take power, but their efforts had fallen far short of the need, and the other colonial regimes had been even more derelict in this respect. Often, as a result, the responsibility for critical decisions about foreign policy devolved upon people inadequately acquainted with any but their own immediate problems.

Rapid economic development was the first requirement of all these countries, and their new socialist governments believed that growth could come only through public ownership and centralized planning. The experience of the West was irrelevant; only the Communist nations, they thought, offered them models worth emulating. The fantastic claims of Russian and Chinese "great leaps forward" were uncritically accepted as accurate, and the evidence of Western Europe was dismissed. Nasser, Nkrumah, and Sukarno were callously willing to risk disorder in the existing economy and a lowering of the standard of living in the interest of forced industrialization.

Freedom, for the neutralists, therefore had a simple meaning — freedom from white colonial rule. From their European teachers they had learned to devalue the importance of civil rights; and the exigencies of establishing control made the new regimes in such places as Ghana and Indonesia fully as repressive as the British or Dutch had been. Nkrumah and Sukarno consequently were unimpressed with warnings about the dangers of Red totalitarianism. "Telling Ghanaians to beware of Communists," said the former in 1960, "is like telling a man in a burning house not to go outside because it may start to snow."

The result was the transplantation of prejudiced neutralism, lock, stock, and barrel. The new regimes refused formally to commit themselves on the issues of the cold war. They did not wish to adopt or to favor either capitalism or Communism, systems which they identified respectively with the United States and the Soviet Union. Instead, they were to constitute a middle group pursuing an independent policy, vigilantly on guard against threats to peace which were equally likely to come from both the East and the West. They were to supply "a vehicle for possible negotiations between the two great Power blocs." In practice that meant that the neutrals, refusing to make a moral judgment between the two antagonists, usually

tried to compromise with, rather than resist, the aggressor; and the more intransigent one party was to a dispute, the more pressure was put on the other to yield in order to arrive at an accommodation. The neutralist course was thus inconsistent with the orderly development of international law. And on concrete issues the neutralist swung invariably into the Russian orbit.

THE first steps toward the formation of a bloc came in meetings of the Asian Relations Conference in 1947 and 1949 at New Delhi, shortly after Indian independence. The impetus of events in Palestine and Korea thereafter persuaded the Arab and Asian countries to work together in the United Nations. They did not thereby become a single cohesive unit. They were divided on issues that affected their immediate interests, as in the rivalry between Egypt and the other Arab states. And the West found occasional friends in the area between Tunisia and the Philippines. But the general tendency was toward neutralism in the conflicts stirred up by Communist aggression.

The decisive steps came in 1954. The settlement in Geneva that year temporarily brought to a halt Chinese expansion in Korea and Indochina; Chou En-lai then agreed with the prime ministers of India and Burma upon the five principles of peaceful coexistence; and President Sukarno of Indonesia succeeded in summoning a meeting the next year in Bandung to define the contribution the peoples of Asia and Africa could "make to the promotion of world peace and cooperation."

Invitations to Bandung were deliberately selective. The Arab states were asked to come, but not Israel; the Central African Federation, but not South Africa; the People's Republic of China, but not the Chinese Republic; the Gold Coast, but not Nigeria. Insofar as was possible, nations with a Western orientation were excluded. From the sessions emerged ten flawless principles of justice and international cooperation, affirming respect for fundamental human rights, racial equality, abstention from interference in the affairs of other countries, the renunciation of "acts or threats of aggression or the use of force," and the right of all colonies to independence. The great powers were also called upon to suspend the production or testing of all nuclear weapons. Subsequent consultations among the neutralists at Accra, Belgrade, and Cairo and continuing collaboration in the United Nations attempted to preserve unity of action toward those desirable goals.

It was in the spirit of those principles that the neutrals the next year joined in condemning the Anglo-French-Israeli aggression in Suez. With

their help, and that of the United States, the United Nations secured a withdrawal of the invading forces. It was in that spirit, too, that most of the neutrals voted for the admission of Red China to the United Nations, supported the Lumumba regime and condemned Belgian activities in the Congo, welcomed the grant of independence to one African state after another, and hailed the suspension of atomic testing in 1959. All these measures, whatever their intrinsic merits, were adverse to the West.

But not once have the neutrals taken an equally strong stand on the far clearer Communist violations of the Bandung principles. With what cynicism Chou acceded to those pleasant propositions we can well imagine; he had already been guilty of aggression in Korea and had supplied most of the force that won the war in Indochina. Those misdemeanors did not cool the warmth of his reception at the conference. Thereafter, the brutal repression of all human rights in North Vietnam and in China itself, the march into Tibet and the persecution of its people, and the shelling of Quemoy and Matsu earned not the slightest reproof. Those actions were all explained away as steps by which a progressive regime protected itself. Even the frequent violations of India's frontiers earned no condemnation from Nehru's neutralist friends, and the open attack in October, 1962, brought offers of mediation rather than condemnation of the aggressor. The fighting in the Himalayas was inadequate to prove the belligerence of Communism.

The Soviet Union has fared fully as well. In the same month as the events in Suez, Soviet troops invaded Hungary against the will of the legitimate government of that country. An appeal to the United Nations evoked only a lukewarm and ineffective response. India and Yugoslavia particularly distinguished themselves in evading responsibility for the principles they professed. Tito's legation in Budapest callously handed the fugitives who found refuge within its walls to their assassins; and the Indian representative in the United Nations occupied himself in quest of a solution that would please the Russians.

The uncommitted countries consistently accepted as evidence of his pacific intentions Khrushchev's calls for immediate total disarmament, overlooking the roadblocks he repeatedly threw up in the way of practical steps toward that end. By the same token, the Soviet use of the veto in the Security Council and Soviet disregard of the recommendations of the General Assembly did not seem to run counter to the respect for world opinion which the neutrals demanded of the West. Nor did the people of Berlin seem entitled to the right of self-determination; as Tito explained in

1960, peaceful coexistence could not "halt the historical processes in international life."

The resumption of nuclear testing in 1961 most fully revealed the double standard that exempted the Communists from the criteria by which the West was judged. I was in a Japanese mountain resort, lecturing to a group of Asian students, at the end of August, 1961. In the evening, discussion turned to the bomb, about which the young people felt strongly. It was agreed that renewal of the explosions which polluted the world's atmosphere would be a crime against humanity; but the general assumption was that if the ban was to be violated, it would be by the United States. When the question was raised explicitly, an earnest Indian youth assured the group that the Soviet Union could not conceivably take a step that would damage common men everywhere.

Before the week was over, of course, the news came that the Russians had indeed resumed testing. The students were perturbed. But within a day they came around to the explanation that Khrushchev must have acted to anticipate an American resumption that he knew was coming.

Their elders were no wiser. By the time the conference of neutrals met in Belgrade, the evidence of Soviet perfidy was clear. The delegates hemmed and hawed at the violation of a crucial Bandung principle, and in the end they issued a call to both the United States and Russia to refrain from testing, as if both were equally culpable. In November, a statement by Krishna Menon, then Foreign Minister of India, ascribed the ultimate blame to the Americans. He and his colleagues had closed their minds to the possibility that the Communist states could be guilty of misdeeds which their prejudices informed them were always committed by capitalists.

Nor did the neutrals consider the Bandung principles any limitation upon their own freedom of action. The obligations to respect the right to self-determination and to refrain from threats of the use of force applied to the wicked imperialists. But India felt no compunctions about refusing to accede to the plebiscite in Kashmir suggested by the United Nations, and it ruthlessly moved its army into Goa, a province that had been Portuguese for more than four centuries. Indonesia's actions in West Irian and Egypt's in Yemen showed the same unscrupulous disregard for a moral code they sanctimoniously urged upon others. In the light of Marxist history, a progressive state could do no wrong.

The monumental task of the young leaders of nations struggling toward modernity can evoke only sympathy and assistance. Their success is vital to the future of all mankind. Independence found them weighted down with tremendous bur-

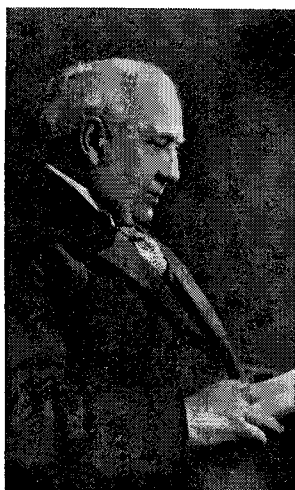
dens of social, economic, and political reconstruction; and it would be premature to attempt either an assessment of the extent to which they have managed to deal constructively with their problems or a judgment of the degree to which their domestic policies have furthered their own interests.

But in foreign policy they all had one clear and vital interest — the preservation of peace and the nurture of a system of international law, which alone would protect them against interference and ensure them the freedom to use all their energies for their own development. And that interest they have served badly in the past decade.

From the calamities of the greatest war theretofore fought, men emerged in 1945 with few consolations other than the faith that they could avoid a repetition of the disaster. The feeble glimmer of hope lighted their way to the United Nations, which some of them thought might help create a world order, and within which people would learn to deal with one another through reason and law rather than through violence. In time, consistent standards of proper behavior would be recognized, acquire the force of law, and peacefully govern the relationships of nations.

All that was a dream, perhaps, but it was one worth cherishing. And the uncommitted nations might have brought it a little closer to reality had they been genuinely neutral and applied the same moral criteria in every conflict. They did not. They fell in with the game of power politics, seeking what they could for themselves; and between the East and the West, they played the role of brokers, expecting each side to yield a little regardless of the right and wrong of the situation — partitions in Korea and Indochina, coalition in Laos, the cession of Guantanamo for the Russian missile bases, for example. In the process, all questions of principle receded conveniently into the background, and the uncompromising extremists, willing to risk conflict, gained an advantage over those committed to a reasonable, peaceful adjustment of differences.

The neutralists were unable to recognize the genuine source of danger to peace since 1945. Their past grievances against the white capitalists of the West blinded them to the greater threat from the East. The vision of the idyllic socialism they had learned to respect in London and Paris obscured what Communism had actually become — the militant doctrine of totalitarian regimes with indefinite expansive urges. Statesmen who refused to look candidly at the historical forces at work about them were in no position to help bring order to a disordered world. One can only hope that as past hatreds abate and past illusions fade, there will still be time to preserve the peace for which all men long.



FATHER AND SON

BY EVELYN WAUGH



British novelist and satirist, EVELYN WAUGH in 1928 embarked on the writing of those mordant and hilarious novels, DECLINE AND FALL, VILE BODIES, and BLACK MISCHIEF, which established him as a brilliant critic of British society. His novel BRIDESHEAD RE-VISITED, written in 1945, when he returned from war service, added new power to his work. In the following piece we see Mr. Waugh in an unusual mood of family reminiscence.

WHEN I was born my father was thirty-seven years old. He lived to be seventy-five, and my intercourse with him was never interrupted except by foreign travels which never lasted longer than six months. I was thus able to watch his transition, in stages so gentle that I am unable to fix a clear impression of him at any particular time, from the prime of manhood to an old age when he had grown uncomfortably deaf and corpulent but retained his humor and quickness of mind.

Quickness, for good or ill, was a quality I particularly associate with him. All his decisions were instantaneous. He wrote both in prose and verse with deleterious speed. He was restless rather than active. I never looked on him as other than an old man.

Some little boys make heroes of their fathers, seeing them master difficult horses, handle sailing craft, mend machinery. My father's interests were all in the mind. Had he, like my uncles, served in the army or navy, I should, as a child, have honored him more. He was not an invalid, but asthma deprived him of most normal recreations. The attacks must have been intermittent, but I remember him as always laboring for breath. This infirmity gave him in my eyes a premature senility which his habits of speech rendered more impressive. His grandfather, a very long-lived, West Country clergyman, was renowned for the

egotistical perorations of his sermons. My father would imitate him: "... When this feeble voice is forever silent and can no longer sound its note of warning," he would declaim in a parody of the rotund diction of an earlier age, "when this shaking hand is still and cannot point out the way . . ."; but in fact he himself, with the different nuance of two generations, often spoke solemnly of his imminent end, and the plot he had bought for himself and my mother in Hampstead churchyard was a favorite resort in his walks. His visiting card was attached to a stake there, and he suffered a recurrent anxiety that it might have been usurped.

If there was little awe in my regard for my father, there was certainly no fear. He himself had been a nervous child, and my grandfather (whom I never knew) seems to have been a bully, a man well liked among his neighbors but in the privacy of his home tyrannical and violent to a degree rather more alarming than that of the average Victorian paterfamilias. My father, though irritable, was constantly kind. I took this for granted in childhood with many other benefits which I have since learned are not universal. Taking good things for granted is the essence of happy childhood, and my nursery days were spent in unclouded joy and love; love of my mother and nanny, not, at that age, of my father.

When he came down from Oxford, with a third

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in Mods, a third in Greats, and the Newdigate Prize for English Verse, he settled in London, enjoying the patronage of his cousin Edmund Gosse, who was then midway on his rise to eminence as a man of letters. There were then none of the state-trained professional critics who have lately come into prominence in the English literary world. To master one's own language and write it lucidly and elegantly, to be widely read, above all to have a love and reverence for books — these were the qualities then required for a literary career.

In twelve years my father attained a modest but respectable position, contributing to most of the literary publications of the time, editing new issues of the classics, writing biographical studies of Victorian poets, and occasionally reading manuscripts for publishers. This was done in his own time in his own study, so that my elder brother grew up in close intimacy with him, accepting him as an essential part of his home. But in the year before my birth my father's way of life changed. He was offered, and accepted, the managing directorship of Chapman & Hall's, then an august but rather decrepit firm. He continued to write, but publishing became his chief concern, and it took him out of the house for the greater part of five days a week. My earliest memories of him, therefore, are of an interloper whose visits confined me to the nursery and deprived me of my mother's company. The latchkey which admitted him imprisoned me. He always made a visit to the nursery and always sought to be amusing there, but I would sooner have done without him.

That is, until the age of seven. I was then sent to a day school which stood on his road to Hampstead Tube station, twenty minutes' walk up North End Road to the Whitestone pond. Here my father led me every morning, and during these walks I began to know him and enjoy his company. Fantasy mingled with antiquarian lore in his discourse. The way was rural, as it is impossible to imagine it now, and every point in it had a history, either authentic or imagined. My father was highly theatrical in manner (his failure in schools can be attributed to his zeal for acting during the vacations and for playgoing and the composition of topical skits for performance at the Hollywell Music Rooms during the term). Had his health allowed it, he would have chosen the stage for his career. And every morning as we walked to school he set himself to divert his small, single audience. Genuine highwaymen, rebels, defaulting financiers, the poets and painters who had lived in the district all formed part of his repertoire with certain wholly fabulous creatures.

The happiest conjunction of my father's literary and theatrical tastes was in his reading aloud.

This for many years was a feature of our family circle. It was never educational in intent. It was a shared delight, but it was the basis of a generous education and of the recognition that literature was something to be enjoyed, not a subject for the schools. Some of what he read was pure entertainment — the dramas of his youth, which he would re-enact with vivacity. He also read us most of Shakespeare and Dickens, much of Thackeray and Trollope and of the staples of Victorian prose; but it was in reading poetry, with the fewest dramatic effects and the most reliance on rhythm and consonance, that he was most memorable to me. Indeed, I have never heard him excelled except by Sir John Gielgud.

It was the fashion among his contemporaries to utter verse in a kind of bardic chant. This he eschewed. It is the fashion of my contemporaries to make poetry sound as prosaic as possible. It was a valuable experience at an impressionable age to be permeated with poetry — not particularly recondite, all the lyrics and elegies and epics that are found on the shelves of any normal library — which was made completely comprehensible and completely enjoyable. He read us nothing more modern than Ernest Dowson and A. E. Housman. His taste was formed early, and he made no effort to follow fashion in this or in any other matter. It may be gross deficiency in me that the range of my own love for poetry is roughly coterminous with his; I was conditioned young — to the best — and I do not repine.

WHEN I went to my public school my relationship with my father became restricted. He was now one of the pleasures of the holidays, and the holidays were a distinct and small part of my life. My brother had gone to the same school as himself. My father soon knew every master and a great number of the boys. He was a constant visitor there. He followed all the cricket scores. My brother wrote to him almost every day and telegraphed whenever he had made a good innings. My brother was a zestful schoolboy, and my father shared all his enthusiasms. He would have liked to do the same with me, but my school was less conveniently placed for visiting and the hard times of the First War made hospitality difficult.

Moreover I was not a zestful schoolboy. After my first two years I was not unhappy, but I had few enthusiasms to impart. I was reticent, wrote dutifully once a week, but seldom sought sympathy or advice. It was a disappointment to him that he did not get from me the renewal of youth which my brother had injected. I did reasonably

well, won some prizes, played in some teams, achieved positions of minor authority; my father was pleased, rewarded me suitably, but I think he lacked that sense of identity which he had felt with my brother in both his triumphs and scrapes.

I did not want to confuse my home with my school life and until my last year never asked friends to stay in the holidays. In my brother's school days there had been a constant stream of masters and boys through the house. If I so much as caught sight of a schoolfellow at the theater, my evening was spoiled. Young friends were a necessary requirement of my father's well-being, and I did not provide them.

At the university I disappointed him more gravely. There I was in a place he knew and loved. He hoped that I would win the Newdigate and succeed where he had failed in taking a good degree and, perhaps, getting elected president of the Union. The dissolution of Oxford had barely begun; city and university were very much as he had known them. In the long vac before I sat for my scholarship we spent a delightful day there visiting his old rooms and finding familiar college servants.

Unfortunately he had other friends than scouts and porters and it was not long before reports reached him that my way of life was idle, dissolute, and extravagant — as indeed it was. I began, but never finished, two Newdigate poems. I spoke at the Union but never rose to office; I attended few lectures and read few set books. I drank heavily and made a circle of friends whom my father's informants in the senior common rooms regarded as reprehensible. I do not now regret these experiments in adolescence, but I can sympathize with my father's vexation. He was paying; and money is the root of almost all family differences. Modern taxation and death duties have done something to ameliorate this bitterness, for parents now, rather than let their money fall into the hands of the politicians, are driven to ingenious arrangements for distributing it among their progeny.

My father was not a rich man with a fortune to allocate. Still less did he regard it as a bizarre and therefore expensive novelty to have a son at the university (I was the fifth generation of my family to be so educated). He wished me to have the same opportunities as he had himself enjoyed. I did not go to his college, New College. Hertford was in the same group for the scholarship exam, and when I came to fill in the application form I noticed that a scholarship there was worth a good deal more than at New College. I accordingly gave it my preference and, to the surprise of all able to judge, was elected. I do not suppose I could have got a New College scholarship, where the standard was higher. But I was earning nearly

a third of the normal expenses of an undergraduate. I regarded this sum as the reward for a brief period of intense effort at school, not, as did the college authorities, as the earnest of further effort, nor, as my father did, as a relief to his own legitimate expenses. I believed myself entitled to some self-indulgence. I realize now that I was exorbitant in this claim. It was the source of disagreement. Not only was my father not rich; he was, in the rising cost of living, rather worse off than he had been ten years earlier, and he was reaching the age when his work, never excessive, was becoming irksome. He saw himself, with some exaggeration, as toiling in order that I might enjoy luxuries which he denied himself. He would have submitted happily enough, I think, if I had interests with which he sympathized; had I, for example, been playing Hamlet in the O.U.D.S. or touring the countryside in a cricket team. But I was a pure waster, and I cannot now feel that his resentment was unjustified.

THIS impediment to a fond filial relationship began when I was a minor and in the status of a pupil. It continued for some years. Not until I was twenty-six did I become entirely independent financially, and there was full cause for despondence during the period. First, I wanted to be a painter. My drawings at Oxford had enjoyed a certain vogue because no one else there was trying to draw at all. My father was not competent to judge whether I had any real talent, and he sent me to an art school where I idled or played truant. Then for three weeks I worked on a daily newspaper. "Worked" is too strong a term. I sat in the reporters' room and was occasionally sent out to cover unimportant stories. Nothing I wrote was ever printed. I was paid a token wage which I failed to earn. Then I became a schoolmaster at two private schools; that was work which was then always open even to men of the most disgraceful records.

All the time I was spending more than my meager wages, and my parents with increasing exasperation were footing the bills. I was buying my clothes in Savile Row and Jermyn Street, running accounts at half a dozen shops, and when in funds, frequenting expensive restaurants. Then I decided that what I wanted was the simple life of a craftsman in the country. My father paid a premium for me to learn printing, but instead I chose cabinetmaking and for a happy autumn went daily to carpentry classes in Southampton Row.

A sterner father would have packed me off to the colonies. My father was not stern, but he could

not conceal the despair with which he regarded me as a permanent encumbrance to his declining years. All emotions of pleasure and pain found immediate and vivid expression in him. It was apparent that I came home only when destitute. That did not make my appearances there more welcome. I had the grace to feel a certain shame; it certainly never occurred to me, as it does to many unsatisfactory sons, to blame my shortcomings on him; but that did not make my company more agreeable. Our meetings became almost entirely melancholy.

Eventually I was spurred by the wish to marry. When the girl of my choice told her mother that she was engaged to a student carpenter, the project was dismissed as preposterous, but the mother had a respect for letters and had herself published some historical studies. So I realized that there was nothing for it but to write books, an occupation which I regarded as both tame and exacting but in which I felt fairly confident of my skill.

The resulting marriage was not a success, but the books were, and immediately the whole relationship with my father was changed. Here at last I was engaged in an activity he fully understood. Moreover, he was himself the publisher of my novels, so that he had a double satisfaction in my prosperity. He read my reviews with keener interest than I felt myself. The checks bearing his signature were now sent with a light heart. Once financial dependence was broken we could meet on terms of freedom, which, in me, rapidly developed affection and respect. He now knew that I came to see him not because I had nowhere else to go, but for the pleasure of his company. And very pleasant it was.

As he grew older, his life became more restricted, but he had the gift of making every small experience dramatic and amusing. He was never boring; he retained to the end an inexhaustible vivacity and interest in personalities. For a brief period I joined the board of Chapman & Hall. He found the monthly meetings a physical strain, but once at the table he was positively exuberant. He wrote his autobiography and in it never gave a hint of the anxiety I had caused him in first manhood.

We were never intimate in the sense of my coming to him with confidences or seeking advice. Our relationship was rather that of host and guest. He stayed with me in the country. I regularly dined with him in Highgate. The war took me away, but I was doing a spell of duty in London at the time of his death. He had left instructions about his epitaph. It reads: "And another book was opened which is the book of life," which

seemed very apt to those who were unaware of the Victorian doubts about personal immortality which he occasionally expressed.

I am now the father of three sons, two at school, the eldest already embarked on the family trade of writing. I have very little knowledge, or curiosity, about what they think of me. They are always polite. I have tried to fulfill the same duties to them and provide the same amusements as my father did to me. I lack his gift of reading poetry and his liveliness. I think I am less good company to them than he was to me, but I think I am kinder than my grandfather. Perhaps host and guest is really the happiest relation for father and son.

THE RIGHT THING

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

Let others probe the mystery if they can.
Time-harried prisoners of *Shall* and *Will* —
The right thing happens to the happy man.

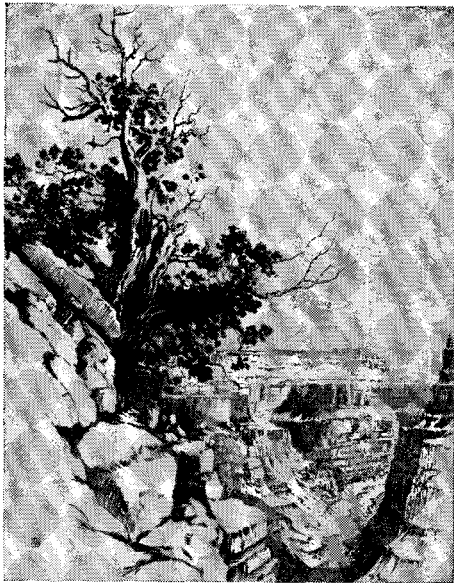
The bird flies out, the bird flies back again;
The hill becomes the valley, and is still;
Let others delve that mystery if they can.

God bless the roots! Body and soul are one!
The small become the great, the great the small;
The right thing happens to the happy man.

Child of the dark, he can outleap the sun,
His being single, and that being all:
The right thing happens to the happy man.

Or he sits still, a solid figure when
The self-destructive shake the common wall;
Takes to himself what mystery he can,

And, praising change as the slow night comes on,
Wills what he would surrendering his will
Till mystery is no more: No more he can.
The right thing happens to the happy man.



Paul Brooks

PAUL BROOKS, who is editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin Company, last appeared in these pages with an account of a trip to Mount McKinley Park and the Alaskan tundra. He is presently bringing together the experiences that he and his wife have enjoyed in our "roadless areas" for a book to be published next year.

CANYONLANDS

A New National Park?

"IT WAS a full moon, and the guests were standing looking out over the area south. And one man spoke up and said: 'This is one of the grand viewpoints of the world.'" This burst of plenilunar enthusiasm appears in, of all places, the transcript of "Hearings before the Subcommittee on Public Lands of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs of the United States Senate" on a bill to create Canyonlands National Park in southeastern Utah, at the center of one of our greatest wilderness areas south of Alaska.

A national park does not simply burst into existence, fully armed, like Athena from the head of Zeus; Hephaestus and his hammer have a job to do first. A new park can be created, of course, only by Act of Congress. Before such a bill can be introduced, many studies must be undertaken, many questions answered; public hearings must be held, hundreds of persons with diverse and often conflicting interests allowed to have their say. Obviously the initial question is: "Does the area meet national park standards?" In a sense those standards were set by the great parks — among them Yosemite, Yellowstone, Glacier, Mount Rainier — that were already in existence when the Park Service was established in 1916. Later they were defined as: "scenery of supreme and distinct quality, or some natural feature so extraordinary or unique as to be of national interest and importance."

Etching by George Elbert Burr.

There is no question on the part of the Park Service or the Advisory Board (a nongovernmental body) that the area surrounding the confluence of the Green and Colorado Rivers, now called Canyonlands, meets these standards. There is, however, a sharp difference of opinion about what sort of park we should have. In fact, the amount of heat generated in this debate seems at first out of all proportion to the issues at stake. Men with commercial interests are lined up against conservationists, game hunters against park purists, the senior senator from Utah against the junior senator, the governor of the state against the Secretary of the Interior. The political battle over Canyonlands is of national interest because it brings into focus basic conflicts about the proper use of our remaining open spaces. Let us take a quick backward glance at the geography and history of this scenic battleground, which my wife and I visited last summer.

Canyonlands lies at the heart of what geographers call the Plateau Province, a dry, elevated plain that in Mesozoic times was a great loop of the sea and now includes most of Utah, parts of Wyoming to the north and Colorado to the east, and to the south the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a country of clear air and sharp edges, of utter stillness and sudden violence. In his biography of John Wesley Powell, who first mapped the area less than a century ago, Wallace Stegner describes

it as "scenically the most spectacular and humanly the least usable of all our regions." Indeed, it is so rugged and so difficult of access that parts of it remain unexplored to this day.

Climatically as well as scenically, Canyonlands is a country of extremes. The temperature range is 130 degrees. Rainfall is sparse; what little there is comes largely from thunderstorms and runs off in flash floods. There are virtually no roads; travel is by horseback, foot, or jeep. Indians lived here in the distant past, but the first organized exploration was made by the Powell Expedition of 1869, an incredibly daring venture led by that one-armed veteran of the Civil War who was later to found the Geological Survey and shape the entire development of the West. The very year that the railroads were joined with the driving of the golden spike, Powell had three specially built boats transported by flatcar to the town of Green River, Wyoming, where the track crossed the Green River. Leaving the newly built railroad, Powell and his companions literally plunged into the unknown, through roaring rapids in which they often capsized and sometimes almost perished, to emerge eventually, sunbaked, sand-blasted, and half starved, in the calm waters below the Grand Canyon.

In the course of this and the subsequent expedition of 1871, they recorded impressions of the Canyonlands country with the eloquence of near disbelief: "Nothing was in sight but barren sandstone, red, yellow, brown, grey, carved into an amazing multitude of towers, buttes, spires, pinnacles, some of them several hundred feet high, and all shimmering under a dazzling sun. It was a marvellous mighty desert of bare rock, chiselled by the ages out of the foundations of the globe; fantastic, extraordinary, antediluvian, labyrinthian, and slashed in all directions by crevices; crevices wide, crevices narrow, crevices medium, some shallow, some dropping till a falling stone clanked resounding into the far hollow depths." Or, to borrow a phrase from Ebenezer Bryce, describing what is now Bryce Canyon National Park, "A hell of a place to lose a cow."

THE visitor to Canyonlands today can see what Powell's men saw, virtually unchanged. And one attraction of this area is that it can be approached on several levels — from the rim, from the lower benches, from the canyon bottoms, and from the river. My wife and I planned to explore the canyons by jeep, but we decided to take a hawk's-eye view before we took the view of the desert mice and the ground squirrels.

We began with the "grand viewpoint" referred

to above, one of the few spots in the proposed park now accessible by road. The two-hour drive was a primary lesson in geology and desert ecology. Nowadays, in the light of incontrovertible geological evidence, one accepts the amazing fact that this weird landscape is the product of erosion; that the principal canyons have been created over aeons of time by the slow rising of the earth's crust, while the river, maintaining a constant elevation, slowly cut through the rock, as a fixed buzz saw will cut through the log that is pressed up against it, and while smaller streams, rain, and frost ground away at the exposed surface. It is hard to realize that this process is going on now, just as it always has. "When thinking of these rocks," wrote Powell in his journal, "one must not conceive of piles of boulders or heaps of fragments, but of a whole land of naked rock, with giant forms carved on it . . . all highly colored . . . never lichenized, never moss-covered, but bare, and often polished." Here is a supremely articulate landscape whose very clarity challenges us to interpret its secrets. The color of the rock is, of course, one key to its origin, though it varies with different exposures. From where we stood we could see the difference between the white rim of hard rock and the softer red rock beneath. The former was deposited by the wind, as one can still see from the delicate tracery of matted curves and whorls of what is aptly described as a "frozen sand dune." The red rock was formed by water deposition when all this country lay under the sea. This difference in hardness results in undercutting of the canyon walls; where erosion has proceeded further, it has created gigantic mushroomlike columns.

On this high, windswept plateau we found the vegetation to be sparse, for the competition is not for space and sunlight but for water. The principal trees, piñon pines and desert junipers, tend to be widely scattered; the latter, often no larger than shrubs despite their great age, are gnarled and contorted beyond belief. Sparse sagebrush on the flats gives the landscape here and there a faint wash of blue-green, and yucca with its spikes of creamy-white flowers reminds one that this is indeed semidesert. But the most striking evidence of desert conditions is the leaf structure of what we think of as broad-leafed trees. The single-leaf ash, the curly-leaf mountain mahogany — their leaves, designed to allow the minimum evaporation, are almost as narrow and tough as the needles of an evergreen. Here was living proof — though barely living, it seemed — that evolving forms will develop some way to use every niche in the environment.

On the way out we had met a cowpoke, new style, driving a pickup truck with his horse in back. (The modern cow pony enjoys this form of

locomotion and is as eager to go for a ride as the family dog.) Ignorant of the country, he was scouting ahead to find water for a thirsty herd of cattle. We could tell him there wasn't any, nor much grass either. Later, as I studied the Senate hearings on the park bill, with all the talk of grazing rights, I thought of this incident. Much of the area can support no grazing at all. It is a soul-satisfying country, but cows cannot live on scenery.

Two days later, having enjoyed our bird's-eye view, we re-entered the park area from another direction to explore the canyons at close quarters. "During the next hour or so," remarked our host at the wheel of his jeep, "we'll be going down about a hundred million years." The superintendent of nearby Arches National Monument, he was one of the best jeep herders in Utah — which is to say, one of the best this side of the moon, the imaginative pictures of whose surface might have been drawn from the country that now surrounded us. We were already below the dark-red entrada sandstone which, with the softer mudstone beneath it, has made the spectacular forms occurring in Arches Monument; and we had passed through the Navajo formation below that. The rock walls were Wingate sandstone, with vertical seams and streaks of blue-black desert varnish, an exudation of manganese oxide which gives the polished effect referred to by Powell in his journal.

Here we had our first good look at the Indian petroglyphs, or rock carvings, whose exact origins are still shrouded in mystery. Beneath a slightly projecting ridge, which shielded it from the weather, was a rock wall the size of a barn door and equally flat. Virtually every square inch was covered with some design or picture: six-fingered hands and six-toed feet (why six?); lines of little men in silhouette, like a child's cutout joined hand to hand; rams with curving horns; men with bows and arrows shooting deer; stretched hides; squiggly snakelike lines and circles and the tracks of a running rabbit. Many of the pictures stood out sharply, light buff against the dark background, as if they had been cut yesterday; others had been darkened by the slow deposition of desert varnish — a clue to their date if the rate of deposition can be determined.

Farther along we came to a cool moist cave beneath a great ledge of overhanging rock, like the opening of a giant clamshell. At the inmost recess, where the sloping roof came down to the dirt floor, lay a spring-fed pool, with maidenhair fern growing in the crevices above it, as it might have grown in a mist-filled mountain gorge. The contrast between the cave's microclimate and the arid

heat outside underscored the obvious fact, which we sometimes forget in the East, that water is life. As historians like Bernard De Voto and Walter Prescott Webb have pointed out, the Easterner's concept of land values and the schoolbook stereotype of "frontier independence" both collapse before the fact that land ownership in the absence of water is meaningless. The Indians who once dwelt in these canyons were slowly driven elsewhere, not by warlike invaders from outside, but by unbearable years of drought. The cave where we now stood, with its precious spring, was clearly a focal point for Indian life, as it will be for tomorrow's tourists if the park is established.

On the same wall with the maidenhair fern were pictographs, not cut in the rock but painted in red pigment, recalling the Indian paintings of caribou and moose and other North Woods creatures that we had studied from our canoe in the Borderlakes country seven hundred miles to the north. These fragile rock paintings of unknown antiquity also reminded us how vulnerable is this still virgin land to casual destruction by the machine age, how it cries aloud for protection while yet there is time. One of the witnesses before the Senate committee had been camping nearby: "The cave we camped in had Indian writings on the wall, and among them were thirteen handprints in red clay . . . we found a rock with three metates in the top — you know, where they ground their corn. And I could just picture the Indian women sitting around gossiping and grinding their corn. . . . When we returned to the area a year or so later, someone had had a caterpillar tractor in there and turned over the rock that had the metates and they were no longer visible. The cave we were in had had a fire right under the handprints on the wall, and they were well smoked out. I think that things like this shouldn't be allowed to happen. . . ."

Fortunately, many of the Indian ruins — dwellings, storehouses for corn, ceremonial buildings — are on inaccessible ledges where they have remained largely undisturbed. As we continued down one of the canyons, we spotted several of the low redstone structures, with their neat rectangular openings, perched like swallows' nests high above us in the canyon wall. One was easy to reach, and I climbed up to explore it. The roof had long since fallen in, but the walls still stood. In the mud daubing between the stone blocks was a thumbprint that could have been made last week, the whorls sharp and clear enough to satisfy any detective who might be on that Indian's trail. But the trail would have led back to the age of the Crusades.

The jeep tract we were following now began to descend in earnest. Below the sheer cliffs were slopes of gray-purple and greenish shales. In

geologic terms, we were descending from the Lower Jurassic to the Upper Triassic period, back to the time before birds or mammals had appeared on earth. The reptiles, of course, had already been flourishing for millions of years. Elsewhere in Canyonlands, on the slopes above the Colorado River near a wall covered with petroglyphs, I had seen fine specimens of dinosaur tracks. What did the Indians make of them?

The walls above us were becoming more strangely sculptured and involute at every turn, ranging in color from red-brown and maroon to a creamy white. We were in the so-called Cutler formation, and on our vertical time scale were down to the Permian period, over two hundred million years away. It would be hard to find another place that conveys such a dramatic sense of time — human time and geologic time, two concepts so different from each other in scale that a single word is inadequate to cover both. The Indian petroglyph and the footprint of the dinosaur. A thousand years, forty or fifty generations, is at least conceivable in human terms. But a hundred million years makes no mental image at all; one has to accept it almost as an act of faith. Perhaps our minds cannot encompass such distances in time because our residence on earth has been so relatively short. *Homo sapiens* has evolved too recently even to make a respectable fossil. On that now familiar time scale projecting the history of the earth over a single year, he first appears during the last minutes before midnight on December 31. If we bear in mind the nearby uranium mines, any New Year's celebration seems premature.

This time scale is useful in considering the immediate question of a national park. It is an ominous fact that in the long chain of evolution the latest link, man, has suddenly acquired alchemic powers to alter whatever he touches. No other species before man has been able to change more than a tiny fraction of his habitat. Now there is but a tiny fraction that he has left unchanged. A bulldozer undoes in an hour the work of a million years. The natural world becomes a thing to be manipulated. "You don't push nature around very easily," one of our leading young scientists is quoted as saying. Then he added, eagerly, "But maybe we are getting to that point." The point of no return. If all outdoors is to be subdued to our immediate practical purposes, then the entire national park concept is nonsense, and to add a new park to the system is to compound our foolishness. For a national park might be defined as an area in which, by federal statute, nature may not be pushed around.

Desert camping has its own peculiar appeal to the amateur of nature. For one thing, the very

sparseness of the natural scene gives him some hope of getting reasonably acquainted with it on a short visit. Some years ago my wife and I were dry-camping in a true desert, of a very different sort from Canyonlands — the Organ Pipe Cactus Monument in Arizona, close to the border of Mexico. Used to pitching our tent in wooded country where so much life goes on unseen, we could not help feeling that here in the desert everything was, so to speak, spread out and on display. It would have taken a blind man not to see the incredibly bright yellow and black Scott's oriole picked out by the setting sun on a distant hillside or the zebra-like Gila woodpecker pecking at the trunk of a nearby saguaro. The cacti which made up the principal vegetation were spaced far apart, as if in a garden, and almost wore their own labels: the organ-pipe (which the Monument was set up to preserve), the barrel cactus, the prickly pear, the staghorn and fuzzy-bear cholla (beware its needle-like fuzz!), and, dominating all, the giant saguaro, a thick pole with stubby arms raised against the sky. The fresh green stems of the paloverde and the orange spikes of the desert candle shouted their identity; and when I was slow in recognizing ironwood, it introduced itself by taking a huge nick out of my ax.

So here in Canyonlands, which is semidesert, we quickly became familiar with the principal plants composing the threads of green along the dry beds of the so-called creeks, whose scoured rocks and rippled sand provide the only access to much of the interior. Looking down from above, we had seen bands of blue-green bordering the Colorado River and creeping up the Canyons; now we were among those feathery branches of the tamarisk, or salt cedar, with its delicate pink and yellow blossoms, an immigrant from the Mediterranean that has brought much beauty to its adopted home. There were snowberries and squawberries, corn grass and thistles, the bright blossom of the scarlet gilia and the white, petunia-like flower of the thorn apple. A hummingbird was darting from one flower to another. The only large tree was that trademark of the West, the cottonwood, and it was rare enough; we lunched in the shade of one of the widely scattered groves by a live creek, a sort of oasis with grass underfoot and tracks of mule deer in the spongy earth nearby. A small puddle was full of tadpoles and tiny frogs, whose life cycle must be a continuous crash program to take advantage of the water while it lasts.

When I said that everything in a desert seems on display, I was of course omitting the mammal and reptile population. Here even the small animals are nocturnal; it is not so much a matter of concealment as of avoiding the fierce dehydrating

rays of the sun. We did flush a few rabbits and ground squirrels during the day; tiny lizards darted over the rocks, and a larger collared lizard scuttled in front of the jeep before diving into its hole. Evidence of night life was written in the sand; not only tracks of a deer, but small round footprints rather like those of a fox, though not so straight in line — the bobcat, as much at home in these canyons as he is in our New England woods.

In Canyonlands, however, it is not the plants and animals but the fantastic rock formations that bring one up gasping at every new outlook. To be sure, it is sometimes difficult to say whether the gasps come from the beauty of the scenery or the unnatural sensation of climbing up a cliff in a series of switchbacks so sharp that the jeep occasionally has to back up the next switch instead of making the turn, providing an incomparable view over the rear wheel down into nothing. Seat belts fastened, we braced our feet and held our breaths as our mechanical steed pitched and rolled up a hard polished slope to which one would hesitate to put a real horse. On the downslope, another quick change of scene: a flat sunken valley lined with vertical walls, called a graben and caused by slowly dissolving salts which leave a cavity beneath the rock floor. Then a long stretch of golden grassland, its healthy state paradoxically due to the fact that there is no water in the area and hence none of the overgrazing by livestock that has reduced other areas of Canyonlands to thin grass and tumbleweed. And finally, at the edge of this parklike area, we came to the great spires of red and caramel rock that we had studied from afar, rising from the flats as abruptly and improbably as Stonehenge from Salisbury Plain.

Back at the canyon bottom, a few hundred yards from a magnificent natural arch, we spread our bedrolls beneath a great rock ledge which sloped outward just far enough to keep off a light drizzle and which conveniently concentrated a puddle of rainwater nearby. Perhaps this natural cistern is one reason why the Indians had liked the spot. For we lay down to sleep between squared stones that still outlined the foundations of four ancient structures. Overhead, black swifts swept back and forth against the fading sky, and now the bats began to emerge zigzagging from their caves in the rock. Our thoughts returned to the crucial issue of the park.

THE controversy over Canyonlands is important because, as I said, it represents a conflict of principle. The persons who take such a strong stand on one side or the other are thinking of the future, of the whole thorny question of land requirements for

an exploding population. Everyone agrees that a national park is a good thing. But when it comes down to specifics, opinions differ. How big should it be to accomplish its purpose? Just what, in fact, is its purpose? How will it affect the local and the national economy? What, if any, secondary uses, such as mining, grazing, and hunting, should be permitted? These questions go to the root of national park policy.

In the case of Canyonlands, Secretary Udall originally proposed the taking of approximately one million acres, which would have included the entire erosion basin as a geologic unit. The bill introduced by Senator Moss of Utah, and the identical bill introduced in the House by Congressmen King and Peterson, drastically reduced this area to 330,000 acres. (Grand Canyon National Park is 673,000 acres.) This area is considered by many who know the country well to be inadequate. The governor of Utah, on the other hand, opposes the bill on the grounds that it is too much; he would prefer a sort of fragmented park consisting of relatively small areas surrounding the principal scenic marvels.

Hearings on the Moss bill were held last spring, first in Washington, later in Utah. Almost seven hundred pages of testimony have been printed. They are not bedside reading, but they do provide a vivid if somewhat chaotic picture of the democratic process at work. Everyone has his day in court: senators and congressmen, Park Service officials, spokesmen for the leading conservation organizations, foresters, state and local politicians, professors, engineers, bankers, miners, cattlemen, motel owners, licensed guides. From this plethora of words a pattern begins to emerge. Practically everyone is for the park in principle; to the surrounding communities it would bring millions of tourist dollars every year. But a park, if it means anything at all, means rigid control of land use, and that is where the trouble begins.

By allowing controlled mining and grazing and hunting under certain conditions within the boundaries of the park, by recognizing the principle of so-called multiple use, the Moss bill represents a compromise with basic national park principles. Conservationists and others concerned with the integrity of the park system consider this a dangerous precedent; they would strike out this provision in the bill. At the opposite pole, local mining interests claim that the provision is not strong enough; they point out that the Secretary of the Interior "may prescribe such general regulations for the control of these activities as he deems necessary to preserve the scenic, scientific, and recreation values of the area." They want no regulation — which means no park, except in name. As Secretary Udall has pointed out, this is like

trying to have your cake and eat it too. More specifically, it is like allowing the wedding cake to be pulled apart in search of the ring and the thimble — which probably are not there anyway.

What resources would in fact be “locked up” if all commercial exploitation were prohibited? The whole place has been prospected for uranium with negative results. In any case, to quote Senator Anderson’s haunting metaphor, “We have got more uranium rolling out of our ears than we know what to do with.” A study made by the University of Utah shows that there may be other mineral deposits, but none are of known commercial value. Almost the entire area is under oil and gas lease: ten dry holes have been drilled; the eleventh, on the edge of the proposed park, recently brought in a producing well and is being excluded from the park area. Grazing rights in this arid country are insignificant; annual fees from the entire 330,000 acres amount to only \$2700. The Moss bill allows grazing to continue for twenty-five years, though it must be obvious to anyone who has camped in Canyonlands that the cows and the tourists are going to use the same few spots that have water.

Deer hunting is a more emotional subject. The Moss bill provides for “the controlled reduction of wildlife in such park by hunters licensed by the State of Utah and deputized as rangers by the Secretary.” Of all the pressures that are put on the Park Service, the one for public hunting seems to arouse the loudest hallo. When the service uses its own personnel, as it has done in Yellowstone, scientifically to reduce the elk herds, there are cries of outrage from those who see wasted chances for sport. When specially licensed hunters are allowed to try their trigger fingers at it, as they were in Teton Park, the naturalists and conservationists cry havoc. The chief naturalist at Yellowstone supports their fears with statistics. Suppose that the reduction of the Yellowstone elk herd had been put in the hands of private hunters: “If their ability was equal to that of the 1,002 hunters in Grand Teton, nearly 18,000 hunters would have killed the 5,000 elk, plus 196 illegal moose, 410 illegal elk and seventeen men, along with an undetermined number of bears, coyotes, bighorn sheep, antelope, bison, mule deer and horses.” In Canyonlands the issue is one of principle rather than of powder and shot; only forty-one deer were taken from the whole region last year. The chances of bagging illegal animals are even more remote. But to legalize park hunting

by statute may be a precedent more dangerous than bullets.

Mining, grazing, hunting: each has its staunch adherents, yet all are fundamentally incompatible with the basic park concept. The term “multiple use” has become a sort of shibboleth. In the case of our national parks, it is seriously misleading. In the first place, the proper use of our parks is itself multiple — wilderness preservation, recreation, protection of watersheds, sanctuaries for wildlife, undisturbed areas for scientific study. In the second place, commercial and recreational use are often mutually exclusive. For activities that disturb or deplete the land, the term “non-conforming use” is more accurate.

The battle will be fought to a finish on the floor of Congress. Political maneuver can be expected; for example, in the final days of the 1962 session the senior senator from Utah, who was up for reelection, introduced a new and weakened Canyonlands bill which might appeal to some of his constituents but not to anyone who wants a true national park. The traditional conflict between federal and states’ rights will be renewed; only recently the state fish and game commissioners officially went on record urging Congress, in clear contradiction to existing policy, to leave management in their hands “whenever any authority is granted to the National Park Service to create any new areas or to increase the size of existing areas.” The Utah commissioner, at the Canyonlands hearings, attacked “the autocratic and high-handed attitudes of the National Park Service” which threatened “the sovereignty of the State.”

None of this, of course, is new, but it does make the Canyonlands issue worth studying. For, as the developing embryo of an individual organism suggests earlier stages in the evolution of the species, so the study of a single park in embryo reminds us of the evolutionary history of the park system itself. The issues raised in the discussion of Canyonlands echo those raised when Yellowstone Park was born ninety years ago, when the Grand Canyon was saved by Teddy Roosevelt (its rim was once staked with mining claims), when the unique rain forest in Washington’s Olympic Park was preserved from the ax, when Jackson Hole in the Tetons was added to the park system against local opposition to become one of Wyoming’s greatest assets. The story of the national park concept is the story of the evolution of an idea, now momentarily spotlighted in those glowing red-rock canyons at the heart of the Plateau Province.

THE WRITER AS MORALIST

BY SAUL BELLOW

Novelist, teacher, and critic, SAUL BELLOW is the author of THE ADVENTURES OF AUGIE MARCH, which received the National Book Award as "the most distinguished work of fiction published in 1953." Since that time Mr. Bellow has held teaching positions at several universities, has had two more books published, and is now finishing his new novel, HERZOG, which will appear later this year under the Viking imprint.



It is hard to know what is meant by a moral novelist, or what people think they are talking about when they ask for commitment, affirmation, or messages. The view attributed to Ernest Hemingway is, "If you're looking for messages, try Western Union." Writers, oppressed by the popular demand for messages, can readily appreciate Hemingway's feelings on this subject. But the fact is that the American writer himself has been brought up to take messages seriously. Americans are a sententious people and are taught at an early age to moralize. They learn it in Sunday school. They learn it from Poor Richard — at least they did so in my time. In Chicago during the twenties we were filled up with Poor Richard: "Little strokes fell great oaks." "Plough deep while sluggards sleep." These formulas seemed true and sound. Longfellow, whom we had to memorize by the yard, was also strongly affirmative: "Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal." And finally there was "The Chambered Nautilus": "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul."

But while this was happening, the Chicago papers reported gangland killings almost daily. Dion O'Banion was shot in his flower shop, Hymie Weiss died violently on the steps of a church, the Capone headquarters was shot up by machine guns, Jake Lingle was murdered, Jake the Barber was abducted. To survive such events, the moral

teachings of literature had to be very strong. It might have occurred to schoolchildren as they passed from the pages of the *Tribune* to those of *Elson's Reader* that perhaps literature didn't have too much to do with life. "Give all to love," they read in Emerson. But in City Hall there were other ideas on giving, and we had to learn (if we could) how to reconcile high principles with low facts.

Americans who care for this line of work need never be unemployed. Emerson devoted his life to it. Thoreau, after he has directed our attention to some fact of nature, cannot rest until he has extracted a moral significance from it. Whitman, of course, is a persistent moralist. At times the moral purpose of these great writers of the nineteenth century tires us, their sermons seem too long — naïve. The crudity, disorder, ugliness, and lawlessness of commercial and industrial expansion which scandalized them have been our only environment, our normalcy. And sometimes we are a little impatient with their romantic naïveté. When Emerson tells us that "Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom," we can't help wondering what he would have made of some of the sinister intricacies of a modern organization.

Walt Whitman in *Democratic Vistas* exhorted the poets of a democracy to create archetypes, images of the American citizen, and charged writers with

Photograph by Joseph Zimbroli.

the highest of moral duties. "The priest departs, the divine literatus arrives," he wrote in a prophetic spirit. This particular brand of Romanticism held the poet (the writer) to be the new spiritual leader and teacher of a community freed from slavery and superstition. Very often, and this was certainly true in Whitman's case, the poet offered himself as a model. In effect he said: If you want to know what an American of this democracy might be like — here I am. What I assume you shall assume, and whoever touches me touches a man.

Ideas, when they achieve a very high level, can easily be accepted by a busy, practical people. Why not? Sublimity never hurt anyone. I have heard a worldly character, discussing the place of history in a curriculum, saying, "Well, why shouldn't the kids know about them kings? That's OK." Our national holdings in moral grandeur are OK too.

The teachings of Horatio Alger reached a wider audience than those of Whitman. Several generations of Americans read *Sink or Swim*, *Phil the Fiddler*, *Mark the Match Boy*, and *From Canal Boy to President*, records of achievement which rewarded personal goodness with happiness and goods. Alger had a potent message — the message that worldly asceticism leads to capitalistic success was violently repudiated by many of our best novelists. The realists and naturalists in their anger and moral zeal turned Horatio Alger inside out. Norris and Dreiser and James T. Farrell give us a very different account of American life. Fitzgerald tells us in *Gatsby* of the "foul dust" that has a way of trailing youthful dreams of fulfillment. Nathanael West in *A Cool Million* tears the gospel of success to shreds.

THE history of American literature can be described as a succession of encounters between rival claimants. The opposing parties have been variously described. Philip Rahv has said that American writers are either Palefaces or Redskins. We know that there was a genteel tradition, challenged by roughnecks. We know, too, that the regionalists were ranged against the cosmopolites, that certain agrarians insisted that roots and traditions were what we wanted, and that their claims were disputed by novelists of urban class struggle. Visionaries disagreed with practicals, and writers of sensibility with social historians.

At the present time there is a sort of struggle going on between the squares and some other shape considered better, or, as I prefer to call it, between Cleans and Dirties. The Cleans want to celebrate the bourgeois virtues. At least they

seem to respect them — steadiness, restraint, a sense of duty. The Dirties are latter-day Romantics and celebrate impulsiveness, lawless tendencies, the wisdom of the heart. The Cleans are occasionally conservative, and sometimes speak for the Anglo-Saxon majority. The John P. Marquands and James Gould Cozzens are Cleans of this latter type. Mr. Cozzens is a conscious ideologist of the Cleans. Henry Miller, a man whose talent is beyond dispute, is the father of the Dirties. His crudities can be explained by the excesses of the opposition, for it is the unfortunate result of this progress by contrasts in American literature that it always produces exaggeration. The hypocrisy of the apologists begot a hunger for scandal in the muckrakers that was exactly proportionate. Certain upper-class idiocies are answered by growling from the swamps. The snooty Puritanism of Mr. Cozzens calls forth the sexual katzenjammers of William Burroughs. The sighing of Henry Adams in his club window as he laments the passing forever of precious qualities makes the immigrants more clamorous at Coney Island and Atlantic City.

But in many cases the differences are superficial, and Cleans and Dirties are remarkably similar. Not unpredictably, the Cleans express destructive feelings, while the Dirties, when they become intelligible, are often sentimental moralists; their Prometheanism at times amounts to little more than the demand that preschool sexual explorations be publically accepted as an adult standard. The Dirties are convinced that scandal is good for what ails us. And they try to make a sensation. But it is not easy to scandalize people. Everyone has seen and heard so much.

It's not easy to be a writer in the United States. Many people are worn out before they have picked the right clothes for the job. Even Whitman paid particular attention to his negligent appearance, feeling that the American singer should look the part. He was, and was not, one of the Roughs. His very presence, however, must have conveyed a moral intention. No less than Whitman, our Dirties, the Beats, offer themselves to their countrymen as exemplary types. They want their brethren, especially of the middle class, to express themselves more freely, more truthfully, to widen their horizons, to resist the drudgery of vacant duties and rebel against the servitude of banal marriage and unpleasurable sex. But similar improvements are suggested in the advice columns of ladies' magazines. They are not in themselves so frightfully revolutionary. Innocent of any wrongdoing, many of the middle-class brethren of the Beats have gone far beyond Kerouac, Mailer, and Burroughs. They behave as they think writers should. The public is happy with their

antics; it likes to read of their doings in the gossip columns, is tickled by the dirty words, and consumes the writers like food, whiskey, tobacco, or publicity, indifferent to the earnestness which is the source of these excesses.

Essentially the Dirties want us to be what we truly are, to be self-accepting, to cease to be horrified by our sexual impulses, however they may manifest themselves. They teach the honor of what is natural. Thus, they make us ask, "Well, what is natural? Is it myself under the influence of junk, putting on a nightclub show at upwards of \$3000 a week?" If this be nature, dear friends, it will not only redeem us morally but send us to a first-class loony bin. (We can afford it at three G's a week.)

The public never hesitates to demand an inordinate amount of goodness from writers. It considers clergymen, schoolteachers, and novelists its moral servants. This is not an altogether unfair conception of things, but there are certain inconsistencies in the situation which often produce strange effects.

Imagine that the managing editor of a large American daily who is under the influence of liquor is riding in his goat cart about his estate, and that he falls and injures his hip and is taken to the hospital and put in traction. Imagine further that a friend (or flunky) has sent him a gift of three or four recent novels, and that the bedridden editor reads these novels and is outraged by their immorality. The case is made more interesting if the great daily has, among other things, distorted political news, reported its opponents with miserable unfairness and glaring prejudice, tried to goad the government into declaring war on Cuba, lowered the mental level of life in the community, debased the language, filled its pages with vast ads for pork butts, storm windows, undergarments, dollar sales, antiperspirants, failed to inform the public on matters of great importance, fought medical care for the aged, and so forth. Such a daily might, to a reasonable judge, seem immoral. But the great man, outraged by some novelist's account of the life of the poor in his city, picks up the phone to chew out his book editor and to order him never again under any circumstances to mention the book, never to advertise it.

Great corporations seem at times to be intrinsically moral. No one asks a big company to affirm anything. It may, if it is public-spirited, hire an advertising firm to explain how much good it is doing, and it spends tax-exempt money on quotations from Emerson and Walt Whitman. But its balance sheets are not published and discussed in hundreds of journals by high-minded critics. Thus, the moral duties of business organizations are simpler and less burdensome than those of a

poor lone novelist in the solitudes of Nebraska. Perhaps this is as it should be. The great corporation is guilty of a certain vaingloriousness, but it doesn't make sweeping moral claims. It simply says: Capitalism is good for you. We are tough energetic realists, and that is as God and the Founding Fathers meant it to be.

The writer, however, is bound by tradition to live under a different standard. Even if he is an avowed immoralist, even if he calls himself an anti-artist, a rebel, a black hater of life, a desperate enemy of society, he is invariably motivated by a desire for truth. Clarification, deepening, illumination are moral aims even when the means seem to readers anarchic or even loathsome. The "wild" writings of dadaists and surrealists were intended to shock the reader into a new, more vivid wakefulness and not to fill him with disgust. They execrated conventional literature and the bourgeois profession of authorship and were largely justified in so doing, but when the noise of cries and curses had died away it became quite clear that they were moralists, and romantic moralists at that. Among our Dirties a similar purpose is discernible. They have to my mind often splashed in filth for its own sake, have adored brutality for its own sake and been carried away by sickness for sickness' sake, but even William Burroughs, who has surpassed them all in bloodiness and perversity, seems to feel that it must all have a purpose and offers his *Naked Lunch* as a warning against narcotics. "The junk habit is public health problem number one of the world today," he says.

Of course, the more difficult things become, the more intensely the demand for affirmation is repeated. The dimmer, the grayer, the drearier they are, the louder the call for color and variety; and the more people cheat, the more they ask to hear about goodness. It must be in the course of nature. But it seems equally to be in the course of nature that the writers must try to honor such demands. Some with childlike eagerness, others more thoughtfully, try to suggest how what we all need so badly may be found — that sense of order, those indispensable standards which in other ages did not originate with novelists or playwrights.

WHERE are novelists and others to find these standards? What will they offer to the morally indigent public which asks for affirmation? If a novelist is going to affirm anything, he must be prepared to prove his case in close detail, reconcile it with hard facts, and he must even be prepared for the humiliation of discovering that he may have to affirm something different. The facts are

stubborn and refractory, and the art of the novel itself has a tendency to oppose the conscious or ideological purposes of the writer, occasionally ruining the most constructive intentions. But then, constructive intentions also ruin novels.

A good example of this sort of mutual destruction may be seen in a recent book by Graham Greene, *A Burnt-Out Case*. The theme of this novel is the spiritual aridity which begins with the self-disgust and self-rejection of a successful architect who is tired of the world and who comes to Africa in an effort to lose himself. He settles in a leper colony, vaguely drawn to the sick and to the medical missionary order, the priests, and the doctor. At first he feels no genuine desire to help. He accepts death in himself and has no incentive to rid himself of the weight of purposeless existence, but presently he is drawn into the struggle with the disease and begins to make himself useful. We never get beyond this beginning in the novel, however, for it now breaks up. The young wife of one of the colonists, neurotic and silly, enters the story and with unconvincing histrionics causes the unlamented destruction of our burnt-out architect. What remains is a dubious affirmation of the necessity to desist from such devotion to our own suffering and to live and act for others. This, we must all grant, is a good thing to affirm, and if Mr. Greene had been able to illustrate it passionately in his novel, we would all have been boundlessly grateful. As it is, we are indebted to him for his impressive description of the arid condition. But the novel itself, or the conscience of the artist, would not permit an affirmation to be forced, and the book itself could therefore do nothing but disintegrate.

There was a carefree time in the history of the novel when the writer had nothing to do but to tell us what had happened. Experience in itself then pleased us; the description of experience was self-justifying. But nothing so simple now seems acceptable. It is the self, the person to whom things happen, who is perhaps not acceptable to the difficult and fastidious modern consciousness.

Writers of genius in the twentieth century (Paul Valéry, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, among others) have made us question the stability of the experiencing self, have dissolved it in intellect, or in instinct, in the common life of the species, in dream, and in myth, and all together have made us aware that the sovereign individual, that tight entity whose fortunes, passions, and moral problems filled the pages of novels (and of historical studies as well), was simply a fabrication, the product of a multitude of interests and influences, and of our ignorance of physics, psychology, and our social class divisions.

Whatever the objective results, the nihilistic

passions produced by this revaluation have not worn off. If anything, the demand for radicalism in literature grows louder. We have recently been told by Leslie Fiedler that it is the responsibility of novelists to be in the opposition, to say no, always no, no in accents of thunder. Mr. Fiedler reminds us that the negative tradition in literature, the tradition of prophetic denunciation, claims our loyalty.

Well, prophecy is nice work if you can get it. By this I mean that the prophet must be genuine. If, in place of the word of God which he *must* utter, he should have a literary program in his back pocket, his prophecies can never be accepted. Two warnings are necessary. First, the idiocy of orthodox affirmation and transparent or pointless optimism ought not to provoke an equal and opposite reaction. Second, no one should found his nay upon the study of literature. Literature may show, as some have argued, that from Sophocles to Shakespeare and from Shakespeare to Tolstoy the greatest geniuses have cursed life. But the fact that a writer similarly curses it proves absolutely nothing. The deliberate choices of writers in such matters can never be interesting. We have had our bellyful of a species of wretchedness which is thoroughly pleased with itself. In France the wretched angry fulminating hero has come to be as common in bookshops as *choucroute garnie* in restaurants — despairing sauerkraut, a side dish to the knackwurst of middle-class Prometheanism. Really, it's about time everyone recognized that romantic despair in this form, naggingly conscious of the absurd, is absurdly portentous, not metaphysically "absurd." There is grandeur in cursing the heavens, but when we curse our socks we should not expect to be taken seriously.

The poets who continue the tradition of romantic pessimism which began so richly with Byron, Pushkin, and Gerard de Nerval are now simply trifling. The optimism of the bourgeois which inflamed poets in the nineteenth century is no longer so proud and confident. It began to totter several generations ago and by now has fallen on its face several times and has a dusty discredited look. If optimism were not so poor and shaky, it would not solicit affirmation continually.

MOST writers agree that their art is moral. Tolstoy held that a novelist should have a moral relation to his subject matter, and his definition of morality was passionate. The writer should either love or hate his subject. Tolstoy condemned neutrality or objectivity therefore as inartistic. He was contradicted by the "art for art's sake"

novelists who explicitly rejected moral purpose. Probably Flaubert is the most significant of these. He, and Joyce following him, felt that anything that might be described by us as a moral commitment would be a serious error. The artist, said Joyce, should have no apparent connection with his work. His place is in the wings, apart, paring his nails, indifferent to the passions of his creatures. Such aesthetic objectivity was an imperative with Joyce, and in *A Portrait of the Artist* he explicitly rejected anything in art which excited desire, or a need for action. The feeling a work of art should arouse is in his view static, beyond desire, too pure to be involved in judgments, contemplative.

This is a rather lofty attitude in a novelist. It would seem more appropriate to a poet or a musician, for the novel meets life at a commoner level, where confusion is inordinate. The art for art's sake novelist believed in pure form, classical order. Order of this sort is seldom available, and in chaotic conditions such beliefs must inevitably lead to disappointment.

A novelist of this sort will not agree to love or hate as Tolstoy says he should. He reserves comment. He refrains from holding an opinion. He believes, as Erich Auerbach writes of Flaubert, "that every event, if one is able to express it purely and completely, interprets itself and the persons involved in it far better and more completely than any opinion or judgment appended to it could do. Upon this conviction — that is upon a profound faith in the truth of language responsibly, candidly and carefully employed — Flaubert's artistic practise rests." Professor Auerbach calls this "objective seriousness," and makes the following observation. "Objective seriousness, which seeks to penetrate to the depths of the passions and entanglements of human life, but without itself becoming moved, or at least without betraying that it is moved — this is an attitude which one expects from a priest, a teacher or a psychologist rather than from an artist. The priest, teacher and psychologist wish to accomplish something practical, which is far from Flaubert's mind."

Thus, it apparently makes no difference what the artist should decide about his commitment, whether he considers himself a moralist or a purely objective artist. The writer in any case finds that he bears the burdens of priest or teacher. Sometimes he looks like the most grotesque of priests, the most eccentric of teachers, but I believe the moral function cannot be divorced from art. This means that the artist had better not strain so to be didactic.

To look for elaborate commitments is therefore vain. Commitments are far more rudimentary than any "position" or intellectual attitude might imply. I should like to suggest that commitment in a novel may be measured by its power to absorb us, by the energy it contains. A book which is lacking in power cannot be moral. Dullness is worse than obscenity. A dull book is wicked. It may intend to be as good as gold, as nice as pie, as sweet as can be, but if it is banal and boring, it is evil.

What we sense in modern literature continually is not the absence of a desire to be moral, but rather a pointless, overwhelming, vague, objectless moral fervor. The benevolent excitement of certain novelists and dramatists is not an isolated literary phenomenon. What is obscurer in them than in political leaders or social planners is what they are going to be benevolent about, and how they are going to be benevolent or constructive. In this sphere we see a multitude of moral purposes in wild disorder. For as long as novelists deal with ideas of good and evil, justice and injustice, social despair and hope, metaphysical pessimism and ideology, they are no better off than others who are involved cognitively with these dilemmas. They can only go the same ways: the liberal way, the way of nature, the Promethean way, the way of socialism — the list is almost endless. From it the writer may make his choice and proceed to affirm his truth. It is then scarcely possible for his art to avoid the fate of his ideas. They triumph together or fall together. Novelists as different as Camus, Thomas Mann, and Arthur Koestler are alike in this respect. Their art is as strong as their intellectual position — or as weak.

For this reason, an art which is to be strong cannot be based on opinions. Opinions can be accepted, questioned, dismissed. A work of art can't be questioned or dismissed.

One last thing. Not too many people will disagree if the proposition is put as follows — either we want life to continue or we do not. If we don't want to continue, why write books? The wish for death is powerful and silent. It respects actions; it has no need of words.

But if we answer yes, we do want it to continue, we are liable to be asked how. In what form shall life be justified? That is the essence of the moral question. We call a writer moral to the degree that his imagination indicates to us how we may answer naturally, without strained arguments, with a spontaneous, mysterious proof that has no need to argue with despair.

An Atlantic "First"

A RUNNER THROUGH THE MIST

BY

JAMES McCORMICK

"I have lived in varying degrees of rage, love, and horror in Chicago all my life," writes JAMES McCORMICK, "except for a large chunk of time during World War II." In recent years he has traveled in Sweden, Germany, and Ireland, and is now on the staff of CHICAGO'S AMERICAN.

MY NEW shoes, French made, squashed water out of their canvas tops as I tramped over the Flanders plain in the direction of Calais and the English Channel crossing station. Ahead, only a few yards away, the soaking armor of the road sunk into a spongy hole of fog and disappeared.

I pulled my cap down against the rain and sloshed on, inhaling the odors of wet trees, wet earth, and my own wet clothing, drifting in puffs of fog. Behind arose the oncoming murmur of an auto. I turned and raised a hand. A powerful Mercedes stormed out of the murky ground, passed in a shower of spray, grew rheumy, and plunged into the hole ahead. Nothing. Above my head the trees heaved as twists of the car's backlash struck them. Their leavings fell, heavier than the rain. A cow bawled somewhere in a field on my left. It bawled again. Imaginings began — this was no road at all, no man walking, no trees, no passing auto. This was drift sand and sea, with that wicked bawl floating over.

The sound of another motor drove away this despondent vision, and to my surprise the car slowed down when I turned around. A door flew open. I ran, wriggling the gear off my shoulders — bedroll and Malmberg knapsack — and shoved it through the door while hawking out a torrent of words. I clambered in. Yes, he was going all the way. His delight seemed equal to my own. Grinning giddily, I welcomed the reckless surge forward that flattened me back on the seat before I had quite settled down.

We spurted straight toward the hole in the fog. It rolled back. We pursued it. I sat grasping my soaking trouser legs and leaning forward in the leathery interior of the small car, conscious of a presence humming deliriously beside me as my eyes lay on the speedometer needle racing up the face of the dial. Black cigars came out, and one was offered, but I refused, partly because I was hungry. When the needle, slowing, edged past seventy, I switched off worrying. A burst of tobacco smoke rebounding off the windshield singed the lining of my nose.

Thank God, I thought. The weeks of shagging my fading body over the chary earth of Western Europe were almost over. Soon, for me, there would be England; the Canterbury road to London. I could find a job there, saving for the trip back home. I could beg; they would understand me there. I could even go to jail and get treatment as good as in any Belgian or German hotel. What couldn't be done in a country half the world still believed was a haven for the dispossessed and homeless? Merrie England!

The fog and rain were gone, blown out over the Strait of Dover, by the time we arrived at Calais. In place of imagined drift sand and sea now there were drenched rooftops and clean rows of houses, some with scaffolding all the way up; waiters unpling chairs in sidewalk cafés; traffic posts throwing long reflections, steadily changing, of reds, yellows, and greens on the shiny streets; and, over all, a kind of layer of atmosphere conveying

the scents of ocean trawler fishnets and the hanging press of things locked in crowded gardens. Up in the low clouds a hole or two, opening and closing under the thrashing of the wind, disclosed a star out on its dry, cold rounds in the early evening sky.

The driver ran through a section of town, timing the lights, and over a mile of unpaved road and railroad tracks to the ferryboat dock. He drew up beside some pilings at the edge of the water and pointed at the clouds and sea, toward where England might lie.

"*Chacun à son goût. Bon soir!*" he said, and reached across my knees to throw open the door. He rotated his body around and began pushing my gear out of the back seat. Smiling, he gave me a hand. I climbed out and strained the pack straps over my shoulders as he backed up the car, wheeled it over, and started like a hellbender back toward town. Good-bye! Good-bye!

WATER washed over the pilings and began soaking through my shoes. I edged away, forward, going miserably toward a three-deck boat tied up between two piers, noting its limp mooring cables and ropes, its empty decks, its vacant windows, its cold stacks. Surrounding the boat were shanties and shacks, a smashed pillbox from the war with weeds growing out of its blasted machine-gun slits, and a row of cranes or derricks with grappling hooks dangling high in the air as still as objects on the moon. From far out a desolate bell tinkled the movement of the waves as a buoy was stirred in the channel.

I crossed some tracks and walked alongside the boat. Not far from the lower end of the dock a huge shed painted green and white seemed to offer some covering until sailing time. I lurched toward it, skirting puddles. Somebody short and lean emerged from a doorway on the low platform of a shanty I was passing, a hunk of bread in his hand going up to his mouth and curious eyes taking me in. He smiled down. "You're too late, or maybe too early," he called. "You'd better go back to town and get some sleep." I laughed in relief, nodding and waving in a show of gratitude, and he, chewing lustily, sank back out of sight.

I reached the shed and tried a door. It yielded easily. I swung it wide. My thievish eyes moved over a low-pitched long room as large as a bank and lined with benches and some caged windows, very empty and dark but warm and dry. A company sign on the window of the door announced sailing times — daily at noon and six P.M., two hours ago or sixteen from now. Eight dollars' worth of francs in my pocket, and six of them for

the ride across. How narrow could it have been?

I stepped inside and closed the door, then moseyed around the benches and selected one in the center of the room. Unbelting the bedroll from the knapsack, I dropped it at the head of the bench and sat down to change socks and whatever else I could. I placed my cap and shoes on the knapsack on the floor. Then I sprawled out, laying my neck on the wet bedroll. It was moist and warm. How lucky I felt.

I streaked awake in the morning, anxious to throw myself at the boat, tear off its restraining lines, and drift away. But the shed was dark. A wretched, even-grained light, like dye, worked through the windows and without strength or joy dissolved in a faint shine on the varnished tops of benches. It was not raining, but everything outdoors looked wet. Water dripped from the roof of a shanty close by, and its platform loomed slick and black in the gallows light of another murderous dawn. Groaning, I fell back on the bench and closed my eyes.

A mop began thumping around the legs of the bench. Dock workers gathered at one end of the shed spoke together in voices that labored and snored through the empty depths. Shivering, I cranked myself downstairs to a toilet and wash-room, then sat around with my hands in my pockets, in stocking feet, until a coffee shop opened at nine thirty. I ate an orange, a bar of chocolate, and was finishing a second coffee when the ticket sellers appeared. I gathered my belongings and ran out to the boat — the first passenger on board. I chose a seat on the glass-enclosed second deck and sat down by the window. Glad. And hoping no one would speak to me all the way across.

Bulging boat trains arrived, and throngs of people converged on the shed. Long-eyed French and Italian girls, hatless and wearing black hose and spiked heels, stared lonesomely at the lean English faces of pursers and boat hands as they emerged with tickets, went up the gangplank, and disappeared in the deck below. Three people threw their purses and bags on the seats next to mine and asked loudly if I would watch their junk for a while, exercising a sort of social tyranny over me by their air of clubmanship. I said yes.

Then came a swelling bear of an old lady, an enormous and lovely lady with dark face and naked hands, who might have been Spanish. She wore a black lace shawl, black silk stockings, black linen skirt, and a blouse with a gray four-cornered bow at the neck. So subtle was the air, so refined and liquid the mystery in which she moved through the crowded aisle looking for a place, that I could not take my eyes away. She stopped and looked down at me, eye upon eye, with an intensity that scared me. Her large mouth

formed a smile as she asked if one of the seats was vacant. I told her no, they were already called for.

"But take mine, please," I said, and began to rise. She declined, in a voice of such near-green unfolding it told me how special, how honored the man would feel who was permitted to please her. She moved away.

A score of dock workers, talking it up, hauled the gangplank to one side of the dock. Winches rattled, the engines started and swelled to thunder, then stopped. Straining, with prolonged sounds of grating from the seats and windows, the boat glided backward out of the pier, bumping the rotted pilings. With mounting waves of vibration it slowly left the shore.

The three seats holding the belongings I watched remained vacant for over an hour, giving me time to enjoy my solitude. A young French priest who sat across from me seemed to sense how good I felt. I knew he glanced over from time to time. I became aware of him slowly; he was my age, with freckles and red hair, a shabby cassock and wilted collar yellowing around the edge, and a faded white bib covering his underwear. While a sturdy-looking older woman beside him spoke in low tones, he made his hands busy by slitting open, with a simple table knife, the pages of a paper-bound book — page, page, page, slowly and ungrudgingly, with the graceful movements long practice brings. Several times as he sat and worked that way with his hands our eyes met. Now he smiled. I looked away, then sat questioning why I had: why turn away from the smile of a stranger who showed what he had no wish to conceal, how lively his interest was in me, in the lady, in books, boats, water, and sky?

A COMMAND rang out over the ship's loudspeaker for passengers to show passports to the English control officer on deck one. The three people had not yet returned, so I remained where I was. The priest arose, placing book and knife carefully on the seat he was leaving, and he touched my knees with his legs as he moved out to the aisle.

"Excuse me, please," he turned and said in deliberate English. And he lingered, looking down, beyond the moment when he should have gone.

"Of . . . course," I answered, and felt my face redden.

He smiled and began working through the crowd. Leaving me what is felt among children who are honored and protected. I looked at his seat, at the table knife lying on top of the closed book, and knew I had just seen a marvelously adoring way to handle a new volume with the word *Jesu* in the title.

When the people returned and claimed their belongings I made off for deck one. I joined a line that extended along the dented brass floor in a snake path from the control office door into a side passage of the boat. Through a stairwell on my right floated the English odors of jam and ham that pulled the saliva right out of my mouth.

In front of me waited a teen-age girl with a round face, frowning worriedly and holding a black German passport in a hand so plump and short it seemed stunted. She was going to London, too, I learned when it came her turn to step into the office. A young officer of the customs authority asked her questions in a coldly friendly voice. Yes, she had received permission to work in London, she told him, and she carried papers to prove it. She produced these, and a letter from the firm where she was going to work. I leaned a little inside the door, but all I could make out on the letterhead were three characters reading "DUN —"

"All right, then. Good luck. Enjoy your stay in England, and be certain you read this," the official said, and he handed her a booklet telling visitors how to behave in the United Kingdom. "Next!" he called, and I stepped inside.

The officer looked over my passport carefully, turning the pages and scanning each so closely I began to think every visa stamp was wrong. I wished I had somehow got a haircut. I felt seedy in front of his manicure and recent shave.

"American?" he asked. He looked up and smiled hard. "How long will you stay in England?"

"I'm not sure. It will depend."

"Depend on what, exactly?"

"I'd like to look around. Perhaps spend some time in Avon."

"Are you a student? A teacher?"

"Not either, no."

"What, exactly, are you?"

"I'm interested. You might say I'm an interested person."

"And you've been — let me see. In Sweden. You were — how did you put that?" He looked up. "'An interested person.' And has your interest in Sweden been exhausted?"

"I wouldn't put it that way. I just thought I'd find it cheaper to live in England."

"Cheaper as to what?"

"As to living."

"You don't have much money then?"

"No, not much."

"How much, exactly?"

"Two dollars — but there'll be some waiting for me in London," I added, lying dangerously.

"Waiting for you where?"

"At Poste Restante. I suppose you call it General Post Office there."

"Who's sending you this money?"

"A friend."

"Do you have any letter, any confirmation of its actually being sent?"

"Not exactly."

"Do you have passage home stuffed away somewhere? A steamship ticket? Air reservation? Any kind of paper will do."

"I've sent it on ahead."

"Sent what on ahead?"

"My steamship ticket."

"To whom? Do you have friends in London?"

"No. No one there."

"Then where was it sent?"

"I have some possessions. They were sent ahead in boxes. My ticket was in one of those boxes."

"And you have a post office receipt and insurance number?"

"In my knapsack, yes," I said without hesitating.

"Good, then you'll show it in a moment. First, about this money you say will be waiting in London. It's from your account back home, you said?"

"No, I didn't say that. I said it was from a friend."

"Money owed you? How has it come to be sent?"

"It's simply from a friend. To help me along."

"Have you any letter at all? Any kind of paper from this friend or any other to prove for us that you exist for someone back there?"

"I have a letter in my pocket," I said, remembering too late how scruffy it was and why it was written at all. I withdrew a damp envelope and dropped it on the table. The officer gingerly pulled out a single sheet of typewritten paper and carefully pressed it smooth with the heel of his hand. He began to read out loud:

"I forget sometimes the hard time you are having, wandering, actually feeling in your bones what homelessness means, the loneliness and insecurity you must feel. And I console myself with the thought that if there is a will to live, then strength can be mustered. I see that as a sequence of life. Nor do I mean to say it's easy, even if the will is there. Strength has its limits, and it's often a surprise when we come to the test to find that its resources are shallower than we thought."

The officer glanced hopelessly up at me and went on:

"Anyway, if you can still believe that a personal value is possible in spite of the pressures society brings to bear on debasing us in our own eyes, then you have crossed some kind of line. Your suffering becomes a routine bit of play within the larger game which you are winning or may have won. Come home and tell me about it. We'll

have a beer together, and break the empty glasses over the head of a bald official.' "

The officer quit reading. He folded the letter and replaced it in the envelope, taking a very long time about this and not looking at me.

"Is this the man who sends you money?" He made a bridge of his fingers, let them fall and lace, and watched them as he cracked the knuckles.

I drew a deep breath, trying to fill the empty space that seemed to have developed below my heart, and said, "Yes, that's the man."

"A debt being repaid?"

"Not a debt, no."

His knuckles sounded dry and must have hurt. He pulled the fingers apart and drummed on the table.

"Why does he send you money then?"

"We're friends. He wants me to see England."

"Isn't all this rather odd?" he said, looking up harshly.

"I don't think it's odd."

"How much does he send you?"

"Ten, sometimes twenty. What he can spare."

"I see." He thought a moment. "I'm trying to help you," he said. "I'm trying to put my hands on something firm to save you." He placed the letter on top of my passport and pushed both over to a corner of his desk, beside another passport that already lay there. He spoke to some papers in his hand. "Please wait out that side door over there. There are still a lot of people to see. I'll call you back later. Next, please!"

I WAITED in the passage where I formerly stood. Food odors coming in waves from the stairwell sent me to the rail. I watched the sea. I hadn't seen it before. A gull left the water and climbed to the level of the deck. It glided, moving its small head about, then wheeled away, leaving me with a glimpse of the sky. I lifted up my hands.

I was alone when I did that, or nearly alone. The bovine lady who asked me for a seat was there, standing with her back against a white-painted cabin wall. She saw what I did. She allowed me to see that she saw. She did not smile or nod. The lips of her large mouth seemed dry; she seemed buried in life as she stood gazing at me. Her eyes absorbed me. They showed what a rich concentrate of color surmounted all that blackness and grayness that walled her in. They gave me suffering and resigned sensuality, the odor of warm rains in Galicia, black churches, the fumes of the brave human stable surrounded by poverty and tyranny and the laughter of children.

"You there, sir," a voice behind me called, and I stepped back into the office just as Folkestone

came into view. A little distance to the right rose the drastic cliffs of Dover, filmed grayly by the straining stale overcast of the weather.

"Now, then, about this letter," the officer began hurriedly. "You say this is the man who sends you money?"

"Yes."

"You expect to live on what he sends, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Were you able to do that in Sweden?"

"No."

"What were you doing in Sweden?"

"It's not easy to put in a word. I was drawn there. I've always heard about what a clean country it is, and so I went there to see."

"On a fellowship? A grant of some kind? To study?"

"No, not to study."

"And now you want to come to England. To see?"

"Yes, to see England."

"Did you bring the post office receipt from your luggage? I should like to examine it, you know." He looked at me starvedly.

I blurted, "No, I didn't bring the receipt. I have no receipt. I lied to you. I have no steamship ticket. I have no hopes of raising a penny in England unless I find a job. The truth is, I'm straight on the bum."

The officer nodded, too quickly, and turned away, looking at the wall. He glanced down at his desk, then over at the side door. When he turned his dry look back on me, he wet his lips. He seemed to be ashamed of something; alert, but mystified — emptied out. A wave of pity passed through me because of the hard job he had to do. Hard.

"I see," he said at last. "Please wait outside again. I shan't rule myself. I'll have to speak to my chief about you."

The boat docked with a bump, a mild bump easily ignored, befitting the English side. The gangplank crashed against the heavy plate sides of the boat, and stevedores hustled over the soaking dock. The Spanish lady remained standing in the passage, and I noted that she made no move to leave.

A group of American tourists left the boat first, a special way being made for them by a guide. Britishers clad in Alpine rigs followed, with climbing staves in their hands. Behind them went the young priest, thin and black-suited, nodding and smiling down at the lady who sat beside him. I saw the German girl again, on her way to the factory or office named "DUN —" She climbed timidly up the five steps leading from the boat to the gangplank, behind some hard-boiled fellows in shorts, with hairy legs, who wore fierce beards

and carried knapsacks. She looked so distantly withdrawn as she carried a heavy suitcase up those steps, the booklet the officer had given her clutched in one hand, that I knew she was composing in her mind a child's letter to her mother, telling her how kind the world she was entering was. I hoped so. She deserved it, because everybody deserved it, and I hoped she would continue to find the world that way the rest of her life.

The officer brushed me as he came out of the office, snapping shut the lock on a well-used briefcase under his arm. His eyes were streaked with red, and dull.

"You'll wait here," he said. "A constable will go back with you." Inept, he stood a moment, looking into my eyes. "Why did you tell me that?" he said mournfully. "I was trying to save you. If only you'd given me something to reach out for and grasp."

Fresh passengers climbed on board. The Spanish lady moved from the iron wall through the passage and over to the opposite side of the boat. There she wrapped both her arms caressingly around a metal post and looked out to sea. She seemed very special to me as she stood in that position, her beautiful woman's body turned away from England and her arms curved around the post like a dancer's.

I RODE the unsheltered top deck going back, along with the British types in tennis sweaters, with outthrust jaws clenching pipes. Dreamily watching water cascade chastely aft, surrounded by its plain of heaving lava. I got up and moved around. Once more fear, the learner, rain, cold nights, mornings without coffee, lack of money, the humdrum things. The day had not changed its look since dawn; still misty vapors, misty clouds. Violent loops of warm wind furlled the wraps of women strolling on the deck. Moving on beside canvas-covered railings, past men smoking banded Havanas, a white-hooded nun, and tall, unsurprised English girls going to Paris and Rome. Going from life into a novel and back into life again. Who is she? Is she going or has she arrived? I thought: I should have stayed below and watched her all the way across, trying to convey in the silent way she taught me that I knew, and shared her grief. I stared over the railing at pieces of floating wood, at streams of slop and what must have been discarded soup, at raw water, and gulls. And then to my horror I heard my name piped over the loudspeaker, once, twice, monstrously loud, followed by a command to appear at the ticket window on deck one. I hurried down the stairs to the repeated drumming of the command.

An Englishman there, behind spikes of iron and a shield of glass, asked how much money I had, and I said two American dollars. He scribbled something on the back of a ticket and slipped the ticket under the grille. "Here, take this. I imagine they'll demand it when you get off on the other side."

I stuffed the ticket in a pocket and hurried back to where I had left her. But she had moved away.

I waited until the boat unloaded before taking up the knapsack and bedroll again. Shifting it to places on my shoulders that didn't hurt, I walked down the gangplank and set foot once more on France. It was about seven o'clock. Trains with vintage engines were scattered over the dock area, and the smell of coal gas and steam pervaded the heavy air.

A French control officer and a British constable stood at the bottom of the gangplank. "That's one of them," the constable said as I came down. He handed over my passport opened to a page that showed a stamped re-entry visa for France and, above that, the stamp of the United Kingdom canceled by a big black cross.

"Where are you going now?" the Frenchman asked, smiling. "I hope you do not say Paris, or I'll have to arrest you."

"To Liège. Amsterdam, maybe." I couldn't help smiling back.

He grasped my arm and pointed to the left of the green and white painted shed. "Go over there and take the train marked 'B.C.' For only a few francs it will take you to Lille before dark. And from there it will be easy to get a ride to Brussels."

He warmly pumped my hand. "Good luck to you," he said, and turned to the constable. "Wasn't there one more?"

"A woman, yes. I'll bring her down."

The constable started up the gangplank, hand over hand on the ropes, and disappeared in the tiers of the boat.

I didn't pause. I began to run, taking long swinging strides past the shed and over tracks to the train. I clambered up the iron steps and worked my way to a compartment where four Italians sat feeding themselves and laughing plumply. Dropping my gear temporarily on the floor, I lowered myself to a seat. Then, because I found no strength to will them anywhere else, my eyes moved to the window of the compartment.

Out there was water, and beyond the water, England. There was the boat. There on the dock stood the French control officer good-naturedly watching the departing trains.

Out there, too, spread over the window in layer on layer of gray, was a picture of the great natural silence that lies over all things. The immense silence through which all life flows.

And the constable appeared at the railing of deck three, waving awkwardly to the man below. He shouted something down. The Frenchman started up the gangplank with fast and jerky strides.

The boat rocked like an empty hull. The train whistle blew. Again. Unnaturally comic, the signal floated back the image of an organist alone in a choir loft, tooting in lofty believing that he was being heard in the spheres. Steam twisted backward, great lumps of it, and the coach moved slowly — it was as though we were being conveyed forward more by the smoke, by the mist, by a fiction, than by an ordinary engine. Then a man beside the window leaned in front of it and blocked out the view.

At First Flower of the Easy Day

BY JOHN CIARDI

At first flower of the easy day
a buck went wading through the mist.
Legless, he seemed to sail away.
A brown swan with a mythic twist
of antlers to his changeling head.
All that the weaving Greeks referred
to plastic nature's shifting thread

he evidenced. I saw him turn
and dip his head into that pond
and flash the white flag at his stern,
then lift his head and sail beyond
an isle of spruces to the right.
What do we ask of any wraith
but the Greek fact in its first light

that makes of morning's beasts the day
our nights would dream if they knew how?
Starting from this dawn, I could say
sad Io's name to any cow
and have her eyes confirm my guess.
Unless her farmer came like Zeus
and waved me off his premises.

The Crisis in Research

BY JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.

The expenditure of federal funds for scientific research and development has had an enormous impact on government projects, on private industry, and on our economy. For an elucidation of the issues involved in our accelerated scientific program, we turn to JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR., former president of M.I.T., chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee from 1957 to 1959, and currently chairman of the corporation of M.I.T.

SINCE World War II, the United States has witnessed an astonishing growth in scientific research and development. Now, with national policy supporting a rapidly growing program in space technology, notably that required for a race to the moon, we see a further buildup of total national effort, especially in development and technology as distinct from basic research and science.

Inherent in this growth of our development commitments is a multitude of problems that call for public understanding and debate. The issues are profoundly important not only to our national security and world position but also to the nation's general welfare, its economic growth, the utilization of its human resources, and the integrity and strength of its system of higher education. In this article I should like to highlight some of these issues which need more public discussion than they have so far received, giving special attention to the impact of federal funds for research and development, including those allotted to the space race, on the future strength of American industry and our economy.

Let me list some of the salient and striking facts about our current effort:

Our annual rate of expenditure in the United States for scientific research and development is approximately \$17 billion — about 3 percent of our gross national product.

There has been more than a threefold increase

in annual dollar outlay for research and development in the last decade, and whereas ten years ago the federal government supplied less than half the funds for this effort, today it finances about two thirds of it.

Out of the \$12.4 billion the government is spending in the current fiscal year for research and development, about 65 percent will be spent by industry under contract. Private industry itself is expected to finance another \$5 billion for research. Three quarters of all research and development in the United States is performed in industrial laboratories.

Obviously, with some two thirds of the country's research and development effort being paid for by federal funds, and with its great procurement contracts, the government has become directly or indirectly the employer of 60 to 70 percent of the nation's scientists and engineers.

Dollar expenditure, including public and private, for research and development is rising about 15 percent each year, but our pool of technical manpower is growing only 6 percent a year. With growth in available personnel not keeping pace with the nation's expanding research expenditures, we may eventually face the possibility of a decline in research productivity and quality of performance. Already the talent squeeze, coupled with the rising cost of instrumentation and other factors, has forced the cost of research to increase by nearly

50 percent since 1954, and this cost will probably double before the end of this decade.

In research that involves the most advanced science and technology — and much of the research financed by the government is of this kind — the demand for top-grade talent educated to the Ph.D. level is far greater than the supply, and the gap seems to be widening.

Projections of research and development outlays to 1970 yield some startling figures. Given present trends, including the very rapid expansion of our space program, total national expenditures for research and development could exceed \$40 billion by 1970, with the government's share of the bill growing greater and industry's becoming smaller. Some projections (which assume, perhaps wrongly, that a large military space program will inevitably be added to the rapidly growing NASA program) place the government's own expenditure at this figure or higher by 1970.

THIS basket of facts and future possibilities holds an array of issues that must command the attention of thoughtful people in government, industry, and the universities. Private industry, especially, is confronted with some profoundly difficult questions.

For example, there is a tendency for government funds applied to space and weapons research and development to retard the growth of privately financed industrial research and development. As Dr. Jerome Wiesner commented in recent testimony before a congressional committee, there is danger that this growing federal research will price private research out of existence. The ease of getting military and space contracts may tempt private companies to neglect research financed by themselves and directed at competitive commercial objectives. The high salaries frequently associated with government contracts tend also to draw high-quality talent away from other fields of industrial research.

Because of the kind of large-scale, sophisticated research currently needed by the government, the industrial research it sponsors tends to be concentrated in a small number of companies. In a few industries this concentration may lead to a weakening of the technological capability and the competitive strength of other industries and of small companies at a time when these industries and companies need strengthening if our economy is to grow.

The argument is advanced, especially by protagonists of an expanding man-in-space program, that military and space research have commercial potentialities sufficient to offset these effects and to

ensure our continued economic growth. Certainly they have important by-products, especially in furthering the development of advanced technology important to all industry, but I have not yet seen convincing evidence to support the view that our military and space programs can attain their objectives and at the same time feed the civilian economy with enough new technology to warrant any letup in the growth of privately financed research. Industry has a very great responsibility diligently to seek out the by-products of the military-space research and development programs that have commercial application and at the same time to maintain an adequate growth of privately supported research and development oriented toward new products and processes. Industry should not take the easy course and let its own research and development effort become deemphasized by a growing volume of research sponsored by the federal government. This is not unlike the requirement faced by our universities to maintain an adequate level of privately supported basic research, uncommitted to any objective but advancing knowledge.

Despite all the funds we pour into research annually, the percentage of our gross national product that we devote to civilian-commercial research and basic research could be surpassed in the next few years by competing industrial nations, such as Japan and certain members of the European Common Market, which do not have military and space expenditures as heavy as those borne by the United States. Privately financed industrial research has made an immense contribution to our welfare and prosperity in the past, and we depend on it to do so in the future.

If our vast research and development effort in defense and space works, even for the short term, to curtail productivity and economic growth in the United States, the results will damage not only the civilian sector but the space and military sectors as well; our national goals of all kinds, and certainly our defense, depend upon rising productivity and upon our maintaining a sound rate of economic growth. Both depend in part upon the inventiveness and initiative of the civilian sector of our economy and upon an adequate effort in uncommitted basic research, in contrast with applied research and development. While I doubt whether we yet know very much about how economic forces are affected by the distribution of effort between civilian-commercial research and development on the one hand and military-space research on the other, we do hear, increasingly, concern expressed that the growing military and space research programs may be retarding innovation in consumer products and shortchanging the consumer sector of our economy.

This is why some of us feel that we cannot charge ahead with additional space and other large technological government programs without being mindful of the possible adverse effects on our civilian economy and of the importance of weighing them along with the good effects. I note this in full recognition of the economic assistance our expanding space program is providing many industries and communities.

THE way our technical personnel distributes itself and is utilized is more important than the way we allot our research and development dollar, although the two, of course, are linked. While we may not yet face an absolute shortage of technical personnel in the United States, unquestionably we do face an acute shortage of exceptional talent possessing that level of education in science and engineering which enables it to master and use effectively the new and advanced technologies. As I have noted, the impact of government funds has been to draw to government-supported research a high proportion of this up-to-date talent, with the result that industry, in its nonspace and nonmilitary work, has found it increasingly difficult to get enough men to do the high-quality work it requires. The glamour of space research has drawn high-quality industrial personnel away from missile and other weapons programs that militarily are as urgent as ever but now seem relatively old-hat. Indeed, there is an increasing number of informed people who are worried about a possible drop-off in the advances the United States has been making in military technology. The future of the nation requires that we continue to maintain superiority in military technology (including space technology legitimately important to military strength); in the dangerous world in which we live, this goal must have top priority in the use of our scientific and technological resources. One gains the impression that our military research and development, aside from evolutionary improvements in atomic weapons and from advances in space technology in the last five years or so, may have lost innovative vigor. We need to try to understand the influences which may be producing this effect, if indeed it has happened, just as we need to be sensitive to conditions that may be reducing the ingenuity, inventiveness, and advance that have long characterized our nonmilitary, nonspace industrial technology.

These undesirable effects can occur, despite a steadily growing expenditure for research and development, if that expenditure is not carefully managed to encourage innovation and the increase of productivity and if we fail to recognize that

fundamental advances in research depend upon brilliant, creative minds and not on numbers or dollars.

Science and technology are both advancing so rapidly, and so much in the direction of greater complexity, that we do not have enough highly educated personnel to carry out well all the tasks we have set for ourselves and at the same time to master and exploit new fields. As we consider further major national programs involving large-scale research and development, we must consider our manpower budget as well as our dollar budget most carefully, both in the executive branch and in Congress.

If we are to have the personnel who can master these advanced technologies, we must accept the necessity of doing two things:

First, we must increase the number of scientists and engineers educated by our universities and institutes of technology. We must urgently try to increase the number of young people who are educated to the level of the doctor's degree or its equivalent in science and related fields. In a recent study (the Gilliland report) issued by the President, his Science Advisory Committee recommends, as a minimum, that the number of doctor's degrees awarded each year in engineering, mathematics, and the physical sciences combined be increased from the 3000 presently given to 7500 in 1970. Such an unprecedented increase could be achieved only by a large increase in federal aid for financing graduate education.

And, second, we must devise ways to upgrade technical personnel already at work in industry. There are probably several hundred thousand engineers in the United States whose skills are obsolete in terms of the new technologies and the current requirements of science-based industries. We need to find a way, as one of our leading industrialists has already proposed, whereby this great pool of engineers can be afforded an opportunity to develop new competence in depth in mathematics, science, and engineering, so that their usefulness will be enhanced and their obsolescence docked. We thus face the need for one of the largest and most professionally advanced adult-education programs in history, a program which, to be successful, will require participation by the most advanced and science-rich universities and engineering schools. It cannot be a minor effort or handled by amateurs if we are to continue to lead in our industrial technology. A few leading companies and institutions are now experimenting in the development of strong programs.

What Admiral Rickover recently emphasized in speaking of industrial deficiencies in nuclear-reactor technology, informed scientists and engineers have long been pointing out about inadequate in-

dustrial mastery of many new and emerging technologies. It is of the utmost importance to our commercial competitive position, as well as to our security and national prestige, that our private industry achieve unmatched competence in putting our advanced technology to work. The universities and institutes of technology share with industry the possibility for achieving this mastery; it requires the finest and most modern education of our talent, along with a quality of management to match the competence of our technology. A number of American companies have a technological competence and brilliance unmatched anywhere else in the world, but we need many more as good as the best we now have.

Fundamental, also, is more efficient utilization of the personnel now in service. This involves many factors, including better management of our government research and development programs and the improvement of contracting procedures, so as to eliminate incentives to waste or misuse manpower. At the request of the President's Science Advisory Committee and with the endorsement of the President, the National Academy of Sciences has appointed a committee comprising outstanding industrial, educational, and other leaders to undertake what is undoubtedly the first comprehensive review of the utilization of technical manpower in the United States.

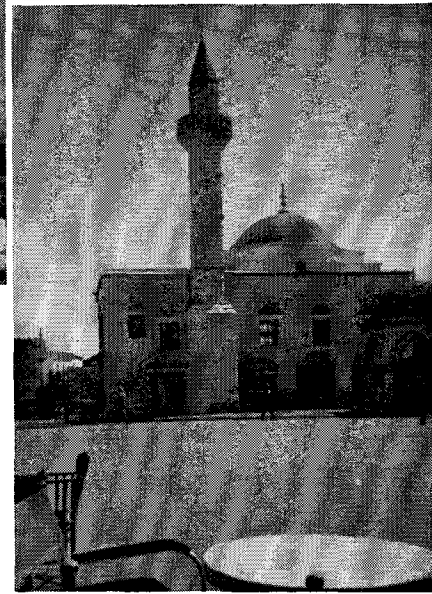
The federal government faces a desperate struggle to recruit and hold competent technical supervisory and managerial talent. In fact, it is suffering a dangerous weakening of its management strength largely because its pay scales and personnel policies have not been adequately competitive with those in industry and other private institutions. The recent federal pay increases authorized by Congress are a first step in remedying this weakness.

High competence is required in government if we are to make the enormous research and development contracting system work well, preserving the desirable features of government laboratories, private industry, and nonprofit institutions. We need managers in government, as well as in industry, who are sensitive to the problems of national

balance in the research and development effort, who combine a mastery of both technology and management, and who can minimize the poor judgment that often results in faulty plans and requirements, excessive failures, unnecessary technological complexity, or the launching of projects not practically attainable. The President's Science Advisory Committee has continually emphasized these requirements and accomplished much in initiating measures to meet them, thus proving itself increasingly helpful to the President and to the strengthening of the government's resources for planning and managing research.

These matters need increased public attention as we adapt ourselves to the greatest research and development effort in history. We are, in fact, becoming a research-oriented society, a condition that has arrived so fast that, quite understandably, we are encountering growing pains. I do not feel that the present magnitude of our government research effort is too large, even though it may be lacking in balance. I do feel, given present rates of growth, that we face crucial decisions about the future size of the effort, especially the level of our space effort and our capability to carry through present space commitments with success and without unnecessary waste and failures. These decisions must be made with an acute awareness of our manpower resources and of the vital needs of the private, commercial sector of our economy, the engine of our economic growth. Privately financed research, both in industry and in the universities, needs to be steadily increased.

As a research-oriented society, we have the possibility of — in fact, we may now be in the midst of — a great creative thrust in which the energies of our people will find a new measure of release and our power as a nation will be raised to a new level of benignity. This renaissance through research, especially corporate sponsored research, can afford a flowering of individual skills and new avenues of individual fulfillment that will draw out as never before the latent talents and the sense of joyous exploration in increasing numbers of our people. Such is the promise of research if we deploy our funds and creative talent wisely.



A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE

KOS

BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

A Connecticut Yankee who graduated from Radcliffe and who has well served the ATLANTIC as an editor and reviewer, PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS last spring made a one-woman exploration of the Greek mainland and the islands. This is the second article to result from her travels, and there will be more to come.

THE tourist liners do it neatly, arriving at each island on a schedule that allows the passengers to spend a couple of hours viewing ruins, to swim, lunch at the best hotel, trot through the local museum, and get back aboard in time to change for dinner. The regular interisland packets, however, rock along at the whim of weather, cargo, and fate. They are usually late. The one I took out of Rhodes for Kos arrived on time but obligingly waited while a stout, pretty young woman had hysterics on the dock.

Her laments attracted ship's officers, a policeman, the longshoremen, a crowd of friends and relatives, uncountable children, and a handcart porter with bare feet and a sweater of coarse tobacco-brown wool. She lay on the dock, a small mountain of bright blue-and-white print, and wailed. A thin, dust-colored man who appeared to be her companion hauled her to her feet. It was a remarkable accomplishment, considering their relative sizes, but useless, for the instant he let her go, the damsel fell flat again.

Was she going to Australia, or to jail, or merely to Athens? Wherever it was, she went, for she finally made the mistake of fainting and was heaved aboard like a trunk by the hovering ship's mates. Her silky black pigtail trailed on the deck, her long black eyelashes twitched slightly, and her

expression indicated satisfaction at a really effective exit. The two old ladies who were seeing off a young kinsman bound for Brazil to make his fortune blinked through their tears with a mixture of envy and disapproval.

With the last passenger accounted for, we sailed in a roar of farewells and whistle tootings. A perky little Turkish vessel with cut-down mast and an asthmatic engine beat us out of the harbor, flaunting a fine carved stern rail. It soon left us, headed home, and we plodded north alone across a sea the color of frosty Concord grapes.

The island of Kos lay low under wind and the cloudy afternoon light, the town strung along a sickle-shaped harbor stretching between the fortress of the Knights of St. John at the south and the new tomato juice factory to the north. Two minarets rose above the flat roofs, and behind the town the hills ran up in a patchwork of yellow fields and black cypress groves.

A fleet of lighters buzzed out in response to the ship's whistle. Balancing casually on gunwales and fenders, the lightermen held their little boats steady against the ship while they collected an astonishing assortment of passengers and freight. Greek women make no sartorial concessions to ships, either because their men are great sailors or in spite of it. Half a dozen ladies in high heels

and narrow skirts wavered down the gangway and were hoisted into the boats, their husbands bellowing advice which the lighter crews ignored. An old woman with wool boots poking out below her long black skirt leaped down the steps like a deer, unhampered by seven makeshift boxes. A baby carriage was loaded complete with infant. Mailbags, enigmatic bundles, and twenty kinds of baskets followed the passengers. Mounds of crates were slung out fore and aft, and the island's supply of beer came off in a lighter all to itself.

THE shipping office in Rhodes had insisted that hotel reservations are not necessary in Kos in early May. This was true, for runners from the hotels were lined up at the dock shouting hopefully for customers that they did not expect to get. The hotel I picked, because it had been recommended by someone who I later suspected was a cousin of the manager's, was flabbergasted by my arrival. The establishment was not really prepared for business, and the housekeeper was ironing sheets in the lounge.

Small, bare, malignantly clean, the place would have been pleasant enough in the heat of summer, for it had a pretty little garden and the beach was just across the road. But with the north wind rattling the shutters and oozing through the south windows and the water pump out of action, it offered no comfort except blankets, coffee, and an angel-wing begonia nine feet tall.

The manager had no English, but he did have a map of Kos and a guidebook. These he laid before me, pointing out a passage in the book. This book was some fifteen years old, and the pages in question described, with passion, the sufferings that a traveler must expect to endure in provincial Greek hotels. The conditions the author complained of no longer exist to any extent worth mentioning, for the Greek authorities, wishing to attract tourists, have made a great effort to ensure reasonable accommodations. I never found out whether my host offered me this out-of-date libel as an apology for his water pump, or whether some unwashed humorist had misinformed him as to what that text meant.

Most of the ruins around the town of Kos are late — Hellenistic or Roman. The remains of the forum lie just off the waterfront, behind a row of shops. A few columns have been disentangled from the general wreckage and set up on patched bases, but the place still looks like a dump for old rocks. Long grass, weeds, and wild poppies blow in the wind, thistles grow through fragments of marble paving, little paths wander at random, and children play house under the slanting stones.

No caretaker was visible, and no signs forbade theft and revelry.

A worn coat and a basket lay on the corner of some disarranged steps. Their owner was around on the other side of the rock pile, cutting grass with a sickle and stuffing it into panniers on a donkey who was busily stuffing himself. The man looked up, grinned, and asked, "Do you like Kos?" Assured that I did, he explained that he was cutting hay to take home to his animals. He lived a couple of miles up in the hills, in the Turkish village. He had worked for the Italians during the various archaeological excavations conducted during their possession of the island (I must be sure to visit the Asklepeion tomorrow) and had enjoyed it. Being a Turk, he did not share the general Greek opinion of Italians. They were, he thought, good people who kept busy. "Things are too quiet here now — no digging, no work, nothing." Had I seen the ruined mosque and Hippocrates' tree? "Right over there — very interesting. Hippocrates planted it himself."

If Hippocrates planted that plane tree, it is some two thousand years old, and while it looks every day of that, I have doubts. It stands on a low knoll in what seems to be a small park, but since every spare inch of the Kos waterfront is planted with ornamental trees and flowering bushes, it is hard to tell whether this section is really a small park or merely part of the general one. The top of the tree is long gone. What remains is an enormously thick trunk — forty-six feet around, according to the guidebook — with one layer of sagging limbs propped up by poles and cement piers. The arrangement is surrounded by a retaining wall, since the general ground level is lower than the spot where the tree stands.

The whole section, park, tree, and forum, was cleared fairly recently. A bad earthquake knocked down the larger part of the town in 1933, and the Italian authorities seized the occasion to dig out the old city. The tree, of course, could not be moved, and there it stands, looking, with its various canes and crutches, rather like a short banyan. Hippocrates not only planted this remarkable object; he held consultations under it, proving that the climate of Kos, being exceptionally healthy for man, beast, and tree, is indeed suitable for a hospital.

The deserted mosque stands a little way inland, between tree and forum, where its minaret makes a useful landmark for travelers lost in that stony waste. The building is locked, but I climbed the steep outside stair, admiring the carvings of rosettes and arabesques on the marble balustrade, and peered through the door. Fragments of colored glass clung to the window frames, pigeons sat on the cornices, the floor was cracked, ridged,

littered with fallen plaster and woodwork, and the painted pillars leaned tipsily. A marble structure resembling a pulpit, ornamented with the same delicate carvings as the staircase, rose out of the debris like a misplaced wedding cake. It was a sad sight but presumably inevitable. There are not enough Turks left on Kos to repair this earthquake-damaged building, or to support it in addition to the second mosque in the center of the town.

AT SEVEN o'clock the next morning, the repaired water pump sprang into action with merry screams and guttural curses. The wind still rattled, the sea mumbled and gibbered on the stony beach, and an inexplicable clatter of castanets arose from the street. An old farmer was riding to market. He wore a white boater, a dark tweed jacket, and the old-fashioned short, baggy trousers which look as though the wearer had cut holes in the corners of a wide sack, stuck his legs through them up to the knee, and reefed in all the slack over his navel and his spine. They are undoubtedly good trousers for riding, and the old man was astride a very small donkey. His bare knees, amber brown in the early sun, stuck out between boot tops and trouser bottoms. He carried a braided whip straight up, like a battle standard, and he was proceeding with the dignity of a royal procession. Two baskets of greens were slung across the donkey's shoulders.

When I asked for a taxi to drive me to the ruins of Hippocrates' hospital and medical school on the hills behind the town, the hotel manager was horrified. Taxi to the Asklepeion? Ridiculous. Come with me, he said firmly, and led me into the yard, where a motor scooter stood under a tree.

There is a determined, eternally optimistic pedagogue lurking in every Greek, which leads him to believe that a little instruction will cure foreigners of their follies. It is impossible to make an idiot of oneself for any length of time in the country without having some Greek mention the fact with blunt good humor, and suggest reform. I was an idiot to want an expensive taxi when a cheap motor scooter was at hand, as the manager explained to me with severity.

At home, I would walk twenty miles sooner than touch one of these machines, but travel weakens the character. Bewitched by Greek rhetoric, I straddled the pillion, clutched the manager's coattails, and shuddered with horror as we reeled down the street at the suicidal speed of fifteen miles an hour. A little girl with an ice cream cone ambled into the road. A bicycle made a wide sweep to her left. The scooter made a wider

sweep to her right. An approaching car stopped dead. There was no other traffic. The transport problem was studied with sober interest by three old fellows mending nets on the dock. They huddled in the lee of a blue and orange fishing boat, and all wore rough, heavy sweaters with geometric designs knitted into the mottled brown wool. It was evidently unbleached and also, probably, no more than half washed. I saw similar sweaters shedding rain in Rhodes.

The manager was a good guide, the kind that leads his charge to an object of interest and then gets out of the way. He showed me the small, handsome theater with the remains of dressing rooms and workshops underneath the tiers of seats. Off to one side lay a mosaic floor, one of the few still in place. The building it had belonged to was utterly gone, and the paving was overhung by a tree loaded with oranges and flowers.

At its high point, the Asklepeion was an enormous complex of temples, stoas, treatment rooms, and dormitories for the patients. Hellenistic princes contributed buildings, the Ptolemies refusing to be outdone in extravagance by the Seleucids, and ornamental colonnades eventually ran thick over three huge terraces cut out of the hillside. All this glory was at last upset by an earthquake, and little is left beyond low stonework and a fine sweeping view over the town and the strait to the blunt, barren Turkish hills. A white dot on the Turkish coast is the town of Bodrum, a sponge-fishing center built on the site of the great and vanished city of Halicarnassus. North up the strait, invisible in the flashing dark-blue water, is the infinitesimal island of Yassi, with a reef off its western side. This reef has been a ship killer since the beginning of navigation. Several years ago, Peter Throckmorton, an American traveler with a passion for skin diving, went out to the Yassi reef aboard a Turkish sponge-fishing boat, intending to indulge a casual interest in old pots. He found a ships' graveyard, and the salvage gossip he picked up from his Turkish hosts led him to Cape Gelidonya down the coast and the oldest wreck yet discovered.

Mr. Throckmorton, turned archaeologist almost in spite of himself, was presently guiding a formal undersea expedition which brought up tools, potsherds, weapons, and masses of bronze ingots, the cargo of an unlucky trader that struck and went down like a stone about the time of the Trojan War. (His own detailed accounts of the expedition appeared in the *National Geographic* in May, 1960, and May, 1962.)

Chisels and broken jugs may not sound exciting to anyone but an archaeologist, compelled by his profession to love everything that's old, but a Bronze Age ship is a remarkable survival, and

underwater finds are the main hope for retrieving any quantity of bronze sculpture. The great bronze Poseidon, pride of the National Museum in Athens, came up from the sea bottom, saved by drowning from being melted down for medieval hardware. He is much tougher, wirier, and fiercer than his marble contemporaries of the fifth century, for bronze can be worked fine and balanced like living bone and muscle, where stone would break of its own weight. With so much of the best classical and Hellenistic marble scattered over Northern Europe, the Greeks can hardly be blamed for gloating over their superb bronze and yearning for more.

The business of exported antiques is a sore point all over the country. Athens complains of the removal of the Parthenon frieze to London; Mycenae complains that all her golden relics have been taken to Athens. Rhodes mourns for sculptures and inscriptions carried home to Copenhagen by a Danish archaeological expedition in the days of the Turks, who didn't care what was lugged off provided it was paid for. Kos regrets the removal of mosaics to Rhodes. Meanwhile, the ordinary citizen who finds a funeral jar when he starts digging a new well is quite likely to destroy the thing, for reporting it to the authorities, as required by law, will result in the upheaval of his entire farm. The well digging will be delayed for months, the whole place will be rooted up, the police will ask crossly, "Where are the gold coins that were in this jar?" Consequently, if the jar is not smashed on sight and the pieces buried, it is likely to go on the black market, which continues to flourish like bootlegging in Prohibition.

Although the walls of the Asklepion are gone, foundations stand in the thick green grass, revealing the outlines of oil room, steam room, and bath. Two worn black stones were once a hand mill for grinding drugs, and a shallow marble tray served as a mixing bowl for medicines. The upper terrace is supported by a heavy retaining wall, broken by a great stairway flanked by fountains, where water tinkles into shallow basins fringed with ferns and spangled with goldfish. Mineral springs were the basis of the whole enterprise, and the hillside still whispers with running water.

A few columns have been restored on the upper level. Otherwise the site is open, a sweep of wind-mottled grass dotted with pale stone and dark cypress. We came on the upper section of a huge column, standing five feet high under its capital. My amateur guide waved airily at the thing and with no further negotiation grabbed me like a sack of potatoes and heaved me up to sit on it. Then, panting, he held out his hand for the camera.

There is no use arguing with the conviction that all tourists like to be photographed sitting on bits

of old temples. The Greeks have too much practical evidence to the contrary. I was photographed, jumped down with thanks, and mentally added to my hotel bill charges for treatment of the manager's sprained back.

It was a mystery to me, in fact, that the man still lived, but he seemed in normal health as we chugged back to town. I left the scooter with pleasure and retired to the museum.

THE Kos museum is small but well designed and well lighted. Nothing is labeled. The man in charge spoke Italian, slowly, clearly, and with gestures. I don't know a word of the language, but it was no matter. A Patagonian could have understood him. In addition to the usual marble divinities, the museum contains a statue of Hippocrates, represented as a sad, overworked man with the faintly insane air of one listening for the voice of his god, and a little Athene carved out of coal. She is black and savage — clearly no goddess to trifle with.

Outside the museum the guide lay in wait with his terrible vehicle. We were going to a festival, he told me, insisting that we must go because, at this out-of-season date, there was nothing else to do on Kos.

The festival took place at a church, otherwise little used, five or six miles up a crooked, stony, rutted single-track road. The scooter bounced its way among cars, buses, trucks, pedestrians, bicycles, and donkeys while dust rose in white clouds and everyone yelled greetings back and forth. The church proved to be a small white building with a barrel roof and a walled courtyard in which people were picnicking or dancing, both occupations occasionally taking place on the same spot.

There was a distinct class structure to the dancing. The best band, which included an accordion, had the only tree and a most elegant dance leader, a slender, fine-featured old man in a well-tailored suit and polished oxfords. He seemed to float an inch above the rough sunburned grass as he led his line of dancers in intricate loops around the band, the tree, and somebody's roast lamb. Every move, from the lightning, weightless shuffle of his feet to the fluttering gestures with the handkerchief in his free hand, was a masterpiece of stylized grace.

The lesser band consisted of a fiddle, played fast and hard, square-dance style, and two instruments resembling mandolins. The dancer was another old man, wearing a worn tweed jacket, riding breeches, and boots. He danced alone, lifting his knees high and making great leaps, ankle slappings, heel clickings, and foot stampings.

His finger snappings rang like gunshots. He seemed about to lose his balance on every bound but never did, landing and pivoting like a cat even when a couple of mischievous brats threw firecrackers under his feet. He was surrounded by a crowd who stamped, clapped, snapped their fingers, and yelled "*Oúpa!*"

Both dancers had glazed eyes and fixed smiles like those of archaic statues, and yet the man in the suit managed to look gentle and worldly while Boots looked mad, sweet, and wicked. They were possessed, figuratively and probably literally, by Dionysus.

The third band had no dancers at all. Two gnarled ancients sat on wooden chairs playing for their private pleasure. One had an instrument shaped like a rebec and strung with wire. (It is called a lyra, I was told in Crete.) He braced the point on his knee, wedged the head in his ear, and fiddled furiously with a stick bow wound with blue rags and hung with tiny round bells. The thing produced a harsh, brassy wail, not melodious but far from unpleasant and better suited to the rocky hills and the glaring sunlight than the purrings of the accordion. The second ancient clapped an accompaniment. These musicians were surrounded by admirers as old and gnarled as themselves, all too stiff or too fat to dance but vibrating with the strange, cranky tune that snarled back and forth over no more than five notes.

The hotel man seemed to know everybody at the party. We drifted about and were offered a hard-boiled egg here, a piece of feta cheese there, a handful of olives, a drink out of the family wine glass. The wine was light and rather sweet, the olives dark and ferocious. Having collected hospitality, my guide dispensed it, passing out a formidable succession of beer bottles from the nearest improvised bar. The bar also carried cheese, olives, eggs, bread, boiled greens, and a bag of salt.

Not everybody was inside the court. Between watching the dancers and cracking eggs, I discovered that the crags around the church were well sprinkled with people, all of them seemingly determined to roost on the highest rock in sight. A group of young men were noisily exploring the depths of a nearby ravine.

By late afternoon, the party showed no signs of stopping. The bands still played, the dancers, freckled with splashes of sunlight, still circled under the tree. Two solemn boys stamped a duet while Boots refreshed himself with beer. The scooter fought for the road against a tide of latecomers on their way up the hill.

Dinner at a waterfront taverna was an anticlimax, despite the management's endeavor to

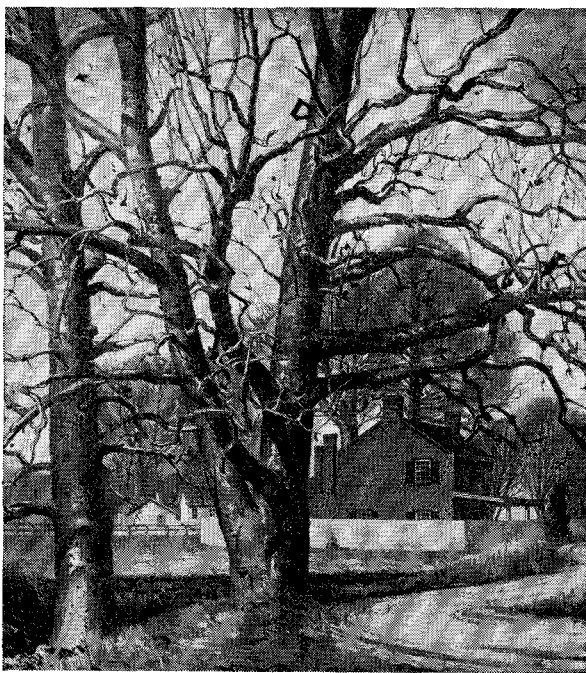
stir up a little action with the jukebox. When the contraption launched into a particularly soggy American ballad, a burly fisherman arose and pulled the plug out of the wall. He was a sensible fellow. The hotel manager drifted in, without his scooter, and ordered drinks for the house, but three rounds merely produced louder conversation. He was disappointed. In the summer, Kos holds a great dance festival, and it was evidently fixed in his mind that any visitor to Kos expects dancing at all hours. The fishermen would not budge from their chairs, arguing rightly that no dance festival was in progress and they were not geared up to make a tourist-amusing display. Since the argument showed signs of becoming warm, I polished off my last crisp little fish and left. The hotel man refused to let me pay the bill.

The walk back to the hotel was interrupted by three runaway sheep. They still wore red top-knots, dyed for Easter, and they were cavorting under the streetlamps, ropes trailing from their necks. A puffing girl chased them, steadily losing ground. A man walking from the other direction took a hand in the affair. He shooed sheep. I shooed sheep. Sheep took refuge in the garden of a *caffeneion*. The proprietor, a stout man in shirt sleeves, popped out and tackled one of the dragging ropes. One sheep down, two to go, which they did, bounding into the *caffeneion's* vegetable patch. The owner stoned them out, and the chase vanished up a dark alley.

The Rhodes boat was due early, and I was awakened in time by the pump, once more under repair and complaining about it. The same man clicked by on his way to market with two baskets of greens. Believing the boat schedule, foolishness in view of my previous experience with it, I rushed downstairs, demanding the bill. I fully expected to be charged for lunch, dinner, scooter gas, and the manager's time, all of which would have been reasonable, and I rather suspected that beer for the county would be worked in as well.

The bill came to half the rate posted for the room, and no argument would alter it or add a single item. When I mentioned gasoline, the manager countered with water pump. It was hopeless. I gave him the trivial sum he wanted — it was well under three dollars — and went off to get the boat. It arrived a comfortable hour late — time for three coffees and a view of the archaeological dump under the castle wall, and also time for the whole town to get down to the dock.

The last I saw of Kos was the hotel manager perched on a lighter, hopefully scanning the deck of the ship for another customer. It seemed to me that customers, for a hotelkeeper of such impractically hospitable habits, must be ruinous, but if they make him happy, may he get hundreds.



WINTER IN BUCKS COUNTY

BY WALTER TELLER

Author, and disciple of Henry Thoreau, WALTER TELLER has done most of his writing about the sea, his best-known book being THE VOYAGES OF JOSHUA SLOCUM. He lives in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the setting for his new volume, published by Atheneum, AREA CODE 215: A PRIVATE LINE IN BUCKS COUNTY, from which these engaging passages have been drawn.

IF A man cannot tell where he is going, he may be able to say where he has been. He can live in the desert and say to himself, I ought to go live by the shore. He thinks about that a while; then he says, well, maybe it's all right where I am. And so he stays — twenty or thirty years, or perhaps the rest of his life.

Life is chancy; it hangs by threads. Once I thought I might make my home in Calcutta. I settled for Lahaska, Bucks County, instead. Is it simply an accident that I dwell here? Everyone wants to find the good place. In spite of the map of the world in my head, I know the good place can be where I am as well as anywhere else.

Established in 1683 by William Penn, the founder and the proprietor, Bucks County once included most of the eastern third of Pennsylvania. Seventy years later, an act of the Provincial Assembly cut it down to its present size: a tract approximately forty miles long by fifteen wide, lying in a bend of the Delaware River and defining the southeast corner of the state. The county was named after Buckinghamshire, England.

Topographically speaking, lower Bucks belongs to the coastal plain. It is level. Much of the upper county is rocky and steep. Rolling hills and pleasant valleys distinguish the central portion.

Of land buyers, speculators, and homesteaders, William Penn demanded that "in clearing the ground, care be taken to leave one acre of trees for every five cleared." That proviso, as well as others pertaining to Indian customs and laws, was not always held binding by subsequent assigns. Nevertheless, the founder's injunction concerning the trees did not go entirely unheeded. Thanks to his vision, we later arrivals enjoy our acres of trees. Today we reckon an acre of woodland remains to every ten pastured and plowed.

First seriously colonized by English Quakers, members of the Society of Friends, Buckingham township still knows families working the lands the proprietor deeded their fathers. The meetinghouse on the hill is two hundred years old. Built of earth-colored local stone, trimmed in white, and superbly proportioned — the work of Mathias Hutchinson, mason, and Edward Good, carpenter — it is indeed the real Colonial thing. Those men deserve our remembrance and thanks. Their steepleless house continues to grace the township, and the influence of the meeting remains, not only here but in many parts of the county.

The township is big, but contains no big town or factory or country club and nothing famous, though it was at the General Greene Inn, in 1776,

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that General Nathanael Greene wrote the order to round up Durham boats for a Delaware River crossing. We are zoned, but not well, nor wisely for future free patterns of living. No hunting is allowed here without written permission of the landowner (Local Ordinance No. 16). Nightclubs and bars, yes; and, thankfully, draft beer. We have our Township Civic Association, annual dues, five dollars. Where the dump is to be located for the next twenty years has not been decided.

Our village lacks common, park, town forest, town pasture, fountain, and lake. But then, most villages do — more's the pity. So far no drugstore has set up shop here, no branch bank. What we have is the freedom of the highway. Doylestown is seven miles to the west. Five miles to eastward lie New Hope and Lambertville, twin cities astride the Delaware.

As for myself, some years ago I came into the area young with my young wife; drifted in, you might say, out of curiosity and because I was seeking something I had not yet found. We came and did not ask if or how long we might stay. Looking around us, Jane and I saw beautiful indigenous architecture, native stone farmhouses, red barns, covered bridges, dirt roads, plenty of elbowroom, and low taxes — all in all a clay we thought we could rethumb into a way of life we believed we wanted. So we dug in, feathered a nest, produced young, and, as the seasons passed, raised them. Our four sons we named Raphael, Joseph, David, Walter. Now Rafe and Joe have left for other areas. Dave and Walt have gone off to college and to school. Traveling the middle years, Jane and I continue on courses charted when we were young.

Some local historians say Lahaska means "place of the treaty" (more literally, "of the big writing"), a pronouncement which displeases rival sages who are certain the word means "trailing arbutus." When, in 1874, Lahaska became a postal address, it comprised, in addition to fifteen houses clustered around the intersections, a store, hotel, coach factory, and scythe and ax works. Of the two last-named enterprises I have found no trace, not so much as a worm-eaten wheelspoke, a moldering ax head, or rusted blade. While perhaps a greater number of persons live here now than ever before, there are those who find the village becomes increasingly lonesome. "People used to stay home more," Robert Johnson, clerk of the general store, explained, "sort of stick together more and help each other out, but now it's everybody off for himself in his car. They come in here and almost knock you down to get a loaf of bread and run right out to the car again. To hook up a horse and go to Doylestown or New Hope or one of those places used to take half a day. It was quite an undertaking.

Now they ride down in six or seven minutes and don't think nothing of it. When people came here they generally stayed and chewed the rag a while." Robert Johnson stepped from behind the counter. "Say," he said, his face brightening, "about that dog those Russians sent up — would you say that's the highest that anyone's ever been?"

WINTERS are different from what they used to be. Whether they bring more or less snow than in former times I leave to the meteorologists. What they do bring, however, is a new anxiety, and also a new kind of helplessness.

Riding one of the back roads to New Hope, I came to a school bus stalled in snow. It was mired athwart the road, with only its rear wheels still on the snow-covered school-grounds driveway. The time, early evening. Gathered around the yellow monster stood a dozen or more adolescent boys — nicely dressed, quiet, waiting, and helpless — and a couple of helpless male teachers. Nice school, probably all nice boys, and no doubt all on their way to some event of cultural refinement, such as a concert played on recorders and ancient strings.

Very politely it was explained to me that it might be fifteen minutes or so till the tow truck could come, that perhaps I should backtrack a couple of miles and pick up another road. And yet there was nothing in the situation that the manpower present could not have solved. No one, however, shoveled; no one pushed; they had been told to wait for the tow truck. So this flock of discreet and polite young men, shepherded by soft-spoken teachers, huddled in helplessness. There was plenty of strength and initiative, but they lay in somebody else's tow truck, and that was fifteen minutes away. I backed up, turned around, ran down a five-mile detour, and could feel the adrenaline pumping.

No, the difference is not in the snowfall but in the way one feels about it. Nothing in winter could be more natural. Snowstorms have always bound people in, separated them from one another, and for the time being cut them off from the towns. Sometimes, in the past, it has been all a man could do to make his way to the barn and back. However, snow was expected, taken for granted, was part of the scheme of things, and prepared for. A snowstorm might cut you off from your everyday world, but it did not deprive you of your accustomed outlook.

But who can be philosophical when power fails? Or when roads drift shut? We inhabitants have staked our lives on the electric company's lines and on the department of highways. Not many now have a woodshed with wood, a bin filled with

coal, or oil for the lamps. Very few boast a horse. As for automobiles, they don't have the clearance the higher-wheeled jobs of thirty or more years ago had. The snow is the same, but the people are not, and we become afraid of the snow. To make a clearing is brutal, destructive work. As I shovel, I sometimes think of Wilson Bentley. He did not fight the snow. Instead, he loved it truly.

Wilson Alwyn Bentley — the "snowflake man," he was called — was born February 9, 1865, on the family farm at Jericho, Vermont, not far from Burlington. There he grew to manhood, in time accomplished his desire, and when his work was done, died.

His father was a farmer, his mother a school-teacher. Wilson obtained his formal education at the Jericho public school. After completing that course, he continued to study at home, encouraged and helped by his mother. It was she who, with a small, inexpensive microscope, showed him what snowflakes looked like. Enchanted by what he saw through the eye of the lens, the boy began to draw pen-and-ink sketches, but could not work fast enough; snowflakes are fleeting. At the mother's request, the father bought Wilson a camera, and to that simple contrivance, for cameras were then in their early stages, young Bentley added his own device for making enlargements. In later years he tried many a so-called improvement, but always went back to his homemade contraption. What he really could find no substitute for was skill and patience and judgment.

To make ends meet, Wilson Bentley worked on his father's farm, and one year he taught. By slow degrees his photographs of snow crystals, frost on windowpanes, and dew began to appear in newspapers and magazines. A number were published in the *Monthly Weather* of the United States Department of Agriculture. Scientists and artists came to know of the work produced in the Jericho farmhouse. Through the long Vermont winters, after each snowstorm, Bentley would search for new crystals. As fast as he found them, he photographed, and added the prints to his growing collection. Until February, 1928, the largest number of prizes brought him by any one storm had been fifty-three. That year, however, a snow-fall came which brought him one hundred new crystal formations. "A birthday gift from kind winter," he called them, for the snow began on his birthday. In a lifetime committed to snow he showed that nearly all snowflakes are of hexagonal shape and that no two are alike.

Poor and a solitary — Bentley never married — he lived his last twenty years alone on the farm, taking his pictures and dreaming that someday they might be made into a book. This came to pass. With a subsidy from the American Mete-

orological Society, *Snow Crystals* by W. A. Bentley was published in 1931. The book in his hands, he saw that his fifty-year task was finished. A few days after *Snow Crystals* appeared, Wilson Bentley died.

IN FEBRUARY comes Groundhog Day, the same, of course, being Candlemas. In Scotland it is one of the quarter days — that is, one of the days on which the quarterly rent falls due. In New England it is time to replenish the family supply of candles. In Lahaska, if you have figured right, you have by now consumed half your meat and hay. And here, as in many another part of the world, this is the day when the groundhog, the woodchuck, is looked for. So you try to remember that if the sun shines, the groundhog, seeing his shadow, will return to his berth below to sleep through another six weeks of cold weather. On the other hand, should the day be sunless, then winter is virtually over.

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright
Winter will take another plight.
But if it shall be cloudy with rain,
Winter will not return again.

Well, a brighter February 2, or a colder one, would be hard to imagine. Wind-packed and frozen snow stoppered all exits. I do not have figures, but despite depredations by automobiles and dogs, the local groundhog population is not inconsiderable. Several are joint tenants on the home tract, and yet nowhere on this particular Groundhog Day did I discern one of these animal heroes of folklore on the *qui vive* for shadows. Alas, it was every man his own groundhog; certainly I saw a shadow.

Folklore is one thing, natural history another. No well-adjusted woodchuck leaves its underground home until invited to do so by signs of spring, specifically a renewal of grass, for the groundhog is vegetarian. Indeed, one of the signs is the creature's emergence. But wait, for spring is not yet.

Picture the groundhog now in winter encampment. Dug into hillside or excavated into the plain, its quarters consist of a tunnel which for three or four feet inclines steeply down, then levels off for twenty or thirty feet and terminates in a round room. In this space the female gives birth, usually four or five to a litter, and to that same space, when the season comes, old and young will retire. It is a deep sleep room and not a storeroom. Nothing is stored, for nothing is wanted. Groundhogs simply bank their fires and, fueled by the fat on their bones, hibernate through winter.

Within twenty-four hours after I saw my shad-

ow, snow began falling. When night came, a northeast wind rattled hard, grainy snow against windows. I supposed that not far from where I enjoyed my home a couple of groundhogs lay snugly asleep, nesting in dried grass, each rolled up and comfortably close to the other.

Some years ago a certain Daniel Wadsworth of Hartford, Connecticut, told John James Audubon and John Bachmann that he took a large woodchuck into his ménage, which at the time consisted of, besides himself, a cook, a dog, and a cat. At first the woodchuck was "wild, cross and mischievous," but after several months it learned to lie down with the dog before an open fire and to accept food from the cook. When cold weather came, Daniel Wadsworth filled a box with hay and set it in a corner of the kitchen. Presently the groundhog climbed in, made a bed, lay down, and closed its eyes. Six weeks went by. Then, with curiosity, Daniel Wadsworth picked up the woodchuck, carried it into the living room, and set it down in front of the fire. The woodchuck, he said, "was inanimate and as round as a ball, its nose being buried as it were in the lower part of its abdomen, and covered by its tail — it was rolled over the carpet many times, but without effecting any apparent change in its lethargic condition." Placing the woodchuck close to the fire, Daniel Wadsworth ordered the dog to lie down beside it. "In about half an hour," he reported, "my pet slowly unrolled itself, raised its nose from the carpet, looked around for a few minutes, and then slowly crawled away from the dog, moving about the room as if in search of its own bed!" Whereupon Daniel Wadsworth carried it back to the box in the kitchen, and there "it went to sleep as soundly as ever, until spring." Concerning which incident Audubon and Bachmann write: "Thus this and several other species . . . may be said to have no winter in their years."

FIRE. There are reasons why a boy wants to grow up to be a fireman. One is that fighting fires is manly work. Any adventurous boy can see that, and also that much of what men call work has no real use in the world, or meaning, and, most disappointing of all, is not manly. Ingenuity is what the civilization machine needs and values. But the need of a man is not to surrender, not to give up his personal strength, initiative, manhood, and power to love and be loved. To pit your own skill and will against wild and mysterious forces, to do acts of daring — rescue women and children first, and the cat, smash down doors, climb ladders,

send forth godlike streams of water — at such times you do not ask what you are living for.

It was four thirty in the morning when the siren began to warble. Instantly, David, who happened to be at home — his room is above Jane's and mine — left his bed, hit the floor in a kind of crash landing, 170 pounds of him and the pine boards 100 years old. We heard him claw his way into his clothes, barrel down two flights of stairs, and out. As the entry door settled against its jamb, this old dwelling shuddered from jack post to ridgepole. Dave was on his way to the firehouse.

Two below when the firemen answered the call at Centre Bridge, where the fire occurred, three miles upriver from New Hope. The volunteers, using chain saws, cut the ice in the frozen canal. Pumpers then sent the water cascading. But in spite of all efforts, the Centre Bridge Inn, opposite Al's Cre-Me Freeze, burned in a blaze you could see to the other end of the sky. Even its stone walls went down. At the breakfast hour our man came home, very red in the face and ears, cold and wet, shivering, smiling and happy. He said that at dawn the Second Alarmers from Willow Grove, twenty-five miles away, had appeared with what looked like a hundred gallons of coffee. Also, that if they had brought hot dogs, the firemen could have enjoyed a cookout, for the thousands of gallons of water turned to ice before reaching the fire. So, while it had been a time of misfortune, possibly ruinous loss for some, others had found it a vivid night, the kind that rouses the blood.

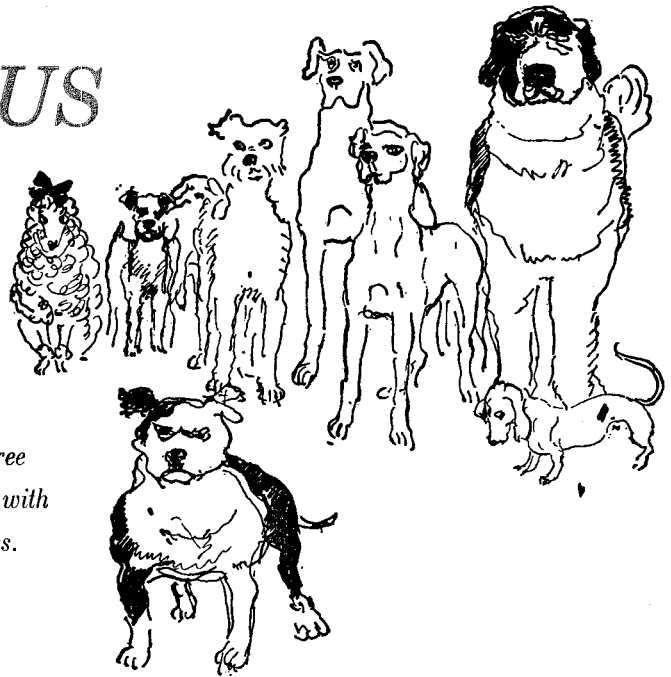
Signs of spring coming from behind: a deep yellow nimbus around the willows, a lavender radiation from locust trees. Birds singing, starlings trying to. Pussy-willow catkins swelling. Squashy ground under stepping-stones; water squirting from between them and into your shoes. Snow settling, corn stubble reappearing. A funny-looking little phallic thing pushing through on the southern side of the house and in the lee of the steps.

Also, the hills of bulldozed snow by the lone gas pump at the post office sank down to where George Davis' wallet lay. While plowing snow two weeks before, George had, unaware, let it slip from his pocket. And there it had lain, deep-frozen and just off the edge of York Road; his fire chief's cards, social security number, driver's license, owner's registration, not to mention some folding money, went missing during a hard frozen stretch. But now, in the thaw, all is restored again, dry and in good condition. As for the eighteen dollars also thought lost, it was found with the rest, as pretty and green as a package of Birds Eye spinach.

THE DOG CENSUS

by Charles A. Goodrum

A political scientist and professional librarian, CHARLES A. GOODRUM did his undergraduate work in Kansas and at Princeton and received his graduate degree from Columbia. For the past thirteen years he has been with the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress. He here recalls his earliest experience as a civil servant, when dogs rather than the public were his first concern.



ONE of the major traumas of my formative years was a strange little episode involving a dog census. I am now a civil servant, and looking back on it, I realize that this was my first brush with both the Bureaucracy and the Public. My sympathies were with the Public all the way, but as is so often the case in these great moral issues, the money came from the government, and I needed money.

I had successfully completed my freshman year of college in Wichita, Kansas, and it was already clear that my future lay in political science. I had conveyed this idea to the proper pros, and it was therefore manifest justice that my name should be among the select few who would be offered summer jobs at city hall. Here we would see real municipal government at work.

I recall our consecration by the head of the department, who urged us to "take this opportunity to serve, to observe, to apply and see applied the principles of public administration you have studied so well through the past year." How true, I thought (and the money will buy the fall tuition).

On the first of June we assembled at city hall in the office of the comptroller, where we were in turn divided into teams and reassigned to our specific tasks throughout the municipal departments. It was thus with some surprise that my roommate and I learned that our assignment did not fall in the civic center, but that we were to

report to an unfamiliar address in the business district.

We sought out the number and found it to be a two-chair barbershop off Main Street, where we were soon joined by four other youths of eighteen or nineteen, like ourselves. The first-chair barber lined us up along the wall and proceeded with the orientation.

"Boys, you're about to take a dog census. I'm gonna give you a bunch of slips of paper, and every time you find a dog and can get the name and address of the guy he belongs to, you'll get ten cents. Don't think you can kid me, see, because I've been running these things ever' four years since before you was born. Ever' one of the papers is got a number on it, and I expect to get ever' one back, see? And don't go making up names, hear? Now, you got two weeks to do the job in. You'll get your money at the end, but you come in here ever' day or so and I'll give you some more slips and some more streets. I'll give you slips and streets as fast as you need 'em, but you hit ever' house, see, and don't think you can kid me, because — " et cetera.

My roommate, Al Munroe, and I were to work as a team, each to take one side of a street, the streets to be assigned four at a time, running from city limit to city limit. The assault was to begin the next morning and continue for fourteen days; how far and how fast we would go were up to us.

Drawing by Richard Kennedy from THE HORSE WITHOUT A HEAD by Paul Berna, published by Pantheon.

We went back to the dorm somewhat mystified, but intrigued at the possibilities of the operation. This was in the late thirties, when most of our friends were taking summer jobs in stores at \$16.50 a week or on construction projects for \$20. To match their \$16.50 would require 165 dogs apiece. Surely in a week we could each find 165 dogs; but how could you discover whose they were? And just how would the owners react to the official presentation prescribed by our leader? We looked to the next morning with mild concern.

FOLLOWING an early breakfast, we took a bus to the southern extremity of town, walked two blocks to the limit of our first assigned street, and started toward the other end, five miles to the north. Elm-shaded and peaceful, it looked like an early summer *Saturday Evening Post* cover. I took the west side, and Munroe the east. Pursuing instructions to the letter, I went up the walk of the first house, mounted the porch, and knocked at the door. The sound of a chair being pushed back was followed by the head of the house approaching in undershirt and pants. He peered through the screen door and said, "Yeah?"

I lifted the pad and pencil to present arms and declared, as instructed, "Good morning, sir. I'm from the police department, and we're taking a dog census. Is there a dog in this household?"

"The hell you say," he said.

"Yes, sir. What I mean is, do you have a dog here, sir?"

"You're kidding, huh?"

"No! No, sir. You don't have a dog, I suppose?"

"A dog census! Hah! I'll be goddamned. A dog census. I'll be go-to-hell. How about that? A dog census—" By this time he'd turned around and disappeared into the house, leaving me peering through the screen.

I turned around myself and walked back toward the street, where I found Munroe already waiting. "Did yours have one?" I asked.

"I don't think so."

"What'd they say?"

"I'm not sure. I don't think they were up yet, and the lady was pretty short."

We reversed our fields and looked at the next houses on our respective sides. The thing was even more complicated than we had thought, and we both were nearly as scared of finding a dog as we were of being laughed at. The real threat to the program was our little pad of paper slips, yellow ones for the householders and white receipts for the barber, carbons in between. The slips read:

CITY OF WICHITA, KANSAS

To: (name)

Of: (address)

SUMMONS

You are hereby ordered to appear in Police Court within five days to receive sentence for failure to secure dog license. Sentence shall not exceed thirty days nor fifty dollars fine. Such action may be forestalled by the payment of \$2.00 (male) or \$3.50 (female) each to license all dogs found in your custody. Such payment may be made at the Department of Licenses, City Hall, from 9:00 to 5:00, Monday through Saturday.

It had quickly become apparent to all of us, even back in the barbershop, that the word "census" was at best a euphemism. One of the others had asked the barber if this notice might not pique some of the citizens, and he had replied, with a strange smile, "Yep! Some of 'em get a bit exercised all right."

Munroe had asked, "What if they've already licensed the dog? Shouldn't we ask them before we fill out the slip?"

And the barber had replied, "Nope. Ain't hardly anybody that has, so it ain't likely you'll run into 'em. If you ask 'em if they've got a license, they'll all say they have, and you'll never have no excuse for filling out the slip and shoving it on 'em. You only get paid on the slip, you know. If they scream and yell too loud after you give it to 'em, you can tell 'em that the license bureau will check 'em all, and if they really have paid, they can forget it. You won't hardly ever find anybody who has, so you needn't worry — much." Even at the time, the slight hesitation in his otherwise forthright delivery had disturbed us.

I climbed the porch of the second house. Much knocking. Nobody home. Went up to the third house. A grandmotherly-looking lady came out, and I tried the official approach. She looked puzzled, decided she had misunderstood, started to ask again, and decided against it. "No," she said, and shut the door. I abandoned porch three for porch four.

Or, rather, stoop four. This house had the look of belonging to a carpenter or someone in the building trade. It had no porch, but had a fan-shaped brick and concrete veranda and a neat, newly painted doorway. Everything about the place looked alert and well cared for. I pressed the doorbell and precipitated a peal of chimes inside. A large man of about fifty came to the door with a massive hound of some variety beside him. The beast woofed a couple of times and then looked curiously at me through the screen door.

"Good morning, sir," I recited. "I'm from the police department, and we're taking a dog census

I see you have one there! Ha, ha, ha.” Striking the man-to-man approach.

“You betcha, son. This is George. George is just like one of the family. He’s three years old, and I’ll swear he’s still growing.”

“He’s a good one, all right!” I tried to keep it friendly and nonchalant. “Let’s see now, let me make a note of this. This is 3639 South Topeka, isn’t it? And your name, sir, is — ?”

“Alexander Streaan. S-t-r-e-a-n.”

“Thank you, sir. Here’s this little slip of paper, and thank you for your courtesy.” He opened the screen door, took the paper, and began to read. His face clouded as he progressed.

“Go get him, George,” he said in a flat voice, and the dog scrambled past him and shot out the open door with a machine-gun-like roar of barks, growls, and woofs all mixed together. His ears were down and his hair up.

I backed down the steps as fast as I could go without falling over backward, and as I treadled toward where I thought the street must be, I could remember that the secret of dealing with either dogs or horses was not to let them know you were afraid. So as I staggered backward I fixed the hound with what I hoped was a stern expression and wheezed, “Now, George. Down, boy. Down. George! Stop it, boy. Down, George. Down! Down!”

At this moment I found the street, fell over the curb, and landed in a skidding arc on my back. I wrenched forward to protect myself against the expected lunge and was startled to find George, with his front feet precisely on the edge of the grass in front of the curb, laying down a barrage of noise but not moving an inch. I had just learned the first great truth on which we built the next two weeks: If You Can Make It to the Nearest Property Line, You Are in the Clear.

By this time, Munroe had rushed over to help me up, and we stood there in the street, contemplating the situation. I had just earned ten cents and aged six months. In one block we had both been laughed at and ignored. Munroe had been lied to, and I had been assaulted. We had to decide whether to abandon the whole thing or mount a formal campaign. We weighed pride, limbs, the authority of the state, and ten cents a dog into the balance and decided we would give battle. The first thing we needed was arms.

We retraced our steps to the bus line and rode back downtown to an office supply store. We entered and asked to see their selection of clipboards — the larger the better. They produced a choice that exceeded our wildest hopes. Munroe invested the equivalent of twenty dogs in a doubled aluminum job which was about the size of a snow shovel (it was intended as a wallboard for an

automobile parts department), and I sunk fifteen dogs’ worth in a massive wooden model which was as thick as my thumb and weighed well over three pounds. It was capped with a huge steel clip on top and two mounting hinges on the back, which gave it a beautiful heft. We stood there in the store practicing knee-high sweeps with these, like golf pros selecting a set of woods. In the ensuing days we became marvelously skilled with these weapons. My backhand was always my best. I could sweep that board from a writing position down, across, and up the side of the head of a charging chow or schnauzer like Manolete in his prime. With little snapping terriers and bulldogs, a fast wrist action not unlike a sculling stroke over the stern of a rowboat permitted me to back to the property line with complete aplomb, leaving the dogs breathless and faintly confused as to their bearings.

Munroe maintained his dignity throughout. His metal board would drop from chest high with a single firm forehand, catching boxers and German shepherds across the skull, between the ears. A momentary opacity would cross their eyes, and you could almost hear their heads ringing. By the time they were in focus and ready to spring, Munroe would have withdrawn to the next lot, walking backward with all the assurance of the chancellor leaving the Queen.

WE SNAPPED our little pads into our new boards and headed back for South Topeka Street. From there on, we abandoned the official approach and developed our own. If the householder was a young woman, we played the rueful innocent: “Lady, you aren’t going to believe this, but the city is paying us ten cents for any dog we can find. Do you have a dog?” When she had finished laughing and admitted she *did* have a little specimen in the garage, we’d say, “Now, some knothead at city hall has written up the worst possible way of reminding you, but this is supposed to be a notice telling you it’s time to get a dog license. Just ignore what it says, but get downtown before too long and get everybody off your neck.” With this approach we wouldn’t get the dog sicced on us more than three times out of five.

Elderly ladies never understood what we were doing no matter how we phrased it. We finally got so we abandoned all formality, and when one would open the door we’d just say, “Good morning, ma’am, do you have a dog?” If she would say yes, we would ask her name, fill out the slip, fold it, and hand it to her closed over, saying, “Please give this to your husband when he comes home. Thank you.” It wasn’t that we were trying to deceive them, but bitter experience convinced us

they never seemed able to understand, no matter how carefully we explained.

All men under fifty arrived at the door mad before they even knew what we wanted, so we snapped out our question as nastily as they had saluted us, and although we would get the dog after us five times out of five, we at least retained our pride.

In this manner we worked our way up and down the streets of Wichita. We would start off at seven thirty in the morning and keep at it till nine at night, when we would take a late bus back to the dorm, tender of knuckle and leg-weary. Inasmuch as we were backing out of about one yard in three, we not only found muscles we had never noticed; we were wearing out soles faster than heels. But we did find dogs. To this day I stand in amazement at the way they appeared everywhere in every size and shape. By the end of the first day, I had flushed out over a hundred and eighty specimens, and had netted eighteen dollars for the day. This beat grading papers or carrying roofing paper all hollow.

In the ensuing days, we increased our unit production as well. We found that if you scuffed your feet on the way to the porch, whistled loudly, and rattled the screen door ever so slightly before knocking on it, you could rouse the family dog to a fury long before the householder could swear he had never had a pet of any kind. Similarly, we found we could increase our efficiency by locating the neighborhood grouch. She would give herself away at once by snapping, "No, I don't have a dog, and the city ought to shoot every one they find. The least people could do is to keep theirs tied up." To this we would reply, all innocence, "Oh, is there one next door?"

This would usually elicit, "No, not them, but the next ones down have a big nasty one that's always in my roses. Then the people in that yellow house there have two that run loose all day." Having sold out her fellowman, she felt better, and we could head directly to pay dirt.

EVERYTHING seemed to be going well for the first few days, and although Munroe inexplicably found about 15 percent more dogs on his side of the street than I did, there were plenty for all, and we progressed block after block through the city, spreading interruption and fury as we passed. We stopped washing machines, telephone calls, baths, lawn mowers, vacuum sweepers, and infant feedings. As I look back on it now, I think it is a miracle we weren't lynched.

By the second week, however, our daily haul, which had been climbing nicely, began to decline.

Not only did we find fewer dogs, but people seemed less and less astonished to be interviewed regarding a dog census. It soon became clear that the three small teams, although apparently lost in a town of 115,000, were beginning to be known. Ruth had phoned Margaret, who had warned the Pattersons, and by the time we arrived, all we got was the lady of the house looking us straight in the eye and saying, "We've never had a dog," with the nine-year-old whispering from the kitchen, "Hold her a little longer — he's still here."

By the time we made our final trip back to the barbershop, I had recorded 1650 dogs and Munroe had identified 1948. I remember to the penny the \$165.00 and the \$194.80 we took in. It was fifteen years and a world war later before I again made so much money for two weeks' work.

All this came back to me a few weeks ago when I was visiting my Wichita relatives. One morning, while we were at the breakfast table, the doorbell rang. My seven-year-old rushed out to see who it was, and through the living room came an adolescent treble, "I'm from the police department, and we're taking a dog census. Do you have a dog?"

Chris replied curtly, "No," and shut the door.

"Hold it!" I yelled, and dashed to the front door. I called out to the departing guest, "Wait a minute, son. I once took a dog census myself, and I'd love to hear how it's done now. What do they pay you per slip?"

The youngster was alert and courteous, and he replied cheerfully, "We get ten cents a dog, and twenty-five cents for every four chickens or one cow."

"Great Scott!" I remonstrated. "Even twenty years ago all the chickens and cows had disappeared!"

"Yes, I know. We haven't found a one."

"May I see the slip?"

"Sure," and he handed me the yellow pad. It read:

CITY OF WICHITA, KANSAS

Name:

Address:

You are hereby reminded that the fee for licensing of dogs is \$2.00. If your dog has already been licensed, please ignore this notice.

I sped him on his way. Twenty-two years later, the ten cents was the same, the license fee was the same, discrimination because of sex had been eliminated, and the slip had been worked over by the public relations consultant. As a civil servant, I rejoiced. You can't ask for more than that: no inflation for a generation, and the state has learned to keep a civil tongue in its head.



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AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

MALE AND FEMALE

BY EVELYN GOODENOUGH PITCHER

At what age do children show marked sex differences in their reactions, their interests, and their attitudes? And to what degree are children influenced by the thinking of their parents? EVELYN GOODENOUGH PITCHER took her graduate degrees from Yale and was director of preschool services at the Gesell Institute of Child Development for eight years before coming to Tufts University in 1959 as director of its Eliot-Pearson School. The results of her recent studies will be published by International Universities Press in her forthcoming book, CHILDREN TELL STORIES: AN ANALYSIS OF FANTASY.



How early do young children play a distinctive sex role, and how do parents accent sex differences in young children? Evidence from a recent study of mine suggests that by two and through ages three and four, boys and girls have strikingly different interests and attitudes, which their parents steadily influence and strengthen.

The influence is inescapable. In my study, fathers and mothers who were questioned agreed that women are more indirect, illogical, circuitous in their thinking than men. Men's thinking was considered to be more analytical, definite, precise, abstract, direct. "Men have a quantitative, analytical, objective interest in things," was a typical remark. The woman's mental approach was described to me as "cunning and deceptive, intuitive, subjective." Be a listener at a women's luncheon and note the subjects of conversation; do the same with a group of men. Eavesdrop on a woman's telephone conversation; listen to a man's. It has long been a byword that men like to talk about business, politics, and the mechanisms of their cars, while women commonly talk about their friends, their hats, and their children. Is this true?

If men and women are really thus different in their thinking, or if they are believed to be, how would this influence the development of young children? How can we find out? I devised a simple experiment which allowed me to take boys or girls, one at a time, into a room to play with a

box of brightly colored plastic chips the child had never before seen. During a ten-minute period I recorded everything said, and thus had some tangible record of the way the child was thinking.

The forms and problems the game presented seemed to fascinate the boys, so that they kept talking about the chips, wondering about their use, how they could be arranged, where they had come from. If the boys' remarks left the immediate situation, they rarely went far away.

The whole business intrigued the girls much less. Like women bored by men's conversations, after a few minutes they would look up and say, "I'm going to a party tomorrow," or, "We have blue wastebaskets at our cottage at the beach." Their digressions included comments about planting seeds, birthday parties, Christmas, friends, gifts, clothing, visits to doctors, pictures on the wall, quarrels with brothers, conversations with mothers. The tendency of the female to jaywalk in conversation was amply illustrated by the little girls.

Had the parents themselves presented different models of thinking to their children and thereby influenced the way the children thought? And what about different kinds of interests in boys and girls? Did parents expect the girl to be more "intuitive, subjective," and the boy to be more "analytical," with an "objective" interest in things?

To find out about this, I questioned parents

Woodcut by Leona Pierce. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

about what they thought made their little girls feminine and what characterized masculinity in the little boys.

Both fathers and mothers clearly regarded it as feminine to be interested in pretty clothes, domestic habits, families, or babies, or for a girl to identify herself with women. They expected a girl to be more social, more interested in herself and in other people than a boy would be. They reported of their girls, "She looks at people's faces and observes their expressions. She observes relationships," or, "She wins by guile; she has bright playful ideas calculated to win and attract attention." In addition, the girl — never the boy — is marked as especially feminine because of her coquetry, in such remarks as "seductive, persuasive," and "She cuddles and flatters in subtle ways." It would seem that by noticing such social awareness and coquetry in the little girls, parents encourage the development of precisely these traits.

In contrast, parents regarded it as masculine to be interested in objects or ideas, not persons. Parents commented often on the boys' preoccupation with bulldozers, trucks, cement mixers. The boy, as the parents reported him, was not only interested in objects but in making them work.

Would young boys and girls actually show such a difference in interest in people or objects as parents seemed to expect? To answer this question, I again devised a simple test. I gave a child a paper and pencil and asked him to make something. Any parent will know that with a child from two to four I got usually meaningless scribbles, often slightly formed but still hardly recognizable as drawings. Clearly, nothing could be learned from the marks themselves; the point was to ask the children what they had drawn and then to record their intentions.

The result was significant and fascinating. Over 50 percent of the girls drew, or said they had drawn, persons, while only 15 percent of the boys did so. In just as great disproportion boys were drawing things, such as a car, a park, a bench, an egg, a train, a tree. The girls' drawings also showed a marked interest in the family, in babies, in clothing, in domestic activities, which was not apparent in the boys' drawings. When asked what they had drawn, girls made such remarks as, "Susie on roller skates, sleeping"; "Just a girl, with snaps instead of buttons"; "A man with an orange shirt, white hair, like Grandpa. He's barefoot in the grass, because it's summer." Usually boys would only name the object.

THE impression that the greater interest of women in persons and the greater interest of men

in things and processes begin at an early age was confirmed also by the stories children made up in response to the simple request, "Tell me a story." Here are some typical examples:

TWO-YEAR-OLD GIRL

Once there was a little kitty cat, and he scratched. Then the Mommy spansks the kitty. Then the kitty doesn't cry. He scratches the Mommy. The Mommy puts him in jail, but he has friends and he can peek at them. More friends come, but they're going to be naughty friends and spank the kitty. He scratches them and cries because he doesn't like naughty people.

TWO-YEAR-OLD BOY

A camel, and he went down the mountain, and he fell down. Then he fell down in a hole. Then a bear came and saw, but he shoot the bear. Then he jumps on the bear. Then he ride on the horse and go, "Giddyup, giddyup," up the mountain.

THREE-YEAR-OLD GIRL

A little girl, gone to a party. Her got dressed up. Her came back home and got spanked 'cause her been a naughty boy 'cause she got into Mommy's ink. And she spilled it all over the floor, over the rug, and over the floor. Then she went to bed.

THREE-YEAR-OLD BOY

A broken train was going down a hill. And it splashed right in the water. The engine driver got wet. A big wolf came along. And the Indians came too, and ran into the water. A big Indian was very mad and chased the engine driver, and they fight. The Indian wins, and the engine driver is dead.

Analysis of some 360 stories collected from children of from two to five years revealed that girls tend to present people more vividly and realistically and to identify themselves with the personalities and experiences of others. Direct conversations are often quoted in the girls' stories, and people are more individually conceived and characterized by their names. The boy, on the other hand, speaks with significantly greater frequency of things. He seems especially fascinated by vehicles of transportation and machines, and talks about rockets, boats, cars, trucks, ambulances, fire engines, covered wagons, parachutes. He is interested in mechanical gadgets, too, such as the cement mixer and typewriter, and in such elements of nature as sun, ice, rain, snow, and hurricane. The girl's interest in objects is more likely to be in personal or household equipment, or in productive nature — leaf, tree, flower. She mentions relatively few vehicles of motion.

Among the people most prominent in the girls' stories are parent figures, and the girl is much more likely than the boy to express emotions about the parental figure, particularly the mother.

If the boy is experiencing intense reactions to

his mother and father, he rarely expresses them directly. From the stories, it would seem that the girl's personal awareness and personal identity are sharpened by seeing the mother doing things all day with which she can identify. The boy, on the contrary, especially one whose father goes away to a business or profession all day, sees little he can copy or take to himself. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that he is less aware of himself as a person than the girl. The girl usually knows in great detail what it is to be a mother. The boy more often discovers masculinity and identifies himself with it in a general way — in the policeman, fireman, soldier, Indian. These are the masculine roles he can comprehend and play at imitating, as he cannot do with his father's role as factory worker, executive, lawyer, or scholar.

It also seems that the girl's early identification with her mother may influence her ideas about morality, for she is over and again more personally and maternally involved in her judgment of what is good or bad than is the boy. The girl seems not to be the more moral of the sexes, but the more personally concerned with morality. Even at an early age she moves in her traditional role of guardian of domestic morality. She can be emotionally and personally involved as she identifies both with the mother who must punish naughtiness and with the child who is naughty. The badness the girl reports is usually minor and spiteful — tearing dresses, ripping trousers, snatching candies, spilling milk or ink, cracking things, scattering crumbs. The girl is skilled in planning punishment at once devastating, personally rejecting, and humiliating.

Considering the amount of aggression and destruction in the three-year-old boys' stories, relatively little is labeled naughty. For the most part, the gamut of physical aggression is described, atrocity is piled on atrocity, and there seems no particular reason why it should start or stop. For all this aggression, the boy most often mentions two forms of punishment — spanking and jailing. Clearly, the expression of aggression is more common than the consideration that aggression should be punished.

It is the boy rather than the girl who seems to move into a concern for the larger social aspects of goodness and badness. He sees the possibility of good and evil in the same person and specifies that standardized kinds of good and bad characters, such as witches or police, might have other qualities. For boys the arena of evil is more often out of the house. It is the boy who matches forces of good and evil in organized warfare, who sees a responsibility for saving people or fighting from a sense of duty.

All these data from children would be consistent with the observation that questions of social or

personal morality among adults are largely regulated by women, while men generally formulate the problems of law, labor, or diplomacy. Children in this study suggest that such differences are already identifiable in the years two through five.

Although almost as many girls as boys speak of aggression, it tends to be much more violent with the boys than with the girls. One almost feels and hears the reverberation of crashing, shooting, and pounding as general catastrophe reigns. Boys have much more shooting in their stories, and often use the word "fight," suggesting an adversary and a definite concern as to who will win. They biff and butt, roll on the ground, punish with their hands, puke and whiz, lasso and tie up, poison and hook with rope ladders. They use oral aggression freely, in addition to swords, knives, bows and arrows.

Girls show in their stories a relatively more prosocial, adultlike aggression. Among the girls, even shooting is not so likely to be synonymous with violence or death. The girl seems, indeed, more sensitive to the personal implications of death, and more likely to see death as a reversible process, with persons disappearing and returning. The boy seems more likely to deny the reversibility of death. His greater expansiveness in ideas, on the other hand, may lead him to be more receptive to abstract considerations of the finality of life or of a life hereafter, as the following story shows:

Once there was a terrible crocodile with sharp teeth. He saw a person, ate him up, and he got fatter, fatter, and fatter. He threw up and died. He was underground. He couldn't get up, 'cause he was dead. He went back to seed; he has a little seed like you have a baby in your stomach. And he grew up to be a crocodile again, because he was planted in the ground and up came a crocodile again. And that's the end.

In considering such a theme as food, or eating, which includes the providing, preparing, or partaking of food and drink, data from the stories show that it is obviously the girl who markedly identifies with the female role of cook and hostess. The girl mentions specific meals and is interested in the eating of food as a social occasion, and in the preparation of food. The boy is not so likely to mention specific foods; breakfast, lunch, and dinner are likely to be just in the routine of the day.

The girl's interest in food again suggests the female's loving concern with details, her tendency to utilize experience in the enhancement of self. Similarly, mention of clothes or apparel is not only more popular with the girls, but among them is treated with more attention to detail, to color, to suitable costume. The boy is not much interested in the details of dress except when he mentions

a cowboy suit or an Indian costume. The girl is also likely to comment on general appearance, to perceive greater subtleties of emotional tone in characters — “a nice smile,” “a stern voice,” whereas the boy tends to a more generalized description of persons or references to being “mad” or “glad.”

A concern with friendship and pleasure from interpersonal relationships, a mention of friend or friendship are more frequent among the girls. It is the girl, not the boy, who refers to love, courtship, and marriage. Already, in the early years, the female is attentive to the predatory task of ensnaring a husband. A memorable example is the story from a four-year-old girl which seems to express the association of feminine sexuality and the sea, which appears so often in myths:

Once there was a fish named Flower. She went down in the water and said, “Oh, my gosh, where’s my lover?” She went down in the cellar where my house is. She saw a big father fish which had a sword in his nose. She ran away from the house and hid in another house. She ran up the water and flapped out. She ran away. She went to another house in a deep, deep river. She saw her own home which had her lover in it. They kissed each other. That’s the end.

These stories from children bring out the different emphases expressed by boys and girls in fantasy themes. Such differences must in part have arisen from the different ways in which society makes demands or presents opportunities to children of different sexes.

I HAVE already made reference to the parent interviews as providing evidence of cultural demands and expectations; a closer scrutiny of the material comparing the father’s interviews with those of the mother reveals a curious differential in parents’ sex-typing.

Both fathers and mothers allow what appears to be tomboyishness in girls during the early years, while they try to discourage what might be feminine behavior in their sons. Their attitude seems to reflect the general pattern in America, where our culture tends to grant the female the privileges of two sexes: with impunity she can dress like a man; she can at will interchange the “little boy look” with cloying femininity. She can use any name — her own or her husband’s — enter any job, any area of education, or she can make a career of motherhood. She can be independent or dependent, or both, as and when she pleases.

The male has no corresponding freedom. He is increasingly expected to help in the home, but this is largely because the woman without servants

demands such help. Deviations in dress, appearance, or job that reflect the feminine are immediately suspect. If a man is actually feminine in his instincts, even homosexual, he must never appear to be so.

It was impressive to observe to what extent the father more than the mother was responsible for sharpening such differences. There were clear indications that fathers especially tended to emphasize what seemed to be an exclusive masculinity in their sons. “He gets mad if I tease him about his interest in anything girlish and therefore babyish,” said one father about his two-year-old son. “His father was furious when I painted his nails red,” said a mother about her husband’s reaction to fingernail polish on his son. And another mother remarked, “On Halloween a boy can’t wear anything feminine. The idea of lipstick horrifies a father.”

A direct question followed such observations as those I have just mentioned, and brought out the same contrast between father and mother. A father, when asked if he would be disturbed by aspects of femininity in his son, said, “Yes, I would be, very, very much. Terrifically disturbed — couldn’t tell you the extent of my disturbance. I can’t bear female characteristics in a man. I abhor them.” But a mother said, “Jimmy is not as masculine. But he’ll grow up to be considerate and kind. Gentlemanly, rather than masculine.” Another father was distressed and scornful at signs of his son’s femininity. “He’s always interested in flexing his muscles. Perhaps he has to prove that he’s masculine — that’s why I call him feminine.” The same boy’s mother admitted that at one time she was very much concerned about her son’s femininity, but reasoned thus, “I am aware these people make splendid contributions to the world. I’d try to help. I would turn all my energies to producing a good environment for him.”

A father was also more likely to appreciate femininity in his daughter. One mother reported her husband’s pleasure when she put their six-month-old daughter into a dress for the first time. “That’s much nicer than these old pajamas,” said the father. Another mother reported that her husband blanched when he found she had cut her daughter’s long hair. “Promise me that you will never, never cut it again,” he said.

Still another father taught his son how to react to femininity in his baby sister. “His attitude toward his sister is masculine, very big-brotherly. I’ve impressed him with this — to be careful, treat her nice, ‘oogle-google’ with her.” The same boy’s mother remarked, “My husband talks in a high voice to the little girl, in a deep bass voice to Jimmy.” Other remarks show that there is a

tendency for the father to grant his daughter a special, privileged place: "It is so inevitable to spoil a first child, I'm glad my first child was a girl," and, "I'd be stricter with a boy than with a girl, perhaps because my own father was stricter with me. Mary [daughter] once asked me [the father] which of my 'girls' I liked best — her or her mother. One is always conscious that there is a little sex factor between a little female child and her father."

Indeed, half of the little girls' fathers pointed out their daughters' coquetry in a way to show that they were themselves personally intrigued. Ten different fathers made the following remarks, describing their daughters:

"Very coquettish. Gallantry and consideration work with her."

"Seductive, persuasive, knows how to get me to do things she can't get her mother to let her do."

"Inclined to be coy and a little seductive."

"A bit of a flirt, arch and playful with people, a pretended coyness. Sometimes she seems like a Southern girl — may be a little flirt when she gets older."

"Soft and cuddly and loving. She cuddles and flatters in subtle ways."

"Engages in outward display of affection."

"Her coyness and flirting, 'come up and see me sometime' approach. Loves to cuddle. She's going to be sexy — I get my wife annoyed when I say this."

"Certain amount of flirtatiousness to most everyone, especially strangers. Occasionally with me too. Little shy looks and smiles — attention-getting devices. I am probably completely taken in by her."

"She is extremely loving, always coming around hugging and kissing. She loves to play with me at night. I always heard that girls look more to their fathers than to their mothers."

"A soft person, lovable, affectionate."

Such statements suggest that there may be some general truth about father-daughter relationships in the remark of one father: "Femininity cannot be divorced in my mind from a certain amount of sexuality." Such an attitude of the fathers must be presumed to be conditioning their little daughters in this aspect of femininity.

Again, in contrast, only half of the mothers mentioned the flirtatious character of their daughters at all, but when they did so, showed no such personal involvement. Where the father said, "She flirts with me," the mother, in one way or another, said, "She flirts with her father or with other people."

Only sparse examples could be gathered from the interviews to indicate that the mother was

playing an active part in encouraging her son to a more masculine role insofar as interaction between the sexes, or the cultivation of manly custom, is concerned. Mothers are as likely to take their sons to a tea party as to visit a railroad yard, and are as likely to give their daughters overalls as dresses. The fathers appeared more likely to view the boy as a male trapped in a world of women and needing to guard his uncontaminated masculinity from association with the female sex.

Of course, the impact of this expectancy of the child appears in his everyday behavior. In children's drawings, we noticed that if a boy drew a person, he would almost invariably draw a boy, whereas girls would draw either girls or boys, almost indifferently.

Thus, it would appear that the father has much greater interest, and hence influence, than the mother in accentuating differences between boys and girls. He likes the little girl to be a little girl and enjoys her femininity, but expresses himself with intolerance about any show of femininity in his son. The mother, however, seems more like a mother animal, treating the babies in her litter with little distinction. Perhaps the mother can afford to be relaxed, since she knows that the worlds of both sexes are hers. She has no real need to promote the purity of either, except insofar as she wishes to please her husband and go along with general cultural mores.

It seems from the evidence I have here presented that boys and girls are from early age subjected to influences that would develop different characteristics. However, the parents interviewed were apparently unaware that they were doing or saying anything directly to foster in their children interest or lack of interest in people. They were probably influencing their children in two ways. First of all, by subtle rewards and punishments, if only those of tone of voice, they perhaps registered approval or disapproval as situations arose. Second, we assume that the girl tends to imitate the mother and the boy the father by reproducing their kinds and sources of interests.

The question arises whether parents really create such distinctions as I have described in otherwise undistinguished personalities. Or do parents — and all our cultural influences — just develop and accentuate tendencies that children are born with? Of course, it is impossible to come to any firm conclusions about whether or to what extent psychological sex differences are innate or learned or both. But however the differences arise, it is clear that they exist from a very early age in children in our society, and that we might do well to consider such differences in planning children's education.



WALT KELLY

One of this country's most popular cartoonists, WALT KELLY has attracted more than fifty million readers in the United States and abroad with his POGO comic strip. Mr. Kelly is a student of languages, and he here tells us how to interest children in words by means of sound and the colorful use of the unexpected.

KA-PLATZ

The Delight in the Unexpected

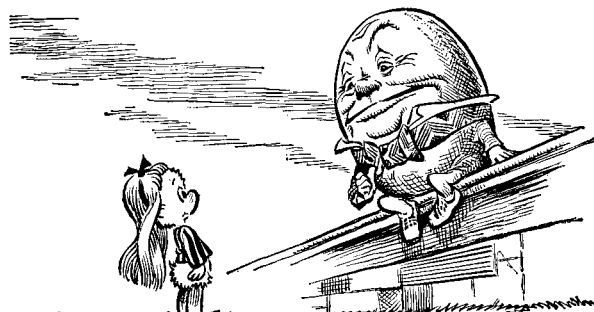
THERE may be madness in the method, but there is reason behind the silent noise-language seen in comic strips. An old friend, the late Representative Maury Maverick of Texas, once told me that he thought comic strips were the best means to convey the sounds he heard coming out of government. He himself, a man of well-tuned ear, gave a name to the noise. He called it gobbledygook.

Striking out at pompous epic poetry one time the Reverend Charles Dodgson coined words with comic abandon and made as much sense as is probably possible with the crutch of language in "Jabberwocky."

Children are wonderful people to deal with in using language because it is not completely necessary to communicate with them. It is just as good, if entertainment is the object, to conjure. What wriggling eels of thought are roused in the minds of most of us young when the line "'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe" comes splendidly into view. Lewis Carroll felt it necessary to explain this for some reason, though he was a man of some impatience. Humpty Dumpty is made to say that "brillig" means four o'clock in the afternoon — the time when people begin broiling things for dinner.

This is a theory that can be put down only to Dumpty's brash know-it-all manner. "Brillig" doesn't mean that at all to me. It means about four o'clock, all right, but it has to do with the

Pogo drawings copyright © 1962, 1963 by Walt Kelly.



"When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."
~Humpty Dumpty ~ Lewis Carroll

weather. However, what was probably important to Dodgson at the time was the fact that in getting Humpty Dumpty and Alice to analyze "Jabberwocky," he was able to extract several pages of delightful material from the original egghead.

The noises in comic strips — "plink," "pow," "sock," et cetera — are somewhat in this pattern. If you have a noise, you might as well have a funny noise; not that you'll have to hold your sides when you behold "plink," but I think it's about $3\frac{1}{4}$ times funnier than "crash." Who laughs at the word "bang"? It used to be very important, but "bang" doesn't have much bang anymore. The better strips are using other words. Some of them in foreign languages, for impact. Style is

very important. It would not do for Steve Canyon to fall with a Li'l Abner noise. Canyon is a dignified man and a sort of status symbol in the comic strip game. Likewise, Dick Tracy could never get hit on the head with a "whacko" noise. It should be noted that noises do not usually have more than one syllable. Put a noise into several syllables, and it begins to get lively. A bucket falling down the cellar stairs is a case in point. Especially if it comes to an unexpected end, such as hitting the dog.

Thus, when noises are transposed into speech, talk gathers interest for the child if it takes on some of the color of that bucket. Incidentally, "bucket" is a funnier word than "pail." If you use your ear this way and put one word after another, pretty soon, as Jim Thurber remarked on a different occasion, pretty soon you'll have a comic strip.

Inserting bounces into already formed speech, you get something like "horribobble." There is no deep meaning behind the device; it is just the same thing as wearing a lampshade at the party if your jokes are not going over. The *Pogo* speech pattern is full of noises signifying nothing more than the grunts of a determined grandfather eating corn.

We should remember that language is a tool and keep in mind Dumpty's injunction never to let the word be the master. Language not only is a tool; it is a recent and imperfect tool. In my business it should do what the child mind of any age desires it to do.

Whereas it is important to conjure up images, it must be admitted that it is also important to communicate. It is not important to communicate exact shades of meaning, but it is necessary to get across a sense of fun. Once the child understands that this is not at all a serious message, he begins to understand what's going on even if it is only his version of the proceedings. So he starts to enjoy himself, and that is the only objective.

Serious language can be carried on to such lengths that we have become a little like the Egyptians, who finally got so enmeshed in officialese that special people had to be trained to read the formal handwriting. We're in just about that shape with our legal briefs. How could they have acquired the name "briefs"? The ordinary lawyer requires two lead paragraphs just to inform you that presently he will have something to say further down the page. Naturally, such gobbledygook lends itself to caricature, and the noise of legal writing becomes the stuff of comic strips.

Recently Howland Owl (who seems to be the *Pogo* character most involved in language) ran across an article on rapid reading in a magazine belonging to Miss Sis Boombah. The name of the magazine was *Cultural Sports*, and it said that its

piece could be read by the trained eye in two seconds flat. The Owl read it aloud to Churchy La Femme: "Well, it seems this li'l girl waif put her nose to the window and was starvin' to death and bzz zip zip zat HOWEVER zz zip swishwhosszip zap zap zap wap wap BAM BAM BAM."

That hodgepodge is not a caricature of actual noise so much as it is intended to be a revelation of



...man tries to swallow meaning whole as a dog would eat his dinner....

the electric impulses running wild in the mind as a man tries to swallow meaning whole as a dog would eat his dinner.

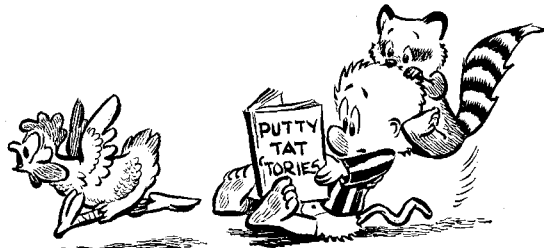
Children seem instinctively to use the noise which is handiest to convey meaning. Perhaps the child rather than the academician is master in the use of the language. Who is to say which form has the most immediate impact: bring, brought, brought, or bring, brang, brung? Not very many children have to have the latter form pointed out to them; they gravitate toward it. Not laziness but ease of comprehension may be the impulse. The practitioner and not the historian may be the real authority when it comes to actual usage.

The young, or carefree, users of language enjoy new and strange words in much the same manner that adults read with pleasure a Sid Perelman essay employing a strange, exotic, and insanely appropriate vocabulary. As he delights us by throwing caution to the winds, so does the unusual, even the invented word free the child from inhibition. The child is under fetters as he grows because we feel we must shape him to our own ends, rough-hewn or not. He welcomes relief, and with relief comes delight. The wise child never confuses this delight with escape. Escapism is avoidance, and a child learns through daily bruises that there is no escaping the real.

So, wisely, he accepts relief-delight for what it is, a hearty chuckling hunk of self-indulgence. For him the word "hunk" is better than "bit," partly because it has more muscle in its sound and partly because it is a break with the proper. He is sick to death of the proper. Later, lamentably, he will lose his grip on childish things and get relief from the proper through dirty jokes. (It is interesting that some of the greatest wits and humorists

have abhorred the dirty joke. This is not out of prudery so much as out of boredom. The unexpected brings a laugh, and to the trained joke mechanic a dirty joke payoff is never unexpected.)

As an illustration of what sort of laughter is most sure for the working comic strip cartoonist or other so-called humorist-writer, consider the Christmas tree. Most children laugh when they first see one. They are at an age when things have been getting steadily duller. They are being trained in various primitive fields of accomplishment, and the humdrum of eating and sleeping has begun to weigh heavily on them. Then at last



"Timmy's dog had a blueberry on his nose!"

there is a break with routine. There's a tree all dressed for Sunday. Result: laughter. This laughter springs from delight, just as it springs from wit or humor, which provide delight or a break with routine.

Too often the sanitary minds of the educational fraternity, being proper, are properly not interested in laughs. Yet the laugh hooks the audience or the reader. When an educator is interested in a laugh, he performs in the manner of a German clown, using exclamation points to denote a so-called surprising fact or observation. Exclamation points should be legally consigned to comic strips and certain news headlines. Children's books should be out of bounds. The news "Timmy's dog had a blueberry on his nose!" is not exactly stop-press information. If it is used at all in a child's book, it should rely on its own strength to drive the child reader into paroxysms of astonishment. Using the exclamation point is like wearing padded shoulders.

People who rely on the exclamation point are playing intellectual squat tag with the child. He expects more from human beings who are supposed to be grown-ups. If the humorist or writer wants to engage the attention of the child, he has to use funny words and devices that the child considers honest.

Children, like most primitive people, make diminutives out of simple nouns, possibly to make the object named more familiar and less alien. Doing this, they sometimes put an -ee ending on

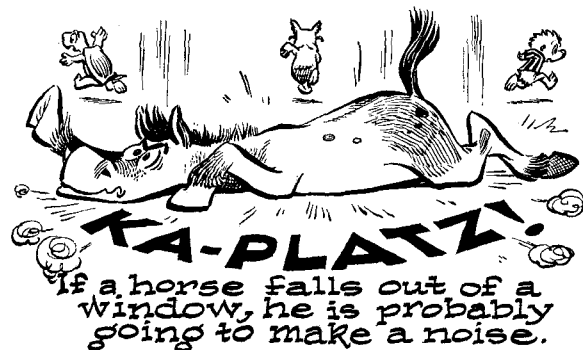
"dog" or "Mom," but they also double the use of the noun — "car car," for example. But mothers of the world must face the fact that any adult who goes around saying, "We went to our potty-potty, weren't we good?" will be regarded by one and all as an idiot. It is better not to talk that way; it just destroys the faith of children in their elders.

A certain few adults who happily recalled that they once were children have written books from time to time using words or inventing words which are the delight of children. Lewis Carroll was always honest with his invented words; Edward Lear was a little complicated and sometimes cute, but his inventions were funny and did the job. Beatrix Potter invented ladylike expressions, but they were good on the whole and did not insult the child's intelligence.

Today, aside from the regular comic strip artists, we have one gifted man who makes funny drawings and invents funny words for a living. Dr. Seuss, Ted Geisel, is a solid performer. The child gets no pap from this doctor. When he invents a word, it is funny, short, and serviceable in many emergencies. Ying and Gox and Voom are something a child can grasp. Much better than "putty-tat." Too many made-up words are, in the English schoolboy phrase, just a little wet.

Mother Goose probably should receive a little credit for being a storehouse of invented words, most of them intended to be funny. But much of Mother Goose is a file of folk expressions, and time, not being the wisest of editors, has merely knocked off the corners. This has often made round stones out of what may have once been square-cut gems.

Over the past thirty-five years or so the animated cartoon industry has contributed mightily to the supply of noise words. The musical sound track made it possible for all sorts of noises to be used in the many crashes, falls, and splashes with which the ordinary animated cartoon film is studded. In order to define these noises before the picture was shot, storyboard men took to making up their words to denote the various calamities. The storyboard artist works as if he were drawing



a huge comic strip. The action develops panel by panel on a huge wallboard through more or less rough sketches. If a horse falls out of a window, he is probably going to make a noise. Naturally, the artist would spell this noise "krumpf!", or possibly "blamp!" This practice of using noise words of one's own invention spread to comic strip and comic book artists, many of whom had at one time or another worked in animated cartoon studios.

For some reason the classic noise for hitting a friend on the head became "boing!" If you ask the nearest child, he will pronounce it for you, the public having become privy to the information through TV reruns. It is a combination sound coming out of a pig's oink and the unfurling of a tightly wound spring. Very effective.

Some of us have from time to time tried to break away from too close an observance of the rule. Harrison Cady, who drew the *Peter Rabbit* strip for many years, used a device that I always admired, although I was not strictly a Peter Rabbit fan. When a rabbit ran, little words followed his footsteps. They were "run, run, run." If a bug rolled down a hill, the words were "roll, roll, roll."

It must be admitted that this was inspired noise-word making, inasmuch as it depended on the word of the action and was, as far as I know, the only funny thing about Peter Rabbit. The idea, however, led me to experiment at one time



with noise words. Rather than using an unimaginative "pflomp!" I decided that if a fellow fell on his head, the noise might be "Charlie!", or if he was playing a horn, the noise coming out of the bell would be "Schenectady!" Things like that merely puzzled the children and infuriated people named Charlie living in Schenectady. I realized that instead of going to the extreme of playing a condescending game of squat tag with my readers, I was going to the other extreme and was acting with a callous sophistication. True, I was tired of "pflomp!", but the children were still amused by it, and, what is better, they understood it. It is hard to go around with every comic strip or book and explain why the noise "Terre Haute" comes ringing out of a shotgun. Fortunately, the device never became a real trend, and comics were saved.

Children were the ones who put into vocal action

the staccato of an automatic rifle. No sound-effects man or cartoonist was called in. They had to make a noise, and so they made it, using the rapidly opening and closing glottal stop, thus making a gladsome intimidating noise not heard since the last Sumerian drove his last bargain.

Parents always object to such exercises, which break into the funereal quiet of the class-A or TV-less home. All these adults would be enchanted by the babble, chatter, and sheer shrill of the Damascus bazaar, but that is in another country and has charm. At home the poor kid never learns any language except parlor prosaic. Thus, for relief we have the street and the cartoon.

In order to accommodate the taste of the young for something colorful just short of the pool hall, cartoonists have long used swearword substitutes. If somebody annoys Albert, the Alligator, he does not hesitate to say, "Dagnab that backslaggin' dogboned old basket!", which can be translated any way you'd like, according to size and taste.

Frank Willard was a great freehanded cartoonist who, until his death, drew *Moon Mullins*. He would have his men, largely raffish street-corner types of about the early-twenties era, take a drink at the corner saloon and use expressions just short of profanity. One that we can reprint here was "Holy H. Smoke!" The child mind taking this in recognizes it for a paraphrase of the name of one of the Trinity into whose name the freewheeling talkers sometimes place an initial while dealing rather loosely with colorful language. *Moon Mullins* was an honest strip that attracted and held child readers, partly because of its honesty in using language.

So it is that the *Pogo* strip attempts something honest when it has a sorely wounded member scream "rowrbazzle!" This is an unlikely noise in an unlikely strip and therefore likely. The main thing to keep in mind is not to have a word used in an improper setting. Peanuts could holler "rowrbazzle!", upon payment of royalties, and get away with it, but, again, Steve Canyon would have trouble.

"Peanut butter" is a phrase that everybody understands at an early age. You can change it to "peaner buckle" without fear of losing flavor or comprehension. The term "caterpillar," without question, is made to be converted into several things; "caterpiggle" was one I used one time and was deluged with fan mail. One of my sons still uses an invention of his own; it is "caller-pitter," which gets the idea across, but he hasn't received any fan mail to speak of.

It occurred to me one year that everybody was talkin' 'bout Christmas but nobody was goin' there. The radio-TV sandblast of carols for commercial purposes grated not only the ear but the

sensitivities. So about 1949 I had the characters parody a carol. The attempt was to parody the use of carols, but even though this was a poke at the usage, it was chancy. Readers make mistakes sometimes and think you're making fun of something else besides the real object. It's a risky business. So the choice of carol had to be rather cool. It was discovered finally that one of the few songs used as a carol that had no sacred connotations was "Deck the Halls With Boughs of Holly."

A few of the *Pogo* carolers got together and did a straight parody of the sounds made when you sing the right words to the carol. It came out:

Oh, deck us all with Boston Charlie,
Walla Walla, Wash., and Kalamazoo!
Nora's freezin' on the trolley . . .
Swaller dollar, cauliflower, alley-ga-roo!

This caught on with a number of elderly child minds, and finally children themselves. There was

relief in it, and few feelings were bruised. Those who protested against this violation of all that was holy were told as gently as possible that the carol in question was one that was left over from the midwinter pre-Christian pagan rites celebrating the return of the long day in ancient Britain.

Usage of this kind, plus varying type faces, is probably more acceptable in comic strip form than in any other form, and so the *Pogo* strip violates a lot of rules, but the readers seem to enjoy the violations. There is nothing particularly brilliant about the different concoctions of sounds, type faces, and languages; it is just that in the ordinary business of being involved daily with the public, too few writers or cartoonists seem to think it worthwhile to try something unusual. I think it is worthwhile. It saves you from having to be clever at times. As I say, it's a little like wearing a lampshade at the party.



Mr. Twombley's Ultimate Triumph

BY OGDEN NASH

Once there was a man named Mr. Twombley, and he was monarch of all he surveyed;
He had a lovely wife and two lovely children and a lovely portfolio of blue-chip stocks
and even a lovely cook and a lovely maid.
He also had a swimming pool and a barbecue grill and a library containing forty-seven titles;
Nevertheless there was a vulture gnawing at his vitals.
This vulture pursued him as fiercely as the Eumenides,
Or photographers following the Kennedys.
Mr. Twombley felt that he had failed to live up to today's code of
lower, middle, and upper-class living, which is as rigid as those of Moses and Hammurabi;
In a word, Mr. Twombley had no hobby.
Yes, the aptitude and even the desire for hobbies had been omitted from his being;
Not for him the fascination of golf or tennis, of sailing or climbing,
of bridge or canasta, or archery or skiing.
No numismatist he, no hi-fi addict, no philatelite,
Even the assertion that worm-fishing is a sportier sport than fly-fishing
lit in his eyes no battle light.
Poor hobbyless Mr. Twombley, what words can his loneliness describe?
He was a second-class citizen, ostentatiously excluded from the
boastful reminiscent bar and locker-room powwows of the tribe;
Because of all snobs, the snobbiest
Is the hobbyist.
But wait! Along came grandfatherhood, and Presto!
Mr. Twombley was transformed into a hobbyist of overpowering gusto, not to say zesto.
Yea, more than a hobbyist;
He became a veritable lobbyist.
His wallet bulged with overexposed or underexposed snapshots of
human tadpoles middle-sized and small,
And when it came to recounting the details of a hand of old maid or slapjack
he developed total recall.
He was a treasure-house of infantile cute sayings and an authority on the riddle,
And he would have also been an authority on croquet if any contest had
survived those accusations of cheating that break out in the middle.
Yes indeed, Mr. Twombley found a hobby in his grandchildren, but he
was not as completely obsessed by it as you might think;
Every time a new grandchild needed a diaper changed he disappeared like a chipmunk into a chink.

THE CHILDREN OF DIVORCE

by Graham B. Blaine, Jr., M.D.

A psychiatrist at the University Health Services at Harvard and Radcliffe, DR. GRAHAM B. BLAINE, JR., is also an assistant psychiatrist at the Children's Hospital in Boston and the father of three daughters. His most recent book, PATIENCE AND FORTITUDE: THE PARENT'S GUIDE TO ADOLESCENCE, was published last summer under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.



DIVORCE in America has become an increasingly frequent necessity. Parents approaching or going through it should understand as promptly as they can the ways in which the breaking up of a home affects their offspring. Children, no matter how much they may feign indifference and lack of concern regarding their parents' separation, cannot ever emerge from divorce completely unscathed. On the basis of research and experience, certain definite principles can be laid down which will keep children from being victimized. These can be summarized as follows:

1. Place children with whichever parent remarries.
2. Children under twelve should not be sent to boarding school.
3. If children must be shuttled between families, then one household should be established as home and the other as a place to visit.
4. Do not give children under twelve a choice regarding the parent with whom they are to live, and do not tell children about an impending divorce until definite plans for their future have been agreed upon.
5. Children should not be placed in a position where they are confidants or spies for one parent against the other. Every effort should be made to help them retain whatever feelings of love or respect they may have for each parent.

Drawing by Henri Matisse.

While divorce is hardly the desirable sequel to marriage, there are times when it appears to be not only expedient but also sensible both for parents and children. Last year Nora Johnson described very cogently in this magazine the type of marriage which progressively destroys both partners as it proceeds and should therefore be terminated promptly. There are times when the trauma inflicted upon the children by the continuation of a marriage would be greater than that brought about by a divorce, provided that the placement of the children is carefully considered and carried out.

Children, particularly those younger than ten, can put up with more family discord without being distressed than most adults realize. Arguments and disputes, even heated ones, can be overheard and observed by children dispassionately. They can be quite objective about such controversies, and even discuss them humorously among themselves. Anger and frustration are emotions with which they are very familiar, and watching such feelings being openly expressed by their elders may even be reassuring.

But threats of separation or divorce are quite another story. One of the most powerful unconscious fears harbored by a child is that he will be deserted and abandoned by one or both parents. To have this frightening fantasy made real by

hearing his mother or father talk about leaving may be deeply disturbing. When a couple cannot refrain from threatening one another with divorce openly enough for this to be obvious to the children, either directly or by implication, then a separation which will bring some security and consistency into the family pattern should be seriously considered. A situation even more difficult for young children to withstand without harm is for one parent angrily to walk out for a temporary period and then return unexpectedly, only to repeat the performance a few months later. Children can understand parents' not getting along perfectly all the time (they have the same problems), but the actual disruption of the family unit is something they are unable to comprehend. The constant threat of such an event can be worse than the reality.

Alcoholism and physical violence are also factors which upset and damage children. Loss of control in a physical sense or as a result of intoxication causes fear in the young because of its unpredictability. Arguments can become a kind of routine with a foreseeable beginning, middle, and end, but this is not true when blows are struck. Children say with genuine fear in their voices, "I didn't know what was going to happen next." Then, too, there is the embarrassment that accompanies alcoholism, which makes children unwilling to have friends over to play and causes them to become isolated and withdrawn at a time when companionship is very important.

If it becomes clear, for whatever reason, that divorce is inevitable, then the question of how long to hold off may arise. It may be possible to keep a marriage functioning until the children are at an age when they will be less unfavorably affected. In general, divorce or separation does not register with much impact from infancy through the age of three. Very young children are not aware of sex differences and do not have a yen for a distinctively masculine person to any significant degree. As long as the child under three stays with its mother, it will probably not be seriously affected emotionally by the absence of its father.

From three to six, the child, however, needs both parents more than at any other period. Intimate feelings toward the parent of the opposite sex occur at this stage of development, and these feelings need to be diluted and modified by counteracting feelings about the other parent. It is very difficult for a child to develop normal attitudes toward others later in life if during this three-to-six interval in his growth he does not have both a mother and a father with whom to interact. This is one of the most traumatic periods for a child to lose a parent through death or divorce.

During the next phase, from six to twelve, there is less need for the presence of both parents than earlier, and a shift of the adult figures in the child's life is tolerated better at this period. A process of reconciliation with and imitation of the parent of the same sex is beginning at this time, and if a choice must be made about placement with one parent, the presence of the parent of the same sex is preferable by far.

Adolescents from twelve to eighteen can usually understand the necessity of divorce or separation, and therefore they may not suffer as much as younger children, except where the result is the loss of the parent of the same sex. During adolescence, the most important task to be accomplished is the formation of an independent and individual identity. For this to take place successfully, the presence of a strong and effective person of the same sex in the close emotional environment is absolutely essential. This can be in the form of a stepfather, stepmother, family retainer who has distinctive characteristics, a tutor, an uncle, or an aunt who is living in the home. If this sort of identification figure cannot be included in the plans for the placement of a twelve- to eighteen-year-old, then divorce should be postponed if at all possible.

ONCE divorce is definitely decided upon, the custody arrangements for the children usually become a major issue. In determining what is best, a good deal depends on whether or not one parent is going to remarry immediately. Long-range psychological studies of individuals followed from infancy to middle age have shown that the two factors most crucial to normal development are: first, the presence of an adult man and woman in the home for relatively lengthy periods (it is not necessary that they be the actual parents, nor is it essential that they be the same two adults during the entire childhood and adolescent period); second, a place which can be felt as home. This may be one small room or an entire estate, but it should be as permanent as possible and represent to the child a spot where he can always go — a sanctuary where his own private possessions are, a refuge which keeps away the rootless, floating feeling that can be so terrifying to a youngster. Nobody feels more lost than the ten-year-old who has no answer to the question, "Where do you live?" Yet, to have to reply "Des Moines and Boston" may be even worse than "Nowhere."

Providing for each child what comes closest to fulfilling these two requirements should be the primary goal. Boarding school often seems to be the easiest and most appropriate solution, but for children under twelve it rarely turns out to be

successful. More individual adult attention is needed at this age than can be provided by the average boarding school. Teachers may seem to be excellent parent surrogates, but the siblings in such a school are too numerous and too needful themselves to allow any one student the degree and depth of relationship he needs.

I recall one patient who because of a divorce in his family had been sent to boarding school from the age of nine until college. At twenty-five he still perceived his older friends and associates as school-teachers or housemasters, believing them to be constantly checking up on him and pleased only when they had caught him in some error. Authority had been a distant and exclusively disciplinary force for so long during his important formative years that he could not envision it as possibly being constructively critical, friendly, or willing to accept him as an individual. This misconception regarding the amount of hostility in the world at large had led to the personality clashes at work and in his marriage which brought him to my office. Firm but at the same time friendly discipline, coupled with complete acceptance, must be part of the upbringing of children younger than twelve, and the atmosphere at the ordinary boarding school does not provide it.

The "six-and-six split" (six months with each parent) would seem on the surface to be the fairest arrangement, but it has many pitfalls. In the first place, it is hard to feel at home in any house which is lived in only half the year. Roots that have to be pulled up so often rarely sink in and spread out enough to provide any sense of security. Also, all too often the children are used unintentionally as pawns in the complicated power struggle between divorced husband and wife. Each parent may try to outdo the other in currying favor with the children, and, worst of all, one may depreciate the other in the eyes of the children because of bitterness and antagonism held over from the days before the divorce.

There are often complications about means and cost of transportation from one establishment to another, as well as bickering about just when is the most convenient time for each parent to have the children. In the end, the child is frequently left with the feeling that he is a victim of vindictiveness and is valued only for his ability to spy on one parent for the other. Finally, there is the financial pressure, for the child may come to feel that he is only a source of funds for mother and a troublesome expense for father.

A student who had been subjected to this kind of divided living came to me for treatment because of deep depression at the time of the Christmas holidays during his sophomore year at prep school. He had always experienced mild feelings

of discouragement at vacation time, but this year it was worse. His depression turned out to be linked to the fact that for completely unrelated reasons neither parent wanted to have him home for Christmas. His mother was going to her second husband's family, and his father was planning a honeymoon cruise with his third wife. He had to face up to the fact that for many years he had had no one place that he could call home. He had been unconsciously bothered all along, but until this moment of rejection by both sides of his family he had not realized the depth of his loneliness. Perhaps it was as well that events turned out as they did, for the severe depression led him to seek psychiatric help and eventually to become better reconciled to his situation.

LIVING under the year-round custody of one parent with flexible visiting privileges with the other would seem to have many advantages over the six-and-six split, but here, too, there are snags which can cause trouble. Principal among these is the danger of forcing too much responsibility on a child too young — depriving him of the carefree pleasures which should make up such a large part of the years from three to twelve.

This occurs most often when a child is placed with the parent of the opposite sex, either alone or with younger brothers and sisters. Then a boy takes on the role of man of the house, shares in decision making, helps discipline the younger children, and later may even serve as mother's escort on social occasions. This not only tends to make a sobersides out of him, but also ties him emotionally to his mother in a way which may seriously interfere with his forming relationships with girls his own age throughout life. Likewise, a girl living with her father can quickly adopt a wifelike attitude — preparing meals, cleaning the house, and perhaps playing hostess when friends come in. This can age her before her time and cause her to be permanently uninterested in the activities and dating customs of her contemporaries.

Tragic results can be caused by this kind of placement, as was true in the case of a former patient of mine, a high school senior who committed suicide after running away from his mother's home to his father's place in the South. This boy's parents were divorced when he was fifteen, and against his wishes arrangements were made for him to live with his mother and three younger sisters. He took his responsibilities toward them very seriously, but his schoolwork and his dating relationships did not go well. Several short stays with his father only strengthened the boy's

feelings of admiration and respect for him, and the separation became even more intolerable. When a last desperate plea to his father for a chance to live with him was turned down, he decided that life was not worthwhile. Children over twelve must have individuals of their own sex whom they admire close to them in order that they may identify with them, take advantage of their advice, and follow their example.

Generally speaking, isolating a child from his brothers and sisters works out badly. Children like to discuss their concerns with each other. They need the reassurance which comes from finding that another shares their feelings and they are not alone in experiencing confusion, loneliness, and resentment over what has happened. No real harm comes from sending siblings in groups of two or more to separate homes, although care should be taken to keep together twins or children close in age or feeling for each other.

As a rule it is not a good idea to give children a choice in regard to the parent with whom they will live. Often they are afraid of offending one parent, or in other cases they are afraid of punishment if they do not say what they think a harsh parent wants to hear. A child's choice made out of fear is less likely to be the right one than one made by parents or advisers out of their wisdom and experience. In most situations it is best to have the placement of the children firmly decided upon before they are told about the divorce. An interim of uncertainty during which parents, lawyers, and grandparents bicker over what is best for the children makes them feel unwanted and afraid of being abandoned. This can lead to serious guilt and depression.

When a child becomes an adult he sees the people around him with the same eyes with which he saw his parents. His view of men and women will always be influenced by what he saw in his father and mother or those who substituted for them as he grew up. If these significant adults were inconsistent, untrustworthy, unreliable, and deceitful, he will always suspect that these same characteristics lie hidden in all men and women, whether or not there is outward evidence of them in day-to-day behavior.

Because children's views of their parents are so vitally important in their future orientation to the

world at large, the single most important mistake to avoid in situations involving divorce is the depreciation by one parent of the other in the presence of children. If this undermining course is avoided and the other principles outlined above are followed, particularly the making of a home and the presence in it of a healthy adult of the same sex, then the chances of normal development taking place are excellent, despite the separation of parents. The children of such a carefully and unselfishly planned divorce can expect to achieve satisfying relationships with their peers and to avoid repeating their parents' mistakes when they face difficulties in their own marriages later in life.

The Neurotic's Notebook

BY MIGNON McLAUGHLIN

Children lack morality, but they also lack fake morality.

We tell our children things which we know are not so, but which we wish were so.

When their children fail to charm others, few parents can stay neutral.

Every American child should grow up knowing a second language, preferably English.

The only mothers it is safe to forget on Mother's Day are the good ones.

No matter how young he may be at the time, or how old he may live to become, on the day an unhappy child leaves home, his life is half over.

The parents of private-school children are generally overeager and overaged.

At thirty, we are finally free to do everything forbidden to us at thirteen — but, God, what a sell!



A Poet's View of Childhood

by ALASTAIR REID

ALASTAIR REID is a poet of humor as well as sensitivity who lived in Scotland until he went to sea during the war. Since that time he has traveled extensively in Europe and in the United States. He is the author of five books for children and two volumes of poetry. A new book of his poetry and prose will appear in the fall.

CHILDHOOD, especially for a poet, is irresistible; his preoccupation with it would be completely incomprehensible to a child. From the vantage point of his aging consciousness, he finds himself, either through the eyes of his own children or through sudden green transformations of memory, dissolving into these states of pure trance (states which he can never forgive children for being unaware of), in which a single day is a clear, prismatic present, when a glass of water, instead of being a complex molecular structure, or a lucid piece of punctuation in a disordered chain of consequences, or an image in which the whole world is somehow reflected, stands on the table as nothing more or less than a glass of water, wondrously, needing no reason or excuse for its existence. I like nothing more than to listen to people talking about their childhood. Bit by bit, they work their way through a morass of judgment and sophisticated afterthought, psychiatric blah, and scholastic roughage until they reach, if they are lucky, an unencumbered point of pure memory — a day, an instance, a happening, tragic perhaps, comic more likely, but quivering with sheer life, pure and inexplicable, like the glass of water.

What, in fact, do we save from childhood? On the surface, a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends: birth certificates, because they are so necessary to prove that we exist; baby shoes, perhaps, because we cannot otherwise conceive of

having been no more than eighteen inches tall; photographs of our bald, naked beginnings; stamps, shells, feathers, skeletons; thumbed books about gnomes, brownies, and heroes; tickets, scraps, lists, dried leaves. These are the relics and the gravestones, and are meant, in their tiny, wizened way, to evoke an aura, to suggest a state of grace; yet how shriveled they are, as they lie in a curiously smelling drawer, waiting for the day when we are courageous enough to cremate them.

Childhood is by definition a never-never land, a place where we have unaccountably been without knowing it, a nowhere which took up all our time before we realized what time was. Children drift through their sky-blue days without any feeling of being in motion; landmarks like birthdays loom on the faraway, blurred horizon, and move so slowly that it seems they will never arrive. When I was a child, even to wait for the next day was agonizing to me; in prospect, the night seemed so long and impassable, until I grew into a faith in the fact that I *would* wake up in a different, new-made day. For children, the future is so remote that it scarcely exists at all; the odd thing about growing up is the way in which the landmarks begin to move, faster and faster, until they are whizzing past like telephone poles. And the principal irony of childhood lies in the fact that we wander through it in an almost complete daze, unselfconscious, open-eyed, until

Photograph by Susan Greenburg Wood.

we find ourselves gawking back at it from an age of realization, as somewhere we have been without noticing, wondering how we managed to pass the unwitting time.

But still, when we come to look at childhood, at the remove of judgment, do we see it at all? Or, instead, do we somehow accommodate it into the life we have later arrived at, trimming it to fit, forgetting its oddness and contradiction? I listen to people telling their childhood, and wonder whether the versions of their own childhood they have come to believe in bear any relation to the small, vanished selves they have left behind. Childhood seems to them no more real than old movies, the aftermath of a story they were once told but of which they have only the vaguest recollection.

What most people do, I suspect, is save for their later, full-grown days a few places, a few set pieces, a welter of anecdote (which over the telling years grows more and more original) to serve as memory whenever it becomes necessary to explain away the unconscious, missing years. Of the original, in its original form, little remains. It is, after all, better to decide that one had a happy childhood than to admit one had a relatively unconscious one, better to select the choicest places, the most fruitful occasions, and make of them a serviceable tapestry to suit the blandest of biographers. Or it may be just as serviceable to look back on childhood as the point where everything went wrong, to find, under the unruffled surface, monsters and nightmares. No wonder psychoanalysts take so long to get to the bottom to find the early secret, the original sin — childhood is in fact bottomless, and has its own strange scale.

The principal difference between childhood and the stages of life into which it invisibly dissolves is that as children we occupy a limitless present. The past has scarcely room to exist, since, if it means anything at all, it means only the previous day. Similarly, the future is in abeyance; we are not meant to do anything about it until we reach a suitable size. Correspondingly, the present is enormous, mainly because it is all there is — a garden is as vast as Africa, and can easily become Africa, at the drop of a wish. Walks are dizzying adventures; the days tingle with unknowns, waiting to be made into wonders. Living so utterly in the present, children have an infinite power to transform; they are able to make the world into anything they wish, and they do so, with alacrity. There are no preconceptions, which is why, when a child tells us he is Napoleon, we had better behave with the respect due to a small emperor. Later in life, the transformations are forbidden; they may prove dangerous. By then, we move in a context of expectations and precedents, of past

and future, and the present, whenever we manage to catch it and realize it, is a shifting, elusive question mark. Habit takes over, and days tend to slip into pigeonholes, accounted for because everything has happened before, because we know by then that life is long and has to be intelligently endured. Except that, every now and again, one of these moments occurs, so transcendent in its immediacy, so amazing in its extraordinary ordinariness, that we get a sudden glimpse of what childhood was all about and of how much the present has receded before a cluttered past and an anxious future. In these odd moments, the true memory of childhood dawns. The glass of water is, amazingly, a glass of water.

Quite often, there comes a time when we try deliberately to recover childhood, revisiting a place, a house, a garden. Perhaps it would be better not to; almost inevitably it is a puzzlement, if not a downright disappointment. How wizened it is, how shrunken, how small, how unlike the mysterious nowhere we imagined we inhabited! I recall once revisiting a seaside village in Scotland where I lived as a child, a small harbor town I had gone over lovingly in what I thought was my memory, telling it house by house, hearing the high tides thud against the seawall in my sleep. Yet, when I walked around the harbor, I wondered how I could ever have been carried away by it, even in dream, so ordinary, small, and grubby it was, so unglowing, a poor stage for the wonders I remembered as having happened there in my small, broody days. The particular tree I made a profession of climbing had become only one in a series of trees, not, as it was then, the only tree in the world, Yggdrasill. And the people who remembered me now had to take their place in the context of time; they no longer belonged to the towering world of unchanging legend that my child's eyes and ears had appointed them to. They were mortal. "Don't change unless I tell you to!" cries the child to the world; and the world, instead of replying, goes quietly about its business of changing us, of turning what once was called growing up into growing old.

My own childhood, now that I look back on it with the proper distrust, seems to have been not extraordinary, for all childhoods are that, but a peculiar mixture of earth and air, of the practical and the impossible. My father was a minister of the church and moved and breathed with an extraordinary reverence for things, a reverence we absorbed simply by being in the same house with him. He did not speak often; when he did, I used to listen to him with the proper astonishment. My mother, on the other hand, was a doctor of medicine, and ran her doctoring and her household

with a ribald, go-ahead, down-to-earth directness. They were, for us children, like the North and South Poles. Heaven knows what strange equilibrium they achieved, but we children were the fruit of it, and we spun dizzily from one to the other, from the no-nonsense bustle of the kitchen and surgery at one end of the house to the quiet, smoke-laden, book-lined study at the other. In between was a long corridor, our limbo. Outside was the world. Even now, I simplify, for it was never so neat; I cannot even remember whether or not there was a corridor, but there should have been. Along it, we were always in motion, busy with the odd variety of our existence.

Scotland we hardly noticed; it was no more than weather and landscape, and we lived, if we lived anywhere at all, between garden and water, in a mud-stained leaf-smelling round of errands and holidays, our feet on the ground, our heads firmly in the clouds. At school, among our friends, we spoke the local dialect bluntly and boisterously; at home, we clipped it to suit the household. As a minister's family, we had an odd immunity from the strata of local society. We knew — and played with — everyone from the snotty-nosed farm children to the starched and proper county families, who envied us our worldliness. We knew worse words than they did, and used them judiciously. At the same time, however, we were foreigners, never quite belonging anywhere; we had books at home, and things obviously went on as a matter of course in our house which never would have occurred in the rest of the town — blood and sermons, blessings and bandages.

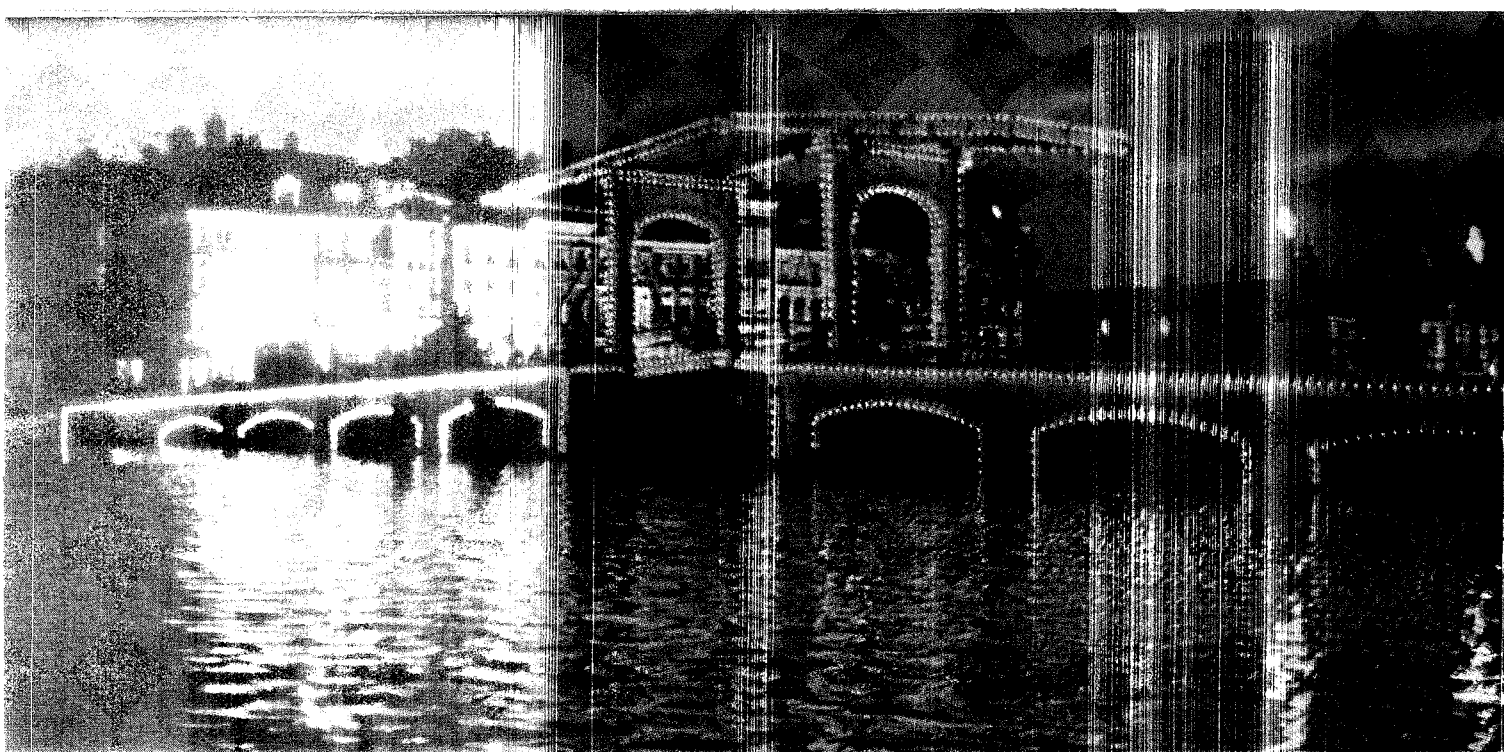
I hovered for years between the surgery and the study, trying to decide whether I was cut out for the pulpit or the operating room; but I solved my dilemma by plunging into the mysterious countryside and by playing endless fantastic games over which, at least, I had control. The poles were noise and silence; I ran wild during the day, and in the evening I crept into the deep silence of books, unreachable. All of us kept passing and repassing one another along the length of the corridor, some on their way to burst, hungry and shouting, into the kitchen, others to tiptoe into the study, breath held, shoes in hand.

And yet, none of this is quite what I remember; it is rather the context and setting for my remembering. I recall, some years ago, taking a long voyage under sail across the Atlantic and passing the night watches — which we took alone at the wheel, under the enormous processes of the sky — by applying my memory to a particular place, a particular day, a particular time. I found I could recover whole periods of my life which I had not thought of since they happened. I remembered the names of those who had been in my

school classes; and, with practice, I could take long walks over stretches of lost country, scrutinizing farms, trees, landmarks on the way; so that, night after night, perched alone in the middle of the Atlantic, I replayed most of my childhood like an endless movie, not for the sake of finding anything out, but, as the English say, just because it was there. It seemed particularly appropriate, for then I had no context, save for the sea, the dark, and the innumerable repetitive stars; and I sat under them, saying over to myself long lists of names I was not aware I knew — Kirkmaiden, Catyins, Linglie, Yarrowford, Pirnmill, Altgolach, Imacher, Windygates — amazing myself with their sound, seeing each place vividly in my mind's eye. It was then I realized that my childhood was not lost; all that was required to recover it was the dimension of amazement.

In the eyes of children, anything can happen, for so little has happened before; for us, at a remove, we know what is likely and what impossible, and so our propensity to astonishment is much less. Moreover, we tend to forget, as Christopher Fry says, that we were born naked into a world of strange sights and sounds, not fully clothed, in a service apartment, with a copy of the *Times* in our hand. This is why some of the afterthought we apply to the world of children — the books they ought to read, the things they should be interested in, the ways in which they should pass their time — is often preposterous and seems to assume that children are our idea, not theirs. Children are interested in anything except, possibly, the things they are expected to be interested in; and we might as well lay our world open to them and let them make off with whatever improbable treasure they discover for themselves.

I suppose the difficulty lies in deciding exactly who children are, in seeing them mistakenly as small replicas of ourselves, or as raw material, or as undersized animals, or as a race of miniature entertainers, or trainees, or even as income-tax deductions. I prefer to regard them as sudden visitors from an unlikely planet, frail, cogent messengers from a world which we know by name but have lost sight of, little people who are likely not only to amuse and amaze us but to remind us that life is long, and that they, as much as we, have a right to their own version of it. The mistake we make is to encumber children with the versions we retain of our own childhood, to imagine that what would have been good for us, as we think we were then, will be good for them, as we think they are now. Children are entitled to their otherness, as anyone is; and when we reach them, as we sometimes do, it is generally on a point of sheer delight, to us so astonishing, but to them so natural.



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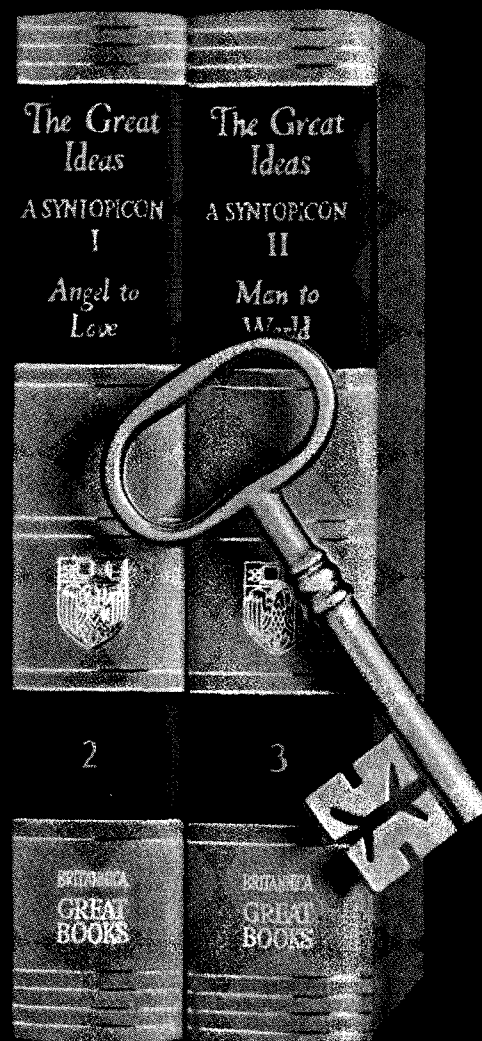
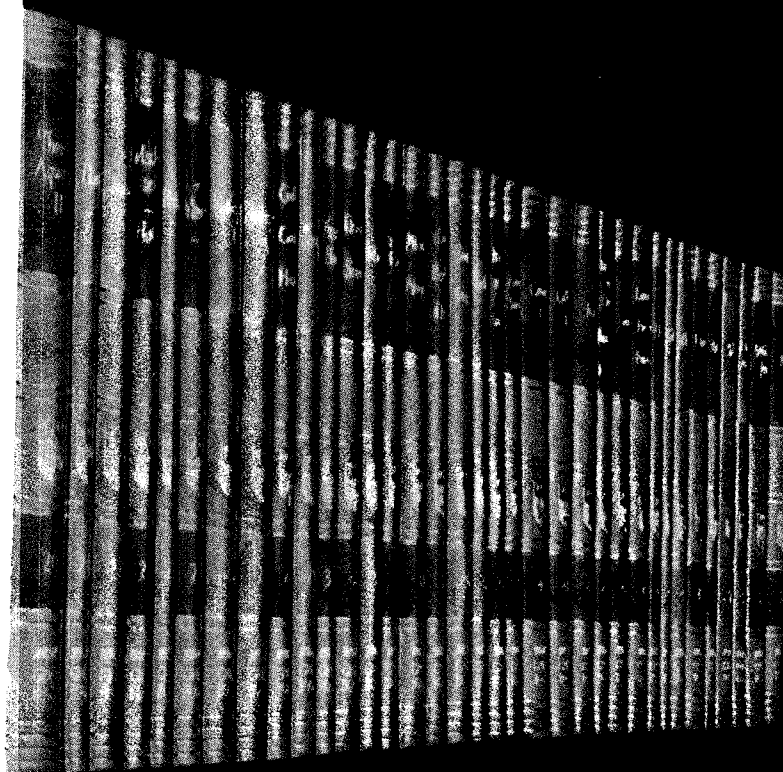
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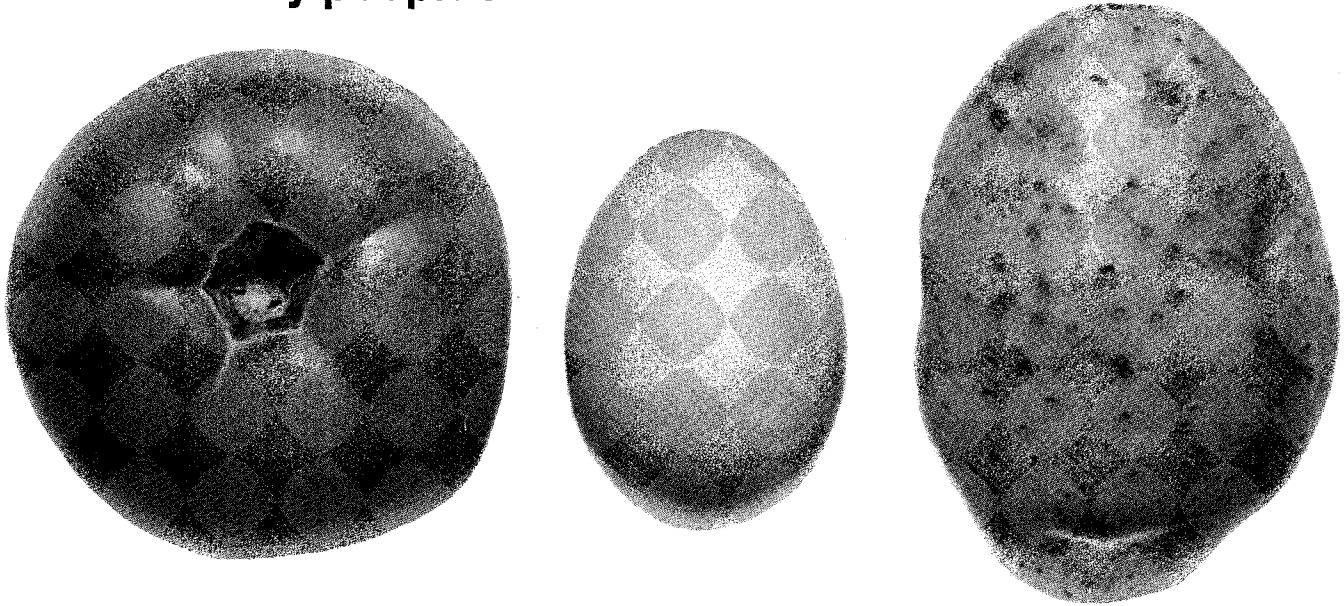
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IN THE SOUTH THESE CHILDREN PROPHECY

by Robert Coles, M.D.

How do the pressures of desegregation affect schoolchildren? DR. ROBERT COLES, a child psychiatrist now living in Vinings, Georgia, has spent two years getting to know Southern children, their parents, and teachers during the initial desegregation of schools in the Deep South. He has talked with both white and Negro children of different ages, backgrounds, and opinions. His study has been sponsored by the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta.

CHILDREN in the South today carry more than their books to school. I have spent two years with some of these children, trying to find out how they manage before mobs and in quiet classrooms. I have been interested in how children begin to learn about skin color, and what lessons they grasp in this regard at the different ages of childhood. I have wanted to know what a child psychiatrist can learn about the feelings, the fears and hopes of youth in the actual situations of desegregation.

I have heard and seen some surprises. Crowds gathered daily for an entire year around two elementary schools in New Orleans. In one of them three Negro girls learned to read and write in an empty building, more abandoned than desegregated. During that first year federal marshals escorted them to school. Their parents were threatened by phone and mail. On the street the girls were cursed, and in their homes they heard worried discussions about jobs and violence. The next year, like drops in a transfusion, a few white children returned and the boycott of the school was broken. By spring there were eighteen white and five Negro children in the school, and the three Negro girls finished the second grade in an obscurity which felt strange after their international notoriety of the previous year. "I don't get any more letters from people, and my picture doesn't show in the paper anymore," one lamented.

Drawing by a Negro schoolchild.

The lone Negro girl in the other school, Ruby Bridges, had always had several white children with her, sometimes as few as seven, but in the second year more than a hundred. One of the first children to return, a girl of six with blonde curls, approached Ruby, and, loyal to her mother's words, she told Ruby that she was not supposed to play with her. A few minutes later their teacher watched them busily jumping rope together.

The white children and their families received the attention of enraged and disorderly mobs. They suffered threats, damage to their homes, isolation, and the condemnation of their governor and state legislature. Ruby's father, who won the Purple Heart in Korea, lost his job, and his parents, living in a small Mississippi town, feared lynching. Yet all the while these children, both Negro and white, lived, played, and learned.

Unlike many children who need psychiatric help for a variety of difficulties, these young boys and girls show little evidence of illness. They have few temper tantrums or troubles in learning. They usually eat and sleep well. During the worst heckling of the crowds which surrounded the schools and intimidated many of their classmates, they had the quiet support of the school routine and they were closer than ever before to their parents.

Of course, no child can ignore the cries of per-

sistently mean people or continual tension at home or school. However, so long as their parents and teachers survive these trials, the children will usually be no less sturdy. The threats and abuse become part of the many problems which would normally confront them as they develop emotionally. When they are six, children's concern about right and wrong or the reasons for punishment is real. They wonder how things happen, are curious about God, how He affects them, and about what is His good and the devil's bad.

Ruby, for instance, was irritated anyway with her four younger brothers and sisters and frightened by her normal urge to remove them and alone possess her parents. Now she would feel contrite as she walked through the shabby press of accusing adults. "Am I bad?" she asked her mother often. "Does God want to punish me and nobody else? Will I be the only one in the family?" Several anxieties are joined in a few brief words. She takes the world around her and uses it to express conflict in herself, worried not only about her singular school experience but by how real her fantasies can become. Will she be the only one in the family to endure this stress, but, also, will she be left alone in the family, without her brothers and sisters? If so, will she be punished, perhaps at the hands of these strangers as well as by her parents? In her thoughts the crowd could represent a set of reproving parents or the myriad voices of her unfolding conscience instead of a group of obviously disturbed people.

Her mother reassured her, taking her to school, telling her daily of her family's support. She never denied Ruby's observations that "They don't like me" but told her that her family, all of them, loved her. Most important, her mother and father are strong and affectionate people, and it is this intimacy between basically sound parents and children which disperses the natural fears in the young. Under such family protection hard words and scowls are ineffective.

I SOON realized how little difference skin color makes in the way most children play and study with one another, how ironically well these battered schools held together on the inside while storms swirled without. A white mother said, "I never worried once my children actually were in school. They had a fine time together, and developed a real school spirit. The teachers were as nervous as we were, but soon the children sang songs like 'Frantz School Will Survive,' and the police guarding them joined in too. They were like a small family, and Ruby was a hero for the children. They really enjoyed the attention and

excitement. Several times I was ready to take them out; the strain was just unbearable. You'd never know what those people would do next . . . practically none of them had any children at the school. Most of the mothers around here were more scared than bothered about Ruby. But the kids, they never seemed afraid, and they wouldn't let us get too afraid either."

It is clear that the prejudices of parents do not weigh heavily on the young child's life in school. Even the strongest admonitions will often fail to dampen the natural inclination to see the other child as a playmate rather than as a racial antagonist. In a sense, the segregationists are right when they inveigh against children's "mixing" in the schools. They do romp flagrantly together. It is not that they are unaware of race, as is sometimes asserted. Children notice skin colors, and at five a child can talk in many ways about racial identity, depending on what his parents have urged.

It is astonishing how many attitudes are fixed in the first few years. I have seen Negro children draw pictures expressing their sense of rejection, of their shame and worthlessness, and their wish to rid themselves of these problems by having white skin. White children often locate their Negro classmates in separate inches of the drawing paper, sometimes encircling them with heavy black lines. Yet, even after we learn that innocence is no longer the issue, children can be seen contradicting the very fears they sketch out in their drawings. Living in an immediate world where what matters most to them is freedom of motion and the satisfactions of the moment, they end up singing and playing together with ease.

Determined parents, afraid themselves, can either transmit this fear to their sons and daughters or by example show them how to conquer it. As with animals or heights, children can become scared of dark skin or be taught to avoid it. A boy of four can associate brown skin with dirt, with what is bad or harmful. A young girl can associate black skin with the strange and forbidden. White skin can mean a powerful enemy to a Negro child or an elusive cleanliness granted only to others. Many white Southerners have customs and attitudes toward the Negro which have developed from childhood and hardened in later life. In order for these to affect their young children, they must be pushed hard on them. The passion of a phobia, the fire of real fear must be transmitted daily in their encounters with their children. I doubt whether any region can claim a monopoly of the zealously hateful, and so the children survive, despite the voluble crowds or the quieter displeasure of the more moderate.

There is no emotional incompatibility that I have seen between these young Southerners and federal laws on desegregation.

WHEN children get older they flex thoughts and opinions as well as their newly awakened bodies. Regardless of race, in every high school there are lithe, confident athletes, awkward young ladies embarrassed by the changes within themselves, shy, tentative boys, and deliciously untouched girls. In such circumstances it is not hard to imagine what could have happened when nine Negro adolescents walked into Atlanta high schools. What did happen depended to a large extent upon who the particular boy or girl was and how the student responded to the stresses of close scrutiny, or subtle or even open resentment. Equally significant determinants were the individual school, its teachers, and its traditions; each school partakes of the character of its own neighborhood. Another variable is the common problems of children who are growing older. The young child draws primary strength for survival from his family. The older child begins to leave his family and grapple awkwardly with private thoughts and emotions. When a child is twelve, ideas, many of them acquired long ago, assume new strength; children start expressing in words the attitudes formerly submerged in play. As the importance of action and of immediate rewards wanes, the children begin to look around themselves and question who they are or what they will become in the future. In these older children, racial attitudes and adjustments posed by desegregation merge with the other struggles of their development.

When the Atlanta school board decided to take only a scattering of Negro children for the initial attempt at desegregation, it had to choose among many aspirants. Despite interviews and a host of psychological tests, it would be difficult for any group of educators or psychiatrists to predict the progress of many of these children. The outcome for one of the nine selected demonstrates this uncertainty. She attended the school considered most favorable for entry of Negroes; it was located in a rather elegant section and had a record of high scholastic achievement. She came from a middle-class family and was an intelligent and attractive girl. Her teachers were kindly, and of the three Negroes enrolled, she was probably their favorite. Her classmates accepted her with a nervous but friendly notice. Her first grades in November, 1961, were the highest of those of all the nine Negro children in the four desegregated schools — two A's and three B's, achieved in the

toughest school program. Shortly thereafter she requested transfer back to her old high school, claiming emotional exhaustion and an inability to continue under what she felt to be trying conditions.

Her collapse created a stir in Atlanta. For some it confirmed the belief that Negroes are basically inferior and cannot last in white schools. Others were saddened and put the blame upon token desegregation, which isolates a handful of Negro children in a large white throng. The governor of Georgia expressed his sorrow for the child and pictured her an unfortunate victim of the N.A.A.C.P.

I had been talking with her every week as part of my study and had noticed signs of anxiety and moodiness. She was studying hard, sleeping very little. Her way of reacting to tension and possible disapproval was to work prodigiously and organize her living and thinking in great tightness and detail. She would dress neatly, smile appropriately, answer questions precisely. Being in a new and somewhat artificial situation, she and her two Negro friends were in many ways on a stage. Even with a friendly audience, this can be difficult. This girl took her role very seriously and could not turn a part of her energy to other concerns which might have made her less worried. She had never seen a psychiatrist before, and she certainly was not a disturbed or withdrawn child. But under this crisis a brittle personal and family history, hitherto balanced by a resourceful mind, became more oppressive in her daily life.

Others, perhaps less talented or gifted, often succeed because they are more flexible. You can see these children gird themselves, each in his own manner. One girl laughs away her anger. Another expresses her annoyance in sarcasm and her unfulfilled hopes in a kind of wistful, sad humor. A boy afflicted with severe headaches talks about dreams of revenge and victory. Lassitude hides tension, and fierce bursts of activity cover lurking despair. However, stubborn determination, bolstered by pride, is there too; these children are praised as well as scorned. One of them reminded me that "White folks don't realize that we're alway being insulted and treated badly. . . . This is a chance to do something even though you may get the same treatment as you get downtown in a store or in the park. . . . I'd rather go through it now, because I know it's got some meaning to it. . . . I'm doing something about it by going through it this time."

Their neighbors may approve and their parents take pride in them, but the adults are also afraid, and their fear is communicated particularly to the younger children. For a month before the desegregation of the Atlanta schools, these nine

families were subjected to incredible threats and abuse. In several homes even the parents, knowing full well the penalties and fearing job loss, opposed the children's wish to attend the white schools. Though these midnight callers, spewing desperate warnings, are only a small number, for the Negro families those few are a thousand, and the memory of accumulated suffering prevents calm detachment.

I HAVE spoken with white children who were glad to have Negroes with them in class and with others made uncomfortable by them. All these children are trying to juggle ancient traditions and new realities. Some are more artful than others, but not one is unaffected by this dramatic change in a way of living. A white girl recorded the following experiences on tape: "We were as nervous as they were at first. It's strange, and you feel funny for a while. The rooms were dead silent at first. . . . I got to know them because we were together in most classes. . . . He's a fine boy, and it's the first time I've ever known a Negro the way you know a white person, his personality, or him as a real individual. . . . I never could tell the difference between how Negroes look, but now I think maybe I can. . . . Something happens in the way you think after you get to know people. . . . I was never really a segregationist. I mean, I was never an integrationist, either. My parents are in favor of obeying the law. And you've got to change in this world. . . . I could really feel for those two, sitting alone at lunch, and everyone afraid to talk with them. A few were nasty to them, but most of us needed time to get used to it—I mean, them. And we did, so it's all more natural now."

This girl has captured the quiet sympathy which many white students felt during those first stiff weeks. Sympathy means knowing what another suffers, and for many white children of this age it can be very painful to see another student ostracized. In a curious mixture of prejudicial ideas and kindness one boy said to me with great emphasis, "I didn't want them to come here. I didn't want them, the way I feel when I give my name or say I'm from Georgia. It's the way I've grown up to feel. But when they came I felt sorry for them. . . . I've gone through things like that, feeling that no one cares or will speak to me."

Few children are so instantly aware of their feelings. In Atlanta one Negro girl, having endured a year of loneliness and occasional insult, graduated with high honors but considerable relief. Toward the end of the year she gloomily said, "I can count on the fingers of one hand the

friendly words said to me all year." But her words were premature. As her last day of school ended, fifteen white students approached her for the first time, asking her permission to write in her year-book:

"Please forgive me for not being friendlier this year. I am truly sorry for my silence, but I'm sure you can understand why."

Another said, "I have enjoyed knowing you this year. I guess you know why I haven't become better acquainted with you, but I personally think I've missed a great opportunity."

A girl who once had glared at her wrote, "We have all had our problems in this year of great change, but I have come to respect you very much."

The Negro girl had sensed many unrevealed friends, often catching a hasty furtive smile when a corridor was suitably empty, but she had never expected so direct a confrontation.

Another breed is the children who are committed, fervid segregationists. They deserve careful scrutiny, because they show us how fear can mark the white child as well as the Negro. These children can be differentiated from other white children by their stormy concern and involvement with the Negro. Several such children persuaded me of the strength of their emotions during our meetings:

"They're dragging us all down," a husky, handsome boy of considerable academic ability told me. "I'm against them because they're not like us, and they don't belong here. They're like animals. They're dirty, all of them. . . . It serves her right, what happened today in class was just a little of what she deserves. We never asked her to come here. Why don't they stay with their own? She gives me the creeps, the way she sits there and smiles. I watch her, though, and I'll bet she's really uncomfortable. . . . Gives you something to do all day, keep your eye on the nigger. . . . I almost touched one the other day on the bus, reminded me of school again. I try to keep away from them. . . . It's not only the way they look, it's just the way they are, they're not civilized."

Recurrent themes appear. These white children are afraid of contamination, of savagery, of seduction, or annihilation by these dark, promiscuous carriers of disease. Talking of these threats with a strange urgency, they reveal that when a Negro is hurt they get angrier, become more excited and critical, and shout louder and longer. Also, more and more excuses for the episode must be found. One boy described the suffering of a Negro girl with evident approval, but added, "I wish she'd leave and go back to Africa or someplace." I felt that his wish, always expressed at moments like this, meant that he was unconsciously touched

by her plight and anxious to allow her some escape. Only with a show of denunciation and dismissal could he express his contradictory feelings of concern and guilt.

The teachers have shared this period of adjustment. One described the opening days as follows: "We were as nervous as the children. It was as new to us as to them, and it took getting used to, despite our preparations." When together in groups they talk about how they can ease tension with a phrase here or a question there; how their own behavior will be imitated by those children more surprised than alarmed by integration. While many of the teachers hold private opinions against integration, most are more concerned with their work and eager to keep its professional integrity. This delicate balance between firmly held prejudices and their respect for their jobs may collapse, but I think so far they have acquitted themselves impressively. Most of the Negro children have relied heavily upon the teachers in moments of panic, and these same teachers have helped white children express their natural friendliness. Errors can be found, room for improvement located, but I feel the predominant judgment of Negro and white children would be highly favorable to their Southern schoolteachers.

Teachers anywhere are willing to listen to what children think of them but unwilling to allow children to determine their professional behavior. In Atlanta most teachers wisely resist letting decisions be made by plebiscite. They sense the uncertainty about desegregation among the children, and, aware that you cannot order children to love one another, they simply try to help them cooperate as a group of students. Whether or not the students get along depends to a certain extent on their teacher's attitude. Once the momentum is established, the friendliness will persist without the teacher's continuing initiative. In such cases Negro children have attended games or dances without the specific approval of nervous school officials, but had a fairly relaxed time because of the friendliness generated by certain teachers' efforts.

THE first two years of desegregation in cities of the Deep South can hardly be easy for all. But young people in the South are growing up in a world which differs sharply from that of their parents. The distances between people and countries are shrinking; television brings swift news of Africa or Asia into almost every American home; and men are beginning to reach out for other planets even as they worry about the extinction of the human race. These events are very much part of the daily life of the child. Even the youngest

schoolchild studies maps and draws spaceships. Parents may offer large doses of prejudice to their children, but children spot the contradictions in their parents' thinking. Particularly as they grow up, they question and doubt, showing stubborn, even fierce independence as they strive to find themselves as individuals. They may come back to some of what they have disowned, but surely what the parent believes can never fully circumscribe what the child will do.

Despite the troubles in these desegregated schools, hopeful signs persist. After a year or two of classroom contact with a Negro boy or girl, a white child will say, "I feel differently toward them, I just do. It's hard to explain, but you just get to know them." It is harder for some than for others, but there are chain reactions in which friends influence friends where no adult could succeed. Two white students stated repeatedly that their opinions changed because of the influence of some of their friends rather than the Negro children. Such distinctions are important to the young.

Also important is a slow but significant increase in the number of those sensitive to the problems of others. Small changes in attitude over a period of months point out the difference between opinions reflecting social customs and hate rising from deep fears. We can clinically separate the fretful from the violent; the single-minded preoccupations of the violent contrast with the shifting annoyances of most people.

Brought together by history in a new light of equality, each of these Negro and white children must abandon old suspicions. The white children admit surprise as they describe an intelligent answer from a Negro in a class. A child who maintained his father's militant segregationist opinions undermined them by his own observation, from a disapproving distance, of the real ability and poise of a Negro girl. The inaccuracy of many racial myths requires that they endure only with the conspiracy of the entire society. Though we cannot legislate affections or forbid hatreds, people can come to see the real world and be encouraged to give up the most blinding kinds of distortions. Often it is not just ignorance which corrupts basic reason, but the weight of social maneuver.

In many cases the white child has been reared and loved by a black maid. As he grows up he does not learn to hate her, but she remains part of his childhood, kept there because he is told that, unlike him, she is a child — full grown, often lovable and helpful, but always a child. However, today the white child finds that the black child of his own age is not necessarily dumb, silly, or backward, but is another schoolmate. Many white children see more than they may presently dare to

say. They hear good replies in class, and they see good marks on homework or tests. Seeing Negro children dressed like themselves, reading the same books, using similar vocabularies, they find it harder and harder to believe that their fellow students are paid conspiratorial agents or some such nonsense.

Negro children have their own share of unhappy and sometimes untruthful notions to correct. Long years of subjugation cannot be readily blotted out by newly gained rights. The heritage of dispersed ancestors, held in bondage, lives on in suspicion or a hesitant aloofness which masks much more powerful hate. Many Negroes have learned only too well the white man's sermon that they are worthless, suitable only for menial tasks. Others can only loathe a world which so scorns them. Whether they distrust themselves or others — or, more likely, both — these Negro children must learn to accept kindness from those who offer daily proof that old sins are not always carried on. Two weeks before the end of the school year a Negro boy said to me, "I've found that I'm not so self-conscious anymore. I didn't trust them at first, even when they smiled or talked with me. I thought they were just being smart, or maybe fooling with one another at my expense. I decided to let them make the first move. But some of them are real nice. I guess I know that now. I remember when I first decided to walk over to a table on my own and sit with them. I knew the kids were friendly, but it's hard to gauge how friendly. It was probably easier for them after I did, just like it was for me. We really got to know one another, just like you do outside of class."

In the South today children are receiving more and more of this informal and ungraded education.

Ruby's mother in New Orleans told me how great the contrast is between the way she gets along with other mothers at school functions and her daughter gets along with their children in school. Parents in Atlanta sometimes sit back and reflect on how well things are going and how surprising it is to them when their children bring home not only their studies but stories of a whole new world of human contact. In a sense, we are seeing the slow attrition of colonialism within our own country. Out of the tragic accidents and sins of our history there developed a nation apart of proscribed people, who could pass on to their children little but the hardest of work and cheapest of pleasure. Their dreams of freedom are now becoming alive and real for their children.

A walk along the streets of Northern cities and even a cursory look at Northern schools inform us that the boundaries of segregation are not regional. Even though the South should not be defended for its habits and, worse, its laws, pride and smugness are not very attractive either, particularly when in some of our Northern slums live Negroes as lost and deprived of opportunity as those in the South. Negro children of the Northern slums often receive much less attention than the children I have mentioned here.

These children living in the South today, black and white alike, tell a psychiatrist much about young people under stress. But they show all of us that children can survive and flourish in spite of our many mistakes. Racial hatred may be the livelihood of some politicians, one of the few possessions of the poor and disinherited, the salve of the insecure, or the indulgence of the rich, but it is not part of the baggage of human inheritance. Southern children are being liberated in order to live a fuller life than ever before.

LITTLE LEAGUERS

HAVE BIG PROBLEMS —

THEIR PARENTS

by **Jim Brosnan**

Since its inception in 1939, Little League baseball has burgeoned into a highly organized program boasting more than 5800 teams. Its effect upon today's youngsters is here told by JIM BROSINAN, the Cincinnati pitcher who is known not only for his great throwing arm but also for his best-selling books, THE LONG SEASON and PENNANT RACE.



BASEBALL is a simple game. It offers a group of individuals moderate exercise in the fresh air and an eminently fair chance to prove that by working together as a team they can play as well as or better than another group of players. Traditional rules, easily grasped by most seven-year-old American males, provide for a limit on game time, thereby assuring that the exercise won't be too fatiguing and that the superiority of winner over loser won't stretch to an unendurable margin.

To the professional ballplayer, baseball is a good way to make a living. To Rex Stout, a prolific writer and typically ardent fan, baseball is a test of whether or not there is justice in the world. To a million American youths — preadolescents, adolescents, and teen-agers — baseball is rapidly becoming a social status symbol replete with too much aggressiveness, competitiveness, and emphasis on winning. It is not a world the kids made.

Forty years ago, in the golden era of American sport, when Babe Ruth was murdering pitchers and Ty Cobb was cutting up second basemen, baseball was the accepted national pastime, the thing to do for all boys of all ages. When Dad arrived home from work and asked, "Where are the boys?", Mom said, "Playing baseball, I suppose." And life's serenity continued, no more questions

asked. For baseball is a simple game, safer than most child's play, such as rock-throwing and street rumbles.

Today, in the golden era of Little League, baseball may be somewhat less popular a national pastime, but it is a lot more organized. Dad comes home earlier, partly because he doesn't have to work as long at his job and partly because the boys are waiting for him to take them to their ball park. This playground, built by Dad, features carefully supervised baseball games directed by Dad and watched, with parental concern, by Mom, Sis, Aunt Tillie, and an organized cheering section rooting for their boys. Unfortunately, say some sociologists, vocational counselors, and pediatric psychoanalysts, this is too much of a good thing for the boys, and therefore Little League baseball is bad for boys. A look at the evidence might lead to a more logical conclusion — too many organizers can spoil a good sport.

Abuses of sportsmanship in Little League baseball are about as common as a good fistfight at second base, but reports of incidents are not as widely circulated as other juvenile delinquencies. The following incidents occurred during one Little League season in the suburban areas that ring Chicago, Illinois. They are considered typical by vocal detractors of kids' baseball.

Drawings by Charles Greer, from LITTLE LEAGUE TOURNAMENT, by C. Paul Jackson, published by Hastings House.

A father noisily encourages his twelve-year-old, who stands at the plate facing an eleven-year-old pitcher on the mound: "You gonna let that little — strike you out!"

A boy stands on first base, crying, as the rest of his team leaves the field. He had dropped a thrown ball, and his error lost the game. "I can't go home! My daddy will be mad."

Two neighbors stop speaking to each other after one of them (a volunteer umpire) had called the other's boy out on strikes. (It was a questionable decision, but the reaction was ridiculous.)

A mother shoves her Little Leaguer into her car after the game. "You embarrassed me in front of all my friends!"

An outspoken father harasses a Little League manager: "You can't take my boy out now. We can't win without him." "He's pitched his three innings," says the manager. "On this team every boy plays." "You don't *want* to win," yells the father. "You're a lousy manager!"

A riot breaks out in the stands. The stakes on the game had reached serious limits, and the various bettors, parents all, resort to first-class name-calling and third-rate punch-throwing. The game is called, of course, because gambling is not allowed at Little League games.

There appears to be a basic human conflict that upsets relations among participating organizers and interested spectators of Little League games. There are those parents who are out to win every game and who hate to see their boy or their boy's team lose. And there are parents who, in the majority, agree with Little League leaders that every boy should have a chance to play in the games. The following dialogue of two parents fighting to reorganize a three-year-old Little League in a western Chicago suburb illustrates some of the divergent opinions of the hardheaded extremists:

"There's only one way to play baseball — to win."

"The guys who talk winning at all costs often don't take time to practice. I play every boy in my games, and every boy shows up for every game. Some managers sometimes can't field a team at game time. Kids who know they won't play have no incentive to participate in the league."

"You can win only if you play your best players. How can a boy make the all-star team if he doesn't get enough chances to prove he's the best?"

"Every boy who pays his five dollars and wears his Little League insignia should get a chance to swing the bat or throw a ball in a game." (The Everybody Plays group forced the Winning Is All group to accept a rule that says each boy must play three innings per week and no boy can sit on the

bench for more than two consecutive games.)

"It's common knowledge that a boy would rather sit on the bench of a winning team than play every game for a loser." (One peculiar Little League rule provides that an eleven-year-old who sits on the bench most of one season will probably play the following year, because holdovers automatically make the team.)

"Kids should want to win — try to win if they can. You can't let them get away with a lot of foolishness. Sometimes you have to step on them, but they know what you mean. They're all good boys."

"Pollyannas don't belong in baseball." (The "Pollyanna" of this little discourse finished second in his league's play.)

THERE are some two dozen local and national programs devoted to telling boys aged seven to eighteen how to play baseball. The biggest, best-organized, and most widely criticized of these programs is that of Little League Baseball, Inc. The seeds of this fructifying structure were sown in 1939 with a three-team league. It now has more than 5800 branches, and the pollen is still falling on every urban and suburban area that has a population of at least 15,000.

The international headquarters of Little League Baseball, Inc., is at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where the administrative affairs of the organization have become so complex that it takes a fifteen-man board of directors, three actively operating committees, and a nonprofit foundation to run things. Little League Foundation has fifteen trustees, including Walter O'Malley of the Los Angeles Dodgers and Dan Topping of the New York Yankees. What's good enough for them should be good enough for baseball. The magnitude of the operation is enough to confound the author, who as a twelve-year-old played most of his baseball in an unused portion of a cemetery where the most practical limitation of the daily game was the headstone of the nearest grave two hundred and fifty feet from home plate.

Over the years Little League Baseball, Inc., has operated under close-knit, tightly organized policies. They, in turn, have developed certain tendencies toward exclusiveness that have alienated youth leaders and youth groups who may dispute the righteousness of Little League gospel, and therefore have a tough time getting a Little League charter. One Little League rule says that no boy who plays in any other organized program should be considered as a candidate for Little League. By executive sanction, then, boys' baseball will be Little League baseball. Certification

of all Little League players rests with Little League headquarters in Williamsport, and failure of a franchised league to comply with Little League policies subjects the league to revocation of its Little League charter. Fathers who as boys had to play with “nickel rockets” — old baseballs covered with electrician’s tape — now find their sons’ right to play sometimes hampered by tape of a different color.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the unilateral control exercised by Williamsport headquarters, dissension among local Little League leaders and regional directors has been fostered. And occasionally festers. One youth-group leader of a competing program, PONY League, views Little League problems with humorous alarm. “They have trouble getting along with each other. In one recent New York meeting the four regional directors stayed in four different hotels!” Sportsmanship was not an issue at that time.

The problems of local Little League administrators range from the simply practical to the practically impossible. “In our system,” says one Little League president, “the problem is money. We get five dollars from each kid, but it costs us seven dollars to put him on the field.”

Team sponsors put up part of the capital, but the rest of the money is raised, in a great measure, by the Little League Ladies Auxiliary. “Women,” according to one Little League director, “are good for food handling, fund raising, and general usefulness.” “Don’t forget transportation,” added a Little League mother. “I should have a card in the Teamsters Union, considering all the kids, equipment, and refreshments I truck back and forth each season.”

The population explosion adds to the local director’s troubles. “Every kid thinks he has to play Little League to ‘belong.’ We keep expanding to accommodate him.”

Most Little Leagues are divided into the major league and one or more minor leagues. No given area is allowed more than eight major league teams of fifteen players each, but there may be many more boys able and willing to play. In one system there are three times as many boys in the minor leagues as there are in the majors. “As far as I’m concerned,” says the president of that system, “*everybody* in the system is Little League, but the fathers don’t think so. Some of them, at least, think that only the major leaguers are Little Leaguers. The rest are bushers. Williamsport doesn’t help any.” (According to a Little League directive, “It should be kept in mind that for the most part the minor league is the train-

ing area for the local league.”) Parents who regard their children as articles of personal adornment want their Little Leaguers to shine as brightly as possible. Every child exposed to parental anxiety finds this a serious handicap to his development, especially in right field, where two hands are plenty when it is time to catch a fly ball.

The methods of selecting Little League players have some of the sordidness and much of the fascination of the business operations of professional athletic clubs. The major league team of an established Little League selects its new players from the minor league system on either the “draft” or the “auction” basis.

Under the draft system, the team that finished last in the previous season gets first pick of the new material; the seventh-place team gets second choice, and so forth. The quality of the new players is customarily judged at the annual minor league all-star game, a showcase which the major league managers attend en masse. The boys are under considerable pressure to do well.

In the auction system, those boys eligible for selection have a price set on them, and managers bid for them in a closed meeting. “At no time shall players be told their price tag” — or so it is implied in Section xviii of the Little League manual. Somehow that seems unreasonable and discriminatory. Moreover, it hardly prepares the boy for the future, when he is called upon to sell his own services to a college or professional team. Putting a price on a boy’s ability to play is obviously serious, adult business. It seems to indicate that the decline of the amateur spirit has reached the lowest level — excluding baby beauty contests.

Tryouts are held for free agents — those who have not been spoken for or who have not yet had a chance to show their ability — at least twelve days before the first scheduled game of the new season. At that time, team rosters are selected by the managers.

“Tryouts are usually chaos and confusion, though,” say many Little League managers. “Besides, who wants the free agents? The only reason they’re free is because they’re no good. All the boys who can help you win are up for draft or auction, anyway.”

In the first year of operation, Little League tryouts are as fair for the boys as they are for the managers. Still, one bright and aggressive manager of a Chicago North Shore team found a way to beat those odds. Having bird-dogged the available talent and preselected the best to be had, he invited those worthies to the movies on the day of the tryouts. His team won the championship hands down, and his method of operation became widely known as the Wilmette Gambit. It is

frowned upon by the organization at Williamsport.

Criticism of Little League by parents and adults who do not participate in the program is often marked by disinterest and vague contempt. An executive of a Pittsburgh glass company said, "I'm happy to give ten bucks to the guy who finds a place for the kids to play. All the corner lots seem to have supermarkets on them. But let's find them a field, make it theirs, tell them about it, and then leave them alone. 'Go play, you little monsters!' They don't want *me* around when they're playing ball!"

Another successful businessman says, "The people who run Little League and PONY League and all the rest of them are usually on the lowest part of the sociological curve, guys who can't quite make it in their business, married, or social life. So they take it out on the kids of everybody else."

The experience of one research-minded health critic indicates that the emphasis on winning affects adults more than it does Little Leaguers. The blood pressure of the boy who pitched a no-hitter in a championship game was checked immediately after the game. The blood pressure of the boy's coach was checked at the same time. The boy's was normal; the coach's had soared to the shock level — which served him right for making a serious business out of child's play.

Parental interference is considered the main impediment to realizing the aims of Little League, PONY League, and other organized programs of this type. Some efforts have been made by local and national organizations to change or improve

the attitudes of parents who work out their own personal problems through their children. In Denver's Old-Timer's League, a boys' program similar to Little League, the sobering influence of certain parents was exercised, vigilante fashion, on grandstand coaches and spectator critics. "Stay in the stands and off the field or we'll make you a coach!"

A national conference of youth-group leaders was held in Chicago in the spring of 1961. Attending were representatives from most national organizations — Little League Baseball, Inc., PONY and COLT baseball, the American Amateur Baseball Congress, and even the American Academy of Pediatrics. Attempts were made to re-evaluate the purposes and the roles of the volunteer leaders of youth athletic programs. In Little League, especially, a change of pace seems to be most desirable. Preadolescents are immature and can't be expected to live up to the physical and emotional guidelines of older children — parents included. *Winning* games should not be given the importance that belongs, in the Little League age group, to *playing* games.

There should be no quarrel with the desire of parents to teach boys how to play baseball, how to play together, and how to enjoy the experience. Boys — all children — must be taught the fundamentals of any useful activity; but then they must be encouraged to set their own tasks, work for themselves, and get along with their associates. Having learned the true core of sportsmanship, they won't be defeated easily in any game.



TO A CHILD AT THE PIANO

BY ALASTAIR REID

Play the tune again; but this time
with more regard for the movement at the source of it,
and less attention to time. Time falls
curiously in the course of it.

Play the tune again; not watching
your fingering, but forgetting, letting flow
the sound till it surrounds you. Do not count
or even think. Let go.

Play the tune again; but try to be
nobody, nothing, as though the pace
of the sound were your heart beating, as though
the music were your face.

Play the tune again. It should be easier
to think less every time of the notes, of the measure.
It is all an arrangement of silence. Be silent, and then
play it for your pleasure.

Play the tune again; and this time, when it ends,
do not ask me what I think. Feel what is happening
strangely in the room as the sound glooms over
you, me, everything.

Now,
play the tune again.

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NOTES FROM A MATERNITY WARD

BY SUSANNE HOEBER RUDOLPH

A social scientist who teaches government at Harvard, SUSANNE HOEBER RUDOLPH is in India, where she and her husband are studying the relationship between the caste system and the political order in one of the Indian states. She wrote this article after coming home from the hospital with her first baby.

HAVING a baby is exciting not only because one adds a new generation to the family, not only because a baby has its charm, but because the very process of having a baby is fascinating. One of the things that struck me as I tried to initiate myself into the art of motherhood was the range of philosophies of the various generations from whom I drew my advice. Once you have had the baby, you do not see very much of the doctor anymore. But you do see a great many nurses, who perform a number of functions for the recuperating mother and the baby. In my hospital, a fashionable place for urban and suburban matrons in and around Boston to have their babies, the difference between the older and younger nurses was marked. The older ones were punctual, definite, and specific about directions, while the younger were softer, friendlier, less punctual, and less conspicuously efficient.

I had a couple of elderly, firm, no-nonsense women who would show me how to feed the baby, implying by their manner that there was a right way which everyone had to learn. The younger ones never did show me how, apparently assuming that this was a natural instinct. I'm not sure which I liked better: the older ones were so definite about it that I rather wished they wouldn't

bother; the younger ones would have been a help had they been willing to give an inexperienced person like myself a little more direction. I think the difference in attitude was due not merely to the fact that some were older and some younger, but to the fact that the older generation regarded nursing a baby as a science, while the younger regarded it more as an instinct.

This notion was certainly borne out by my attendance at the so-called "mothers' class." Three days after I had Jenny, I was invited to attend one of these and gratefully accepted the invitation. The setting itself was amusing; there were fifteen to twenty women about my age assembled in a room containing some twenty not very cozy straight-backed chairs. Since all of us had had our babies only a few days before, most of us teetered awkwardly on the very edges of these chairs for the hour that we were expected to listen. The lady in charge of the class was a thin, efficient person, wearing one of those hygienic gauze turbans which all the nursery nurses wear. I assume that she wore it on this particular occasion more as a badge of office than as a functional headgear — a badge that one somehow felt had grown onto her in the twenty-five years which, as she kept reminding us, she had been in "this business."

Wood engraving by Nora Unwin. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

She lectured for sixty close-packed minutes. Since, owing no doubt to academic habit, I had a pencil and paper in my dressing gown pocket, I took notes and found I had the next thing to writer's cramp at the end of the hour. Her account was both disconcerting and reassuring — reassuring because I had the best scientific advice for all eventualities; disconcerting because there were so many things to remember that I was sure I could not possibly remember them all. The changes in generational philosophy were perhaps best illustrated by what happened half an hour after the mothers' class. My young (thirtyish) pediatrician came to visit me in my room, and upon hearing that I had been to the mothers' class, made a face, and when he heard that I had taken notes, even more of a face.

"Did she tell you to wash all the new diapers before you tried putting them on the baby?"

"Yes," said I.

"And did she tell you to put a bath towel at the bottom of the baby's bath before you bathed her?"

"Yes," said I.

As a matter of fact, I had made very special note of these two bits of advice from the voice of experience.

"Forget it," he said. "Just enjoy your baby."

He seems to represent a new style of institutionalized casualness among pediatricians, a style which, I gather from talking to my friends, is becoming general among the present generation of children's doctors. He pooh-poohs scales, because they make the young mother worry about whether her baby is gaining enough; thermometers, because if the baby is really sick you ought to be able to feel it on its forehead; and even so stable and standard an item as baby powder, suggesting instead that one can always use cornstarch.

The new school is obviously based on the assumption that your instincts will be right. That is a very good corrective for the overconcerned mother who feels she has to obey all the rules in detail. On the other hand, it is not completely comforting for a mother who is not sure that she has any instincts about what to do with her baby. When I got home, I found that a close adherence to the spirit of my doctor's advice — not worrying too much — made good sense, but that my notes from the lecture by the overly careful nurse were a great comfort when I did not know quite what to do. What pediatricians do not always understand is the magical values of such closely reasoned rules as the nurse gave us in the mothers' class. All primitive societies have a series of rituals to make the new mother feel at ease, to make her feel that somehow she is doing the right thing to smooth her baby's path to the future in the best possible way. In our society we no longer believe in magic

rites to create a harmony between mother, baby, and the universe. We have substituted scientific rules instead.

The trouble with the new generation of pediatricians is that they are telling the young mother that she can have neither ritual nor science. I think it may be well to give her one or two pieces of absolutely useless ritual to go through when she feels she is not doing everything quite right for the baby. When she sterilizes the formula, she is not merely sterilizing the formula; she is also reassuring herself that she is a good mother and somehow properly introducing her baby to a complicated world.

I suspect that rules like those of the overly finicky nurse may be particularly useful to young mothers in the absence of grandmothers. Apparently our generation is not supposed to call in a grandmother to help in the process of learning how to care for a baby. Everybody knows that the notions of the grandmother are outdated and that grandmother will intervene in the felicitous establishment of an intimate relationship between the parents and their child. Since everybody knows this, including grandmother, my modern, competent, self-confident mother proved remarkably diffident about offering advice. Today new mothers have to fall back on the nurse in the mothers' class or Dr. Spock, that splendid substitute for grandmother.

Having said all this, I might add that I am not sure I would ultimately have stood for more ritualism than my doctor was willing to provide. That is the trouble with being a member of a liberated female generation, and an academic female at that; one yearns for the protections of another age and status but cannot stand the restrictions and patronizing they imply.

APART from my interest in the people around me in the hospital, I was astonished by the effect that the process of childbearing itself seemed to have on me. I think I now understand the mechanism of what is called the postpartum depression much better. In the first few days after Jenny was born, I suddenly recalled many things which I had not remembered for years and years. I had a very clear and sharp recollection of myself as a small girl; I could recall incidents of my childhood that had not been in my mind since they happened.

I found that I was dreaming strange dreams, some of them extremely beautiful and fanciful, with Paul Klee-like castles and birds and trees and animals of brilliant colors and imaginative shapes, a lovely child's fairyland. I also had ter-

rifying dreams, in which there were creepy beasts with many legs, black furry things which were threatening me and which crawled out from under something or other. Both were children's dreams of a kind that I have not had since I have been an adult, since my rational self began to structure dreams in a less fanciful fashion. I noted that for the first few days I invariably used nothing but German endearments on Jenny. I was born a German, and presumably these must have been endearments used on me. I do recall that my mother called me *Spatzchen* ("baby sparrow"), and I know that I called Jenny that, among other things, for several days.

I believe that in those early days I was reliving a lot of my childhood experience. I also found that my emotions were terribly near the surface; I could cry at almost anything, both good and bad things. When Jenny was brought in to me, I cried because it was so nice, and if someone told me something mildly cheerless, I cried. I think that having a baby may produce, through physiological and partly through psychological means, an effect somewhat similar to that of the psycho-analytic process. It brings back experiences which have been lost for quite a long time. I imagine that women who have a serious postpartum depression find that in the process of this recapitulation, which is, after all, carried on in the absence of a psychiatrist, they come across aspects of their youth with which they cannot deal without help and which, in their extremely vulnerable psychological state, disturb them deeply. I found my condition in those early days after Jenny's birth rather dreamlike and wonderful, and simultaneously very disturbing.

What surprised me further was that this condition disappeared in the course of perhaps a week without my really noticing it. It suddenly dawned upon me, after I had been home from the hospital a week, that I was no longer dreaming, or if I dreamed, it was only my usual less fanciful dreams, and I was no longer calling Jenny by German endearments. The vulnerability lasted a bit longer; I still found it very easy to cry after a couple of weeks home from the hospital. But in time even that went away.

The "how to have a baby" handbooks all suggest that there may be something unusual in the immediate postpartum experience. They talk about women's crying easily, about their finding it a particularly emotional time, about how husbands should be kind and considerate and not growl back. But none of the books led me to expect quite so strange and moving a psychological experience.

The memory of the experience itself is beginning to disappear now, as my everyday self reasserts

itself in the course of the work that I have to do. When I first resumed my academic activity a week after I came home, I did not know whether I liked it or resented it. On the one hand, the resumption of paper reading and paper grading and lecturing seemed to drive away the curious dreamland in which I had been living, and I resented the fact because the dreamland had been so pretty. On the other hand, my work helped me put my everyday universe back together; it seemed extraordinarily hazardous to be out in the world with so dreamlike a frame of mind. Certainly when I came home from the hospital, I felt as though I were much too young and vulnerable to be able to manage all the responsibilities which the baby and the relentless pressure of my academic work in January imposed on me.

It occurred to me that having a baby wrote *finis* to whatever remained of my own childhood, that from now on I could no longer permit myself any of the luxury of a childlike frame of mind, which, after all, even adults sometimes resort to. That seemed quite frightening for the moment; I felt a huge additional burden of responsibility descending on my shoulders and heavy days ahead forevermore. Since then I have started feeling lighthearted again, and find that after all I still have cheerful pockets of irresponsibility and a husband and friends to indulge me in them.

I discussed the weighty feeling of this new responsibility with a friend who has five children and who seemed to me the model of natural motherliness. After watching me and Jenny for some hours, she had remarked wistfully that I must be one of those rare women to whom motherhood comes naturally. I protested that this was not true, because I still found in myself corners of panic about the permanent and inescapable quality of this obligation. Surely, I said, she had never felt like that, but had accepted the obligation quite smoothly. No, she said, she had not really given in to the responsibility until her second child was several months old. She remembered the moment vividly: she and her husband had been engaged in a lively conversation with friends when the baby started to cry upstairs. Her husband interrupted himself to tell her that the baby was crying. Since that was obvious, the sentence somehow brought home to her that she, and no one else, carried this responsibility, and she spoke of going upstairs in despair and fury at the inescapableness of the fact. She remembers picking up the child and comforting it even while her resentment continued to smolder. And then, she remembers, the child fell asleep, and her resentment drained from her. It never again returned in the same full force, and she believes it was only then that she became a real mother.

To some extent, the circumstances of enforced independence under which the young mother comes home add to the weightiness of the responsibility. All the books I read made much of the fact that if I had someone in to help at the beginning — either mother or nurse — I should try to get her to do the housework and take charge of baby myself. The literature implied that at this moment above all the advice of the previous generation should be given short shrift, and the virtues of single-generation self-sufficiency practiced. “It’s *your* baby,” the books advised, as if one did not know it only too well. I suspect that I liked it best that way since I’m enough a child of my generation to take a dim view of the wisdom of the elders. But I wonder whether this particular difficulty, the feeling that one had abruptly and forever given up one’s childhood and the protection and comforts that go with it, afflicted women in the past. The era of the omnipresent grandmother, to say nothing of the joint family household in other societies, must surely have diluted the weightiness of the new obligation. One must have remained daughter even as one became mother, and felt more protected, even though more interfered with.

One final thing occurred to me when I was thinking over the experiences of the hospital in the period shortly after I came home. It seems to me that a pregnant woman may establish a most extraordinary and unique relationship with the man who delivers her baby. My doctor is a very nice man, though not necessarily one with whom I would, in the ordinary course of events, have much in common. His interests and tastes are different from my own, and I feel that we live in very different worlds. I tried to explain to my husband when I came home from my first visit to

the doctor why, though I felt him to be so very different, I thought I would have confidence in him as an obstetrician. I recall saying something incoherent about how he made me feel that he and I together could manage this thing very nicely. I do not think I really understood why I put my faith in him as an obstetrician until those rather painful two hours before Jenny was born. As the lady from the next cubicle in the labor room told me sometime later, “I heard him talk to you and encourage you in your labor, and he gave courage to us all” — referring to herself and the other two women in the labor room. I suppose that the relationship between a doctor and his patient at the time of the birth is about as intimate as a relationship between a man and a woman can be if they are not lovers, simply because of the physical processes that are involved. I suppose that when a woman makes a decision about her obstetrician, she makes some kind of assumption that he will be helpful to her at that crucial moment.

I know that not all women feel that their obstetricians served them well, and I should think that a woman would be particularly resentful if one had failed her. Being a good obstetrician seems to require much more than mere technical competence; it also requires a very high sensitivity to the psychological and physiological processes of labor as it reaches the climax.

Now that I am back at work, I look back on the birth of my baby a little bit as I used to look back on summer romances — very sweet and unrecapturable experiences which drew their special quality from the fact that they were exceptional. I wonder if I will feel the same way about my second baby.

YOU CAN'T PET A CHICKEN



SIDNEY PETERSON

Born in 1912 in Oakland, California, SIDNEY PETERSON has had an unorthodox career. Among other things, he has been a draftsman for a naval architect, founder of a film company in Seattle, a television director and writer, and a writer of cartoon scenarios for United Productions of America and Walt Disney. His UPA scripts include THE INVISIBLE MOUSTACHE OF RAOUL DUFY and THE MERRY-GO-ROUND IN THE JUNGLE. The latter is regarded by people in the industry as a masterpiece. He is the author of A FLY IN THE PIGMENT, published in 1961 by Angel Island Publications.

IN A recent California divorce case a woman took the stand to testify that Yogi Bear had come between her and her husband, whose passion for the animated ursine hero was having a disastrous effect upon their three children, all of tender years. The judge thought she was talking about Yogi Berra. Ten years earlier she might have been. Times, however, change. Ballplayers are still culture heroes, but so are the bears and bunnies of the small and wide screens, and with the advantage, as it were, of having no seasons. Among young adults — which is to say, people over twelve who still go to the movies — Bugs Bunny is at least as popular as Willie Mays.

Does this contemporary bunny worship mean a return to the adoration of Manibozho, once so fashionable, or of Osiris Unnefer? I think not. What has happened, I am convinced, is that further inroads have been made into the steadily diminishing child world, and we are experiencing a vigorous revival of that kiddy cult which William Empson, in his classic study of the pastoral form in

Photograph of Disneyland by Ward Allan Howe from Ewing Galloway.

literature, *Some Versions of Pastoral*, has so cleverly identified as a version of pastoral.

Is the Yogi then really a shepherd in a bear's skin? Or is he, perhaps, one of D. B. Wyndham Lewis' irresponsible "revolutionary simpletons," disguised as a disguised shepherd? In that shadowy world in which such questions have their being, few things are certain. One is that baseball has not yet been identified as a pastoral pursuit. Another is that one must distinguish between the child and the cult, which is no more concerned with the real child than Vergil, say, was concerned with real shepherds. This puts the child in a somewhat peculiar position, since, in effect, it denies his reality. It also gives him a somewhat special relationship to the bestiary of the animated cartoon, a mock world which we enjoy, as so many have so often declared, precisely because it is *not* real.

Not all unreality is pastoral, and not all cartoons are engendered by the kiddy cult. Nevertheless, certain cultish elements seem to be so basic to the

medium that their presence is practically inevitable. The talking animal convention and the one about changes in relative size, both devices once familiar to a reading public in *Gulliver's Travels* and in the two *Alices*, constitute a resource that is not only inevitable but indispensable. Some time ago, for example, one of the networks proposed to a producer the production of an animated version of the radio show called *Amos 'n' Andy*. When the producer raised a question about the financial wisdom of releasing such a show in a still segregated world, considering the greater impact of seeing as opposed to mere hearing, the network replied that it had already considered that problem and proposed to deal with it by substituting small talking animals or Southerners for Negroes. For all I know to the contrary, the vice president in charge of such matters for that particular network is an avid reader of Uncle Remus and a serious student of the arcadian tradition of the Old South, concerned with extending the hospitality of the small talking animal convention to Southerners in general, but I doubt it. It is not necessary to read in order to know such things. Even vice presidents are ex-children, and as Empson points out, children instinctively feel at home with such conventions.

Erwin Panofsky makes a more important point in relation to the cartoon when, in his essay on *Poussin and the Elegiac Tradition*, he reminds us that "Arcady was the domain of Pan . . . and its inhabitants were famous for their *musical* accomplishments as well as . . . their utter ignorance and low standards of living." He quotes Butler's description of the *original* pastoral types as being:

Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life but fiddling.

Anyone who has ever watched an animated cartoon with the sound off will understand the importance of this fundamental arcadian ingredient, a component representing the so-called "hard" primitivism of the pastoral tradition, as opposed to the so-called "soft" tradition. Students of such things will recall that Spike Jones came out of an animation studio sound department. Thus the hard primitivism of the studio is linked to the even harder and more primitive pastorality of Tin Pan Alley.

It is hardly necessary, of course, to point to such specific links to establish the spread of primitivism in the modern world. And not all of it is pastoral. The kiddy cult is merely a part of that larger whole we have been cultivating for so long and, for the most part, so enthusiastically, although not occasionally without qualms. Curiously, it is a part that was not mentioned by Joseph Wood

Krutch when he recently confessed his queasiness in an essay on *The Infatuation With the Primitive*. It is still customary in critical circles to associate children with savages, criminals, and the insane as important contributors to the cult of contemporary primitivism in all the areas in which it flourishes, including art and politics. At the same time, it is unquestionably easier to relate Hitler to *Australopithecus africanus* than to mere childishness. The kiddy cult is still dominated in large part by certain obsolescent conceptions, which are important to remember if we wish to understand how hard and soft primitivism coexist in the mock child-world of the animated cartoon as a version of pastoral.

Just as the Roman poets modified the harshness of the earlier Greek conceptions of life among the shepherds, the author of *Émile* almost put a stop to the kind of thinking that had found a satiric expression in Swift's *Modest Proposal*. After Rousseau, it was almost impossible to think, or at least speak, of *eating* children except in a metaphorical sense, as an outburst of voracious affection. And what Rousseau did not accomplish with his diabetic doctrine of congenital virtue, Wordsworth did with his mawkish apotheosis.

Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Child labor was something else again. The Victorians were nothing if not ambivalent in their admiration of the infant. Devout in their conviction that childhood was a Golden Age, a sort of ontogenetic recapitulation of legendary phylogeny, they still kept faith with the bitter spirit of the *Modest Proposal*, banishing it from the nursery but preserving it in the mine, the factory, and the workhouse.

AGAINST this historical background of hard and soft child cult, corresponding to hard and soft primitivism, in the history of the animated cartoon we have early and late Disney. Up to a certain point in time, the creations of the Burbank Mouse Factory were as harsh, vigorous, and vulgar as the America of Mrs. Trollope, who would have been as shocked by early Disney as she was by early Cincinnati; and for similar reasons, including the unholy prevalence of spittoons. The primitive arcadian character of animated spitting was clearly shown by its deep tie with "fiddling" or other sound effects. It had little in common with such soft cult expectoration as occurred, for example, in the famous balcony sequence in *Maedchen in Uniform*.

The time was 1934. Weakened by depression, the studios were as putty in the hands of organized Legionnaires representing not only the forces of

virtue versus vice and vulgarity but that soft primitivism which had already found an outlet in what Professor Max Lerner, in his panoptic survey of the American scene called *America as a Civilization*, has defined as a "child panic . . . marking a phase in American social and class history," distinguished in literature by the creation of "a pastel, two-dimensional world in which only cute and trivial things happened." Disney celebrated the occasion by putting panties on a cow. It was his final protest against the forces of light.

The tide was irresistible. It was the heyday of the kiddy. Quiz kids had the status of bank presidents. Shirley Temple was the miniature queen of live action. The hard approach was as dead as Cock Robin. Slapstick was out. The most famous of all clowns was on his way to becoming a political commentator. Across the nation, carried by radio, the sedative voice of a great paternal President was heard, and abroad the fitful gleams of book fires illuminated the Chaplin mask of a homicidal madman intent upon altering the image of a great people into the likeness of an adolescent psychopath.

What no one quite realized at the time was that Dick and Jane and the Hitler *Jugend* were two sides of the same coin. The diabolical principle was clear enough when it wore a brown shirt. It was less clear behind the cheerful grimace of a cult-engendered rodent. The clue to the connection, of course, was the lack of a dimension in that pastel world of the cute and the trivial. "The devil," Malraux reminds us in *The Voices of Silence*, "always paints in two dimensions."

Perhaps it was our democratic disbelief in the existence of the diabolical that deceived us. At any rate, a soft approach became the imperative of the whole entertainment business on the cultist front.

On the Disney lot, the cardinal commandment naturally took the form of an observation about one of the simpler forms of life: You can't pet a chicken. The allegiance to small, cuddly, furry objects was complete. It even achieved the stature of a natural law in a live series devoted to nature. Bears, we were reminded, are really teddy bears at heart; teddy bears with claws and teeth. It is a rule of pastoral, as formulated by Empson, that "you can say everything about complex people by a complete consideration of simple people." If the simple people are animals or children, so much the better. The important thing is to keep it all simple. And soft—sweet, small, cuddly, and furry.

Also, it is part of the petting scheme of things that there must be symbols for petters as well as for the petted. A cow is such a symbol. When the question once arose in the Mouse Factory, as it

did, about doing a film on anthrax, the response was immediate: "Walt doesn't like sick cows." There are no sick cows in Arcady. At least, not in the vicinity of Dopey Drive.

It is nice, in retrospect, to know that all through the period of intense dedication to soft kiddy pastoral and real child denial in the world of the animated cartoon, things were not quite as they seemed. Certain hard humorous elements remained as unfilterable characteristics of the medium itself. Vocables like "Eeek," "Crunch," and "Bam" were not easily assimilated into the vocabulary of sweetness and light. "Hurt gags" abounded. In the end, in a "new Saturnian age of lead," the animation industry became the last stronghold, on the entertainment front, of the comic spirit of *early* child cult, of that hard primitivism with which, as Mr. Krutch points out, we are still infatuated.

Not everyone, of course, capitulated to the inevitability of change. Disney, for one, having failed to turn real moppets into unreal little mice, sought a refuge in live action by creating a three-dimensional small-scale masterpiece of the soft genre, a monument in keeping with the aesthetic requirements of a region in which the yellow section of the phone book lists Art Schools just ahead of Artistic Needlework and Artificial Breasts—Disneyland.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance in the pastoral scheme of things of that one hundred and sixty acres of pure unabashed dedication to child cult and the dream of a Golden Age that goes back to the day before yesterday. Naturally, children are fascinated by it. They have been conditioned. The small ones are scared out of their wits by some of the rides, and the older ones enjoy the dances. For the ex-children for whom it was all really intended, it is a nostalgic vision of a past that never was, in a make-believe present as tranquilizing as snakeroot, with a tomorrow as improbable as the mind of man can make it. Vergil would have loved it. My own feeling is that the whole thing should have been laid out in circles.

So Bullwinkle has become the darling of adolescents who once sat patiently before their television sets, joining in paeans of praise for the little rodent whose fame, at its peak, had rivaled that of Chaplin. Bullwinkle is not a mouse but a moose. Millions of Greek peasants, Congo democrats, and newly touchable Indians have never heard of him, any more than they have heard of the squirrel, Rocky, or of Dudley Dornight of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. In all fairness, one must remember that Troy was founded by mice thousands of years before Canada was more than a gleam in the eye of a wandering paranoid Kwa-

kiutl, and just as there was more in Homer than Homer knew, so there was more in Mickey than Walt knew. Nevertheless, it would be hard to improve on Dudley as a straight man for a generation of teen-age American comics dedicated to new forms of disbelief.

WE STAND, it seems, on the threshold of one world, if all goes well; one world, one sex, one audience, and — it is only reasonable to suppose — one age; probably about fourteen, if the entertainment business has its way. The movie houses are full — to the extent that they are ever full anymore — of fourteen-year-olds. The overwhelming majority of people who attend movies are between ten and nineteen. Most of them are there for the candy counter and each other. And here a curious situation has developed, which reveals the real nature of the influence of the very young on their entertainment. In order to stay in business for the weekend popcorn trade, upon which they are economically dependent, the exhibitors get by during the week with low-rental foreign films, which attract adults, mostly young ones. Thus, thanks to the voracity of the kiddies, the age level of the audience is being slowly raised.

It may even, in time, be raised by as much as six months. The question then arises: at what point is the impubic expected to join the great homogenized mass theoretically fixed at the 14.5-year level? The line will have to be drawn somewhere. Where? The producers of *The Alvin Show* suggest that it be drawn at twelve. Eighty percent of the population of America under twelve knows Alvin. That makes twenty-two million viewers every week, altogether too many to leave out of the homogenized audience if it is to become — as there is every reason for supposing it will become — truly homogenized.

To suppose that there can be separate entertainment for a somewhat smaller group of very young children is to ignore both the existence of and the nature of the child cult, both hard and soft. It is to ignore the lessons of history, both literary and economic. The popcorn trade is simply insufficient to keep things going for very long. Nor is there enough of a child market for consumer goods below a certain age level to interest television sponsors. Cereals are a good example. "The G on the package stands for grownups," is the kind of thing one begins to hear.

The old cartoon formula called for appealing to everyone from eight to eighty. But that was before the concept of homogenization had come to haunt us. Surely, now, we can do better than that. Five is a good round figure, referring, as it does, to Dr.

Watson's first-five-years plan and the end of pre-schooling. Before five a child may be said to be busy completing his own destiny and should probably be left alone as much as possible, or, at least, not exposed to the influence of mass media geared to the supposed interests of fourteen-year-olds.

In any event, if the past and present are any indication, neither the five-year-olds nor the fourteen-year-olds are going to have much to say about what they are going to get. They will get Yogi Bear, or some equivalent, and if they don't like it, frankly, I don't know what they can do, save possibly follow the sage injunction of Dudley Doright's commanding officer to, "well, stand there, Dudley, and don't just do something!"

THE MICROSCOPE

BY MAXINE W. KUMIN

Anton Leeuwenhoek was Dutch.
He sold pincushions, cloth, and such.
The waiting townsfolk fumed and fussed
As Anton's dry goods gathered dust.

He worked, instead of tending store,
At grinding special lenses for
A microscope. Some of the things
He looked at were:

mosquitoes' wings,
the hairs of sheep, the legs of lice,
the skin of people, dogs, and mice;
ox eyes, spiders' spinning gear,
fishes' scales, a little smear
of his own blood.

and best of all,
the unknown, busy, very small
bugs that swim and bump and hop
inside a simple water drop.

Impossible! Most Dutchmen said.
This Anton's crazy in the head.
We ought to ship him off to Spain.
He says he's seen a housefly's brain.
He says the water that we drink
Is full of bugs. He's mad, we think!

They called him *dumkopf*, which means dope. That's how we got the microscope.

DOTTY DIMPLE



AND THE FICTION AWARD

BY MARTHA BACON

Novelist and poet who was formerly a member of the ATLANTIC staff, MARTHA BACON, like her father, Leonard Bacon, the poet, is most at home in Peace Dale, Rhode Island. Her new novel, A MASQUE OF EXILE, has recently been published by Clarkson Potter.

THE idea of books written for children has always been annoying to me. Even when I was a child I preferred to think of my books as just books, not children's books. I was highly privileged in childhood, and I had every imaginable book — *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Peter Rabbit*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Wind in the Willows*, *The Ingoldsby Legends* (nobody seems to have *The Ingoldsby Legends* anymore), and books by E. Nesbit, Dickens, Scott, and Louisa May Alcott. I disliked Miss Alcott. How can you write a book about children and then populate it with watchful loving parents like Marmee? I compared Marmee unfavorably with Henry the Eighth in *The Prince and the Pauper* and the wolves in the Jungle Books and left *Little Women* out in the rain. Besides the above-mentioned volumes I had a shelfful of historical novels, illustrated with macabre steel engravings and dealing loosely with the names and reputations of Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine the Great, Goethe, Schiller, and Sans Souci, to name only a few. They were the work of a woman named Maria Louisa Mühlbach, an expert in the field of prolonged horror. Every chapter began with a conspiracy and ended with a supernatural visitation. Purveyors of this kind of thing could learn much from Maria Louisa.

It occurred to me after I had children of my

own that I might contribute to their pleasure and support by writing a book for children. The book I wrote took a hero and two heroines through a zoo full of mythological animals, a haunted abbey, and a circus; dealt exhaustively with dwarfs, royalty, the Spanish inquisition, merry-go-rounds, an apostate nun, thunderstorms, and cowboys. I solved the problem of the parents by sending them around the world on a second honeymoon. The children liked it, but no publisher would touch it. They said that unicorns and griffins were out of style, that children couldn't identify with royal personages, and that much of it would give their readers nightmares. As one, they advised me to cut out the apostate nun.

But there was one publisher, more constructive than the rest, who sent along with the rejection slip a list of the standards by which a children's book should be judged.

"If you really want to write for the juvenile trade," his letter said in part, "here are some of the criteria which our editors apply to manuscripts submitted to us. Emotional appeal, values for today's living, humor, stimulation for the imagination, sense of security, inspiration, significant and lasting appeal." The publisher concluded by offering an award for a book that should contain all this and a plot and characters too.

Illustration from DOTTY DIMPLE AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S. By courtesy of the trustees of the Boston Public Library.

The letter interested me chiefly for negative reasons. I could not think of any book, classic or contemporary, which could be measured successfully by these standards. At least, not any good book. *Alice in Wonderland* has significant and lasting appeal, but I defy anyone to find a sense of security in it. You may find stimulation for the imagination in *The Princess and the Goblin*, but the "values for today's living" are as far from George MacDonald's mind as from Prince Harelip's. *The Ingoldsby Legends* has humor, but it is a gallows humor.

I began amusing myself by reading to the children, trying to find a possible award winner among the fireside favorites, but nothing that we really enjoyed came close.

By a coincidence, one rainy day while spring-cleaning the attic I came upon three moldy little volumes which I put aside to look into at a convenient time. In the meanwhile, my ten-year-old daughter took them away and read them in three evenings. She said they were marvelous. Stimulated by this recommendation, I looked into the first volume, which was published by Lee and Shepard in 1868. A yellowing shard from the ragged dust jacket proclaimed for the series in essence all that my award-giving publisher was offering three thousand dollars for in advance royalties in 1960. These books by Miss Sophie May were guaranteed to please and edify all readers of both sexes between the ages of nine and thirteen. Further, they would broaden the literary horizons, assist the parent in establishing sound moral views by giving examples of the rewards accruing to right behavior and the disasters ensuing upon the contrary course, and all these benefits were produced in an immaculate style of writing from which no child could fail to profit were he to take it for a model. The books were half of a series of six called the Dotty Dimple Stories. We have *Dotty Dimple at Play*, *Dotty Dimple at Her Grandmother's*, and *Dotty Dimple's Flyaway*. I wish we had the other three. And I'm sorry not to have the Little Prudy series by the same author.

WHO was — or, rather, is — Dotty Dimple? For surely she has sufficient significant and lasting appeal to justify the use of the present tense. Dotty is a girl named Alice Parlin. Her home is in Portland, Maine, and she spends her holidays variously with her cousins, the Cliffords, in Indiana or at her Grandmother Parlin's house, Willowbrook, near Augusta, Maine. She is the youngest of three sisters. There is Susy, who is a pert thirteen, Prudy, an amiable ten-year-old, and last comes Dotty, six. Dotty is blessed with numerous rela-

tives and a wide circle of acquaintances. She has her three-year-old cousin, Katie (Flyaway) Clifford, and Percy, Florence, and Johnny Eastman. Maids and hired men wait on Dotty, Lina Rosenberg preys on her, and Dotty in turn preys on Jennie Vance.

Dotty makes splendid reading. She is a holy terror, a torment to her virtuous parents, who maintain toward her a degree of objectivity almost incomprehensible in this child-centered age. Their queenly Dotty is an ardent practitioner of all the deadly sins. Sloth, gluttony, pride, malice, anger, envy, and hypocrisy all but crowd her off the page. If she triumphs over Satan in one chapter, she falls victim to spiritual pride in the next. Inspiration of a biblical order inflates Miss May's pages as air does a bicycle tire. What do you suppose a small child does when she finds a roll of new dollar bills in the ragbag? Does she put them in her pocket? Dotty does not. But Jennie Vance does. Dotty badly covets Jennie's superior wealth and envies her smart frocks, lockets, and feathers to the point where she has proved to Jennie beyond a doubt that her father, Judge Vance, will never get into heaven. And now her hour of triumph strikes. The two little girls are spending the night together.

"Dotty, feeling more than ever how much better she was than her little friend, knelt beside a chair and prayed in a loud voice. First she repeated the Lord's Prayer, the 'Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild' and 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' She was not talking to her Heavenly Father but to Jennie and ended her petitions thus: —

"'Oh God forgive me if I have done anything naughty today and please forgive *Jennie Vance, the wickedest girl in this town.*' Then," concludes Miss May, "the little pharisee got into bed."

For delineation of character, Miss May gets full marks, assuming the total depravity of human nature, a popular doctrine in her day. Dotty Dimple never ceases to be a recognizable if incorrigible human being. Repentance, wrung from her by the ceaseless exhortations of both grandparents, her aunts, uncles, and her papa and mamma, is garish and short-lived as the Fourth of July. She returns to her old vicious ways at the end of every episode with unabashed fervor. "There are depths of foolishness in children's hearts," observes Miss May as her heroine once again careens out of control, "that even parents do not comprehend."

But we needn't always be serious. There is plenty of room for laughter in this wicked world. Funny people clown for us. There is humor in the cosmos, good hearty humor at the expense of some one else's naïveté. *Dotty Dimple* has its comic side. Its comic side is a tribute to the psychic stamina of

the Victorian child. Katie (Flyaway) Clifford and Dotty are left with a baby-sitter named Polly Whiting, a dreary, snuff-sniffing hanger-on of the Parlin family, while the rest of the family go off to some gaiety in Augusta. Polly, incidentally, works without pay, taking her wages in fresh eggs and incidental tarts. She is given to windy recollections of her days as "bound girl" without kind loving parents. Dotty said of Flyaway:

"She's going to sleep in my bed to-night."

"Very well," said Polly, "but you will sleep with me."

"Why, Miss Polly! what if Katie should wake up?"

"She won't be likely to; but I can't help it if she does. I may have the nightmare in the night."

"What is the nightmare?"

"It is something perfectly dreadful, child! I sincerely hope you'll never know by sad experience. It's the most like dying of any feeling I ever had in my life. I can't move a finger, but if I don't move it's sure death; and somebody has to shake me to bring me out of it."

Dotty turned pale.

"Miss Polly, O, please, I'd rather sleep with Katie!"

"But how would you feel to have me die in the night?"

"O, dear, dear, dear," cried Dotty; "let me go for the doctor this minute!"

"Why, child, I haven't got it now, and perhaps I shan't have it at all; but if I do, I shall groan, and that's the way you will know."

The reality turned out more dreadfully than Dotty's worst apprehensions. To begin with, Katie was sick in the night from eating strawberries. Polly, once awakened, refused to return to bed, but went out to milk the cows. Darkness reigned. Dotty, trailing after her, asked:

"Do you s'pose, Miss Polly, that some morning the sun won't rise any more?"

"O, yes," replied Miss Polly, who was always ready with a hymn:—

"God reigns above, — he reigns alone;
Systems burn out, and leave His throne."

Why, yes, dear; the world will certainly come to an end one of these days; and *then* the sun won't rise, of course; there won't be any sun."

And Miss Polly began to hum one of her sorrowful tunes, beating time with the two streams of milk which dripped mournfully into the pail.

"She is afraid this is the end of the world," thought Dotty, with a throbbing heart, and a stifling sensation at the throat; "she don't believe the sun is ever going to rise any more."

The story goes on in this manner for some pages. The sky remains dark, the cows refuse to let down their milk. The best silver teapot is found to be nothing but a shapeless pool of shining liquid spilling over the hot range where Polly left it. And then:

there was a loud report as of a pistol. It seemed to come from the cellar.

Miss Polly clapped both hands to her ears. Dotty shrieked, and hid her face in her lap, and shrieked again.

"It has come! It has come!" cried she, — meaning the end of the world, — and stopped her ears. . . .

Polly took three pinches of snuff, one after the other, as fast as she could. . . . She took the nearly frantic Dotty into the china closet, dragging her like a sack of meal, and turned the key.

"Stay there, child, if you know when you're well off," whispered she through the keyhole. "The house is blowing up. I'm going to call Abner."

In her consternation Polly had not reflected that Dotty was as likely to be blown up in the closet as anywhere else. The unfortunate little girl screamed and struggled in her prison in vain. There was no way of escape. Night of horrors! As far as she was concerned, there were *two ends* to the world, and they were coming right together. Her agony is not to be described.

Comically enough, it was neither burglars nor Judgment Day but merely the beer blowing up in the cellar. Dotty received as a reward for having suffered so acutely a beautiful doll.

BUT if there is room for laughter in the world, there is also room for stimulation of the imagination. Nothing could be more stimulating in my opinion than Dotty's trip to the Blind Asylum. Flyaway went along, too, and had a lovely time. Dotty not only derived a sound moral lesson from the blind school, but she also formed a friendship with Emily, an inmate of the institution.

"I'm glad I had my eyes put out [Emily speaking] for if they hadn't been put out I shouldn't have come here. . . ."

"Where should you have gone then?"

"I shouldn't have gone anywhere; I should have just staid at home."

"Don't you like to stay at home?"

Emily shrugged her shoulders.

"My paw killed a man . . . Maw died and then there was another one and she scolded and shook me. . . . My paw had fits. I knew when they were coming for I could smell them in the bottle."

"Fits in a bottle!"

"It was something he drank out of a bottle that made him have the fits. . . . And then he was cross. And once he killed a man; but he didn't go to."

"Then he was guilty," said Dotty in a solemn tone. "Did they take him to the court-house and hang him?"

"No, of course they wouldn't hang him. They said it was the third degree and they sent him to State's Prison. . . ."

The little girl was rather proud of being the daughter of such a wicked man. She had been pitied so

much for her misfortunes that she had come to regard herself as quite a remarkable person. . . .

"There isn't any other little girl in this school that has had so much trouble as I have. A lady told me it was because God wanted to make a good woman of me and that was why it was. . . . My paw writes me letters. . . . 'Your unhappy and unfortunate paw.' That is what he always says at the end of all his letters and he wants me to go to prison to see him. . . . I couldn't see him. The superintendent wouldn't let me go. He says it's no place for little girls."

Dotty's imagination was stimulated to the point where she sincerely regretted her eyesight. She had a comforting fantasy that if she were very good a chicken might peck her eyes out and she would have the satisfaction of growing up a good woman.

Sense of security is so new an idea that I was about to give up the thought of finding any in Dotty Dimple until it occurred to me that in 1869 the substitute for this was a sense of sin. It is here that Mr. and Mrs. Parlin assume stature as parents and function meaningfully within the framework of the plot. In spite of my reluctance to admit parents to children's books, I should not like to dispense with the Parlins.

One of Dotty's most sinful escapades is to run away to the Jews. On her way to do an errand for her mamma she meets Lina Rosenberg, a girl who because of her exotic beauty, her artistic gifts and hectoring ways has always cast a kind of spell over Dotty. Lina, using bribery and coercion, lures Dotty to her home above the grocery store where her shrewish and overworked mother pounds her many recalcitrant children with a brass thimble and shuffles about in a smock that barely covers the tops of her calfskin boots. Dotty's curiosity about the mysterious Rosenbergs is quickly slaked. She wants to go home. But Papa has other views. Dotty shall be cured of running away. He comes to the shop and, disregarding her frantic pleas for recognition, he bribes Mrs. Rosenberg to keep her "until she has finished her visit," as he puts it. Dotty screams and implores forgiveness to no avail, weeps and clasps his knees only to be ignored and shoved aside. And on the following day, who should Dotty see driving past the shop but Mr. and Mrs. Parlin in their carriage?

"Mamma, Mamma, I say!"

Her mother never even looked at her but turned her gaze to the blackened trees and the heaps of ruin along the pavement.

"Oh Papa! O stop Papa! It's me! It's Dotty!"

Mr. Parlin bent on his runaway daughter a glance of indifference and called out in passing, —

"What strange little girl is this who seems to know us so well? It looks like my daughter, Alice. If it is she needn't come to my house today; she may go and finish her visit at Mrs. Rosenberg's."

Then the horse trotted on — indeed he had never paused a moment . . . [Dotty] understood but too well what her father and mother meant. They knew her but had not chosen to recognize her because they were displeased.

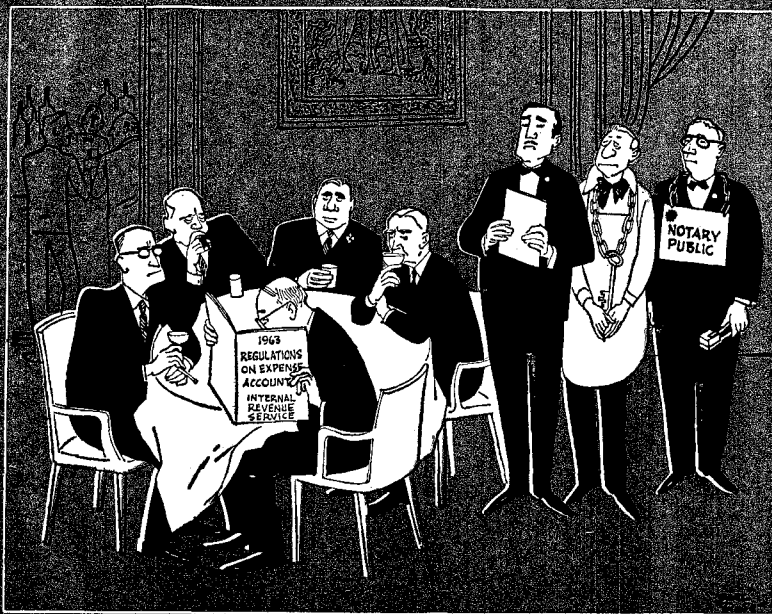
Dotty gets home at last, and there is a heart-warming scene of reconciliation. Her parents congratulate themselves on their handling of the situation. Dotty's sense of sin, for which a more enlightened generation has substituted a sense of security, seems firmly established, and high time, too, with the girl going on seven years old.

Values for today's living? Miss May is very long on these. I could find you one on nearly every page. However, I'm only going to let you have my favorite one. What would you do if your little boy threw acid in a little girl's face? Picture the horrified articles about the collapse of the American home, the dredging up of the comicbook-TV scapegoat, the worried conferences with pediatricians, insurance companies, teachers, and psychiatrists. It was all much easier in 1869, when Johnny Eastman, nettled beyond endurance by Dotty's unquenchable phariseeism and petulance, drenches her handkerchief with acid and rubs it in her eyes. This act of violence takes place just before a party in honor of the Parlins' fifteenth wedding anniversary, and with Dotty's agonized shrieks all preparations come to a temporary halt. Dotty, mad with pain and blind, is held down while her parents attempt to treat her burning eyes, and the party is postponed for a full hour. It begins to look as though she will attain her goal of virtuous womanhood after all. And Johnny's mother dispenses justice to him. She won't let him go to the party.

"If you have really blinded your little cousin for life," says Mrs. Eastman severely, "I hope it will be a lesson to you."

The award goes to Dotty Dimple. Where Lewis Carroll and Kenneth Grahame fail, she succeeds magnificently. There are three more chronicles of misdeeds yet to come, and total reform must wait until the author has run out of ideas.

Farewell, Dotty Dimple. You deserve an award, you with your curls and blue eyes "not as pretty as Lina Rosenberg's," your snobbism and vanities, your terrible papa with his whiskers and his top hat, his carriage and his cane. "Dark is his path on the wings of the storm," to say nothing of your alarming mamma rustling into church in taffeta, gently admonishing you for two hours or more when you have done wrong. Gone are the mammas and papas of other days. They are all bent on values for today's living. What I'm really afraid of is that if you have to have those, you've got no book. This was one reason why I was so reluctant to give up that apostate nun.



Accent on Living

EXPENSE ACCOUNT LUNCHEON

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The table in the Penthouse of the Grand Dukes was laid for five. It was the choicest location, just between the bar and the Front Room and known to regular customers as the Crossroads. To sit at a Crossroads table at lunch — oddly enough, it was not a smart location after 7 P.M. — implied executive status of the hunting-lodge, yacht, stock-option level in heavy industry, although some of the home appliance crowd and one or two cosmetics magnificoes were allowed there on a dull day.

On this occasion, J. Ashley Spratt and his sales manager, of Goliath Steel, are playing host to the president and the production chief of Majestic Tack and Pushpin. They are joined, as they sit down, by a fifth man who had been waiting at the bar. Spratt introduces him. "Let me present Goliath's auditor, George Stronk," says Spratt. "He's just going to see that everything is OK in terms of the new Treasury regulations on expense accounts. I understand that the drinks are part of the meal if we have them here at the table, so I'll begin with two double fireballs on the rocks. Order up, gentlemen."

While they wait for the drinks, Stronk, the auditor, produces a sheaf of handsomely engraved cards; each is about the size of a small bill of fare and bears the word "Affidavit" at its top. He hands two to each man at the table, gets a nod of assent from Spratt, and explains matters.

"This is simply the conventional Declaration of Attendance and Participation," Stronk begins. He reads aloud the significant bits of the form: "Goliath, et cetera, et cetera, herein-after referred to as the Host, et cetera. Then your names, *and titles*, gentlemen, hereinafter . . . the Guest, the date, name of restaurant, and so forth. . . . Luncheon — or dinner, as the case may be — *was* preceded and followed by business discussion for business purposes . . . further affiant sayeth not, and so on."

Stronk pauses. The drinks arrive, and a significant nod from Spratt to the headwaiter means that another round will be along in a few minutes.

Tension grips the table as an orchestra is heard; sounding a bit muffled, it seems to be playing something from Victor Herbert. But Stronk waves a reassuring hand.

"Think nothing of it," says Stronk.

"You're sure?" asks Spratt. "It's not 'entertainment'?"

"Definitely not. I made a point of getting a special ruling on it. The music is a recording, and the 'performers,' in the strict legal sense, are not in our presence; or perhaps I should say that we are not in theirs. But I can assure you, gentlemen, that you are all in the clear. Absolutely."

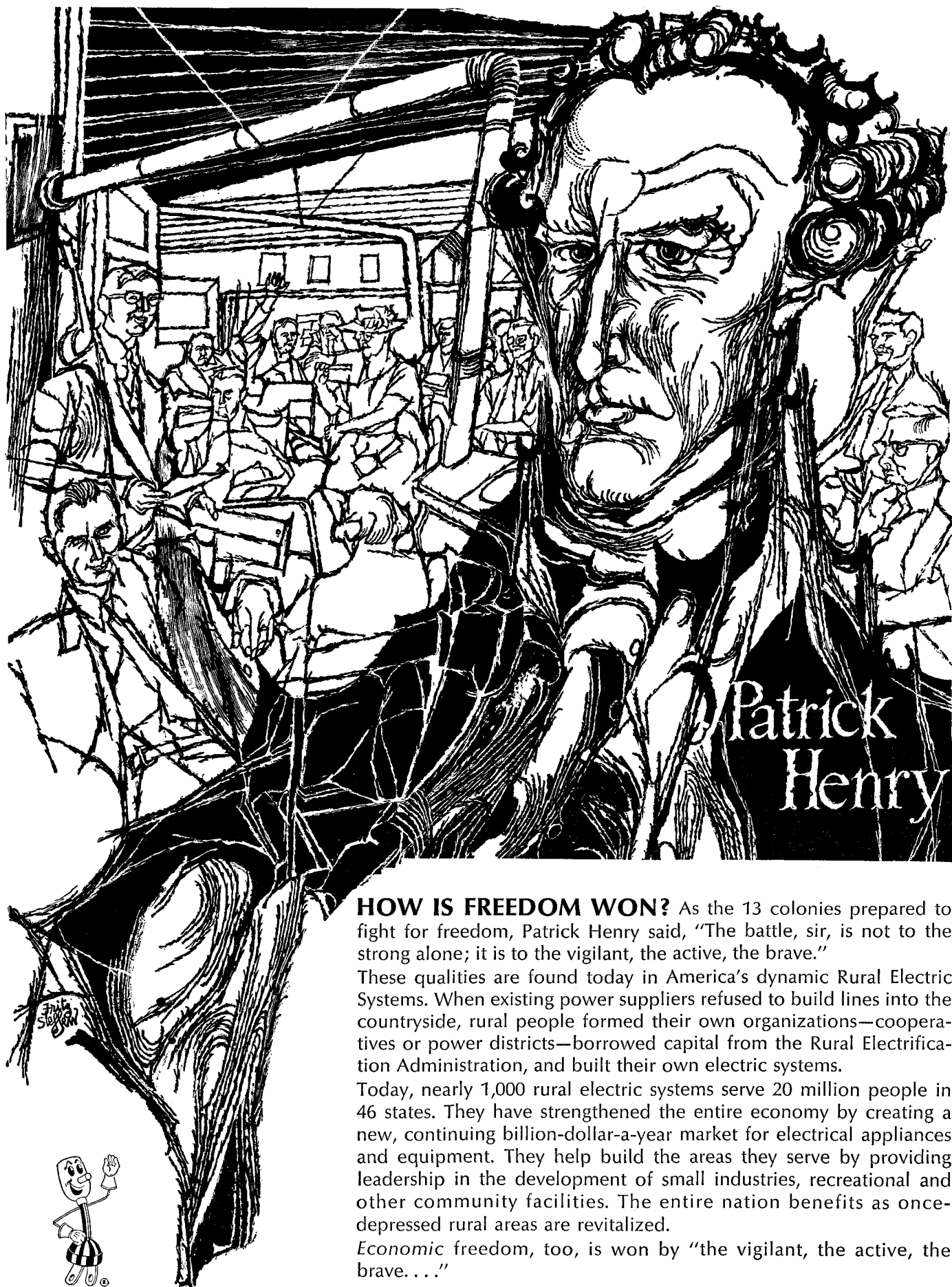
"Good man, Stronk," says Spratt. "Cheers." He drains his third double fireball.

"One more point only," says Stronk. "I suppose you all have some misgivings about Subsection B of Paragraph Three. As you see" — and the others scrutinize their engraved cards — "that is where you agree to inform Goliath of *any* changes of your address."

"Yes." The president of Majestic Tack is speaking. "I was wondering about that. No terminal date. It really means forever."

"Not worth a moment's thought," Stronk replies. "That whole Paragraph Three will have been rescinded by this time next week. The regulation is not only administratively impossible, but there are grave constitutional questions involved. Forget it."

"You certainly have made a handsome form out of the Declaration," says the Majestic production chief.



HOW IS FREEDOM WON? As the 13 colonies prepared to fight for freedom, Patrick Henry said, "The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave."

These qualities are found today in America's dynamic Rural Electric Systems. When existing power suppliers refused to build lines into the countryside, rural people formed their own organizations—cooperatives or power districts—borrowed capital from the Rural Electrification Administration, and built their own electric systems.

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Economic freedom, too, is won by "the vigilant, the active, the brave...."

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"That was J. A.'s idea — the engraving and all that," says Stronk. "Just another of those details that make the trade refer to him as 'Mr. Steel.'"

"No," says Spratt modestly. "We always like to think of our customers as our guests. We tried to create a form in which the guest's copy would be a perfectly good legal document and at the same time an attractive souvenir of an occasion that

we hope will be profitable for all of us."

"And here's to many more of them." The president of Majestic downs his fourth double manhattan.

Good feeling mounts throughout the meal, or rather, "the quiet business lunch," as it is called. Spratt includes several big tips in the check as he signs it. The staff notary of the Penthouse of the Grand Dukes, his notarial seal dangling from a richly

ornamented chain not unlike that of the sommelier, presents himself to each of the party in turn. "Raise your right hand, please —"

"Not a bad lunch," remarks Majestic's president to his production chief in the cab on their way to the airport. "I must say that Spratt strikes me as something of a fathead, but that auditor — Stronk, was it? — I'd be glad to have him on the Majestic team."

My Short, Happy Life in the Theater

BY MARY ROSE BRADFORD

MARY ROSE BRADFORD currently is living in Houston, Texas. This is her first appearance in *Accent on Living*.

The recent death of Jesse ("King of the Mighty Wurlitzer") Crawford nostalgically brought back to me a phase of my life I had not given much thought to for years. While I was in college, I played the pipe organ in Indianapolis at a movie-vaude house I shall call the Riviera. The instrument was not a Wurlitzer, but a Seeburg-Smith unified job of four manuals, and though, like all movie organists, I tried to sound like Jesse Crawford, I didn't, much.

The movies were second-run and six a day, the vaudeville was third-rate and five a day, and the whole show ran a week. A relief organist and I played for the picture, and an eight-piece orchestra beat it out for the five vaudeville acts. All of the musicians belonged to an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, the I.M.P.A., headed, during my membership, by the great bandmaster Joseph Weber.

We called the orchestra pit "the Snake Pit," a long time before the book of that title appeared. The pit was enclosed by a rail, which topped iron bars set four or five inches apart. This balustrade, curtained by ancient rusty green rep, was really a protective measure for the personnel of the band. An enthusiastic audience was not above throwing various objects — vegetables, popcorn, Coke bottles, and so forth — toward the stage, frequently missing the musicians entirely. But I remember as if it were yesterday the time when someone up in peanut heaven threw a damp wad of chewing tobacco that landed

in the bell of the tuba player's horn. He was a German immigrant whose English was, to say the most, inadequate. On this occasion he rose to his feet, shook his fist at the gallery, and shouted, "I'm a gottam somabeech, dot's vot I hope!"

Regardless of its length, the picture ran one hour. At that time, a couple of years before talkies came in, Hollywood sent along with each feature a score for pipe organ that was synchronized with the movie. On Sunday mornings, the projectionist ran the film through once for me and the relief organist. This was our rehearsal. Depending on the length of the film, the tempo at which we played the score was fast, slow, or in accord with the musical signs the composers and arrangers had written. (If the last, it was purely by chance.) The band also had an hour's rehearsal with the vaudeville acts, and that was it, sink or swim. The theater opened at twelve thirty in the afternoon, and the movie went on from one to two. The orchestra and vaudeville went on from two to three. This alternation kept up until midnight, except for a two-hour period between five and seven, when the relief organist played the film score through twice.

With all those empty hours, afternoon and evening, the pit boys had to do something, so they played poker and pinochle in the musicians' room under the stage. They often stayed through the hours from five to seven, when the relief organist was on, and they sent "the boy"

out for sandwiches and coffee or bootleg beer. "The boy" was the old stage-door man, a former vaudeville aerialist who had fallen from a wire years before and was permanently crippled. Though I knew him for two years, I never heard him say anything at all except, "Ho, girl."

I went to school in the mornings and got down to the theater a few minutes before one in the afternoons. The pit boys called me the "Perfesser," because I always carried books — my homework. As I said, they didn't do any reading, but did I read. After playing the film four times the first day, I knew the score practically by heart. Then I put a book on the music rack and read, glancing now and then at the screen. The organ was set far to the left, so that Marion Davies always looked very long and thin to me, especially when she wore long pants, which she did at least once in every picture she made. Even when she was in hoopskirts she looked elongated, and John Gilbert looked more like John Carradine.

While I was still a freshman, I began to read manuscripts for a publishing house, and since the loose typewritten sheets were about the





Does your child read in bed?

Young Abe Lincoln read through many a night with nothing but a flickering candle to light his pages. He, and just about every other successful person in the world, was blessed with an intense desire to learn.

Were your children born with this same curiosity? Of course; all children are. Then why don't they read more and learn more? Because today's world offers glittering distractions to youngsters never dreamed of in Lincoln's day. Television. Rock and Roll. Floods of comic books.

Today, the parent must *encourage* the child to read; must help push past petty distractions.

You can encourage him

By buying an encyclopedia? It is not so simple as that. Your child is not an adult. When you impose adult reading and learning methods upon him, he loses interest quickly. Yet many parents still buy adult encyclopedias for their children . . . and then wonder why they're rarely used.

Curiosity: first step to learning

A child's curiosity has a strange appetite: the more you feed it the hungrier it grows; the less you feed it, the quicker it withers. The trick is to tease that appetite . . . not with

dull, dry statistics . . . but with choice, lively parcels of information so that it becomes *fun* to read more and more. The Book of Knowledge does just that.

The Book of Knowledge is *not* an adult encyclopedia. Nor is it an alphabetized, systematized reference set "written down" to the child's level. The Book of Knowledge is written *specifically* for children. It is arranged as no other reference set: things that belong together are found together.

Readers are leaders

Remember: The Book of Knowledge is not a cold, alphabetical encyclopedia to be used in an emergency and then *laid aside* and forgotten. The Book of Knowledge *induces* learning, inspires a child to read all kinds of books. Reading becomes a habit . . . the one habit that leaders in business, in science, in education all have in common.

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So don't worry if your child reads a little late at night. Worry only if he reads a little. Too little!

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same size as those of a music manuscript, they were a lot easier to read and turn on the music rack than book pages. I got four dollars for every book report, and as I was able to read one manuscript a day, I was really holding down two jobs at once. What the I.M.P.A. and Mr. Weber would have done had they known, I have no idea. The boys in the Snake Pit knew of my deception, but they were loyal to the "Perfesser" and never told on me. During quieter passages on the screen, I often heard sounds of fights and profanity seeping up from the musicians below stage, but I didn't tell on them, either. We seemed to be a closed corporation.

Once during my tenure at the Seeburg-Smith, I came down to the theater to find strips of adhesive tape covering the electric switch that turned on the organ. Thinking it was a practical joke, I began to tear off the tape, when a stagehand named Shorty shouted, "Hey, Perfesser, cut that out. You're on strike!" It was news to me. No one had asked me if I was dissatisfied;

no one had even suggested that I had a vote in the matter. Not knowing the etiquette and protocol of the business, I settled down with my books and manuscripts in the musicians' room and waited it out with the poker players for three days. My next pay envelope contained six dollars extra.

At the end of my second year at the organ and in school, the publishers asked me to come into the house, at a salary somewhat below my earnings as a member of the musicians' union. I liked books better than the pipe organ, so I took the job and said farewell to the glamorous world of the theater. As a going-away present, the boys in the band gave me a book.

Today, I wouldn't know a spitzflöte from a lieblich gedeckt, but I still have that book. It is inscribed "To the little Professor, with love from the Snake Pit," and was signed by the violin conductor and the seven side men. The book is *A Girl of the Limberlost* by Gene Stratton Porter. Now that I think of it, I never did get around to reading it.

WHERE OH WHERE HAS MY LITTLE BEAR GONE?

BY C. MICHAEL CURTIS

A lament for the New York TIMES, which reported not long ago that New York state hunters had failed to produce their average number of bearskins during the preceding twelve months.

The black bear yield is down in the Catskills.
In the Catskills the black bear yield is down.
Down in the Catskills there are more black bears
than there were a year ago in town.

Pity the snowplows on the Thruway, axle-deep
in black bears this winter . . . imagine all those
battered telephone poles climbing with black bears
growling station to station.

"Oh, watch the chicken coops, Sheriff,
the black bears are down from the hill
by the hundreds and my red rooster
has laid an egg."

They're singing sad songs in the Catskills
this winter, at least in Dobbs Ferry
there's a shotgun dealer who's shifting
to bowling balls.

The black bear yield is down in
the Catskills. The yield in the Catskills
is black bear down. If you ever
want to hunt black bears in the Catskills
I hope to God you stay in town.

The Sound of a Diesel

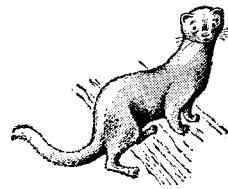
BY R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose poetry and light articles appear frequently in the ATLANTIC.

The first time I heard the sound of a diesel train was about fifteen years ago in Le Puy, in Haute-Loire. This train ran on a winding track over the Monts du Velay past Fix St. Geneys and down to St. Georges d'Aurac, where it connected with the train to Paris. It ran smoothly, since it ran on flanged pneumatic tires made by the Michelin people at Clermont-Ferrand. These also had the effect of making it sway a good deal, particularly on bends, so that sensitive passengers tended to be seasick. I still have a vivid recollection of a Frenchwoman with a pale-green face leaning her head on the metal window frame and gazing out with great mournful eyes across the intervening valley of the Allier to the whaup-haunted uplands of the Margeride, like one yearning for an early death or a train with metal wheels.

For myself, I have a strong stomach and enjoyed the ride. But this diesel train had already brought me pleasure, with the then unfamiliar noise of its hooting. As it swept out past the ocher statue of St. Joseph at Espaly, it would emit a series of those strange diesel hoots, alternations of two notes separated by intervals of a fourth. It is a fine, strident noise, a little unearthly but distinctly Gallic, sounding as if a noise from the Midi had been crossed with a noise from Mars.

Not so long afterward, diesels came to some of the London lines. These diesels, to my surprise, made the same noise. Crossing over the bridge by the Royal Oak, on the way to the Harrow Road, I would hear a diesel leaving Paddington Station for the west and giving off that same succession of fourths. It took me back in mind to the little hill town in the Massif Central, full of priests and nuns and presided over by the vast cathedral, the gigantic statue of the Virgin cast from seventy bronze cannons captured at Sebastopol, and the tenth-century chapel of St. Michel, all perched



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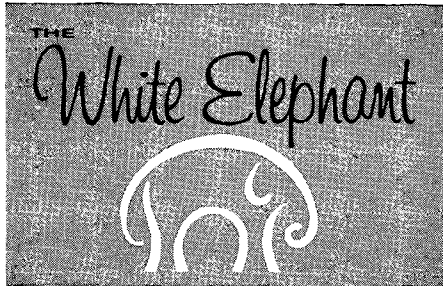
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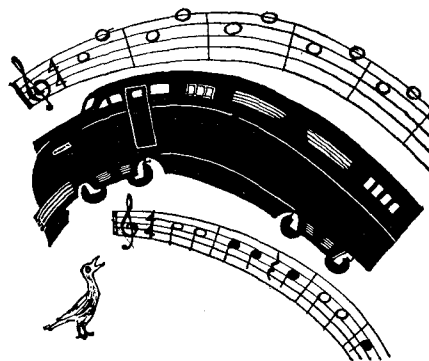
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high up on their respective volcanic rocks.

I was surprised that the English diesel train should make a French diesel noise, but I was not very surprised. After all, a diesel train has to make some sort of noise, and the choice of fourths by engineers on both sides of the Channel might have been a coincidence.

The next place where I heard a diesel in full cry was Edinburgh. I was strolling along Princes Street in the cool sunshine. The customary morning procession of kilted policemen, each blowing hard into his bagpipe, had just passed by. The sounds of the pibroch were dying away beyond the Scott Monument when there mingled with them a by now familiar succession of hooted fourths. It was the hourly diesel pulling out for Glasgow, along the cutting that runs between the Princes Street Gardens and the Castle Rock.

It was at this point that I began to suspect that, in this matter of diesel noises, something beyond coincidence was at work. It could not be that French, English, and Scottish diesel builders had all hit on the same notes purely by chance. I wondered if there were not some peculiarity about the internal arrangements of a diesel that made it imperative for it to hoot in fourths, just as some inherent characteristic of the cuckoo makes it hoot in thirds.



Leaning pensively on some railings near Shandwick Place, I gave some thought to this analogy between diesels and cuckoos. Cuckoos, as far as I know, make the same noise the world over. They do not, whatever naturalists may say, sing in true thirds. Sometimes they try to sing a minor third, but sing sharp. At other times they try to sing a major third, but sing flat. I have never heard a true third, major or minor, from any cuckoo, and I have heard more cuckoos than I care to count,

in circumstances where I have been unable to avoid hearing them.

After considering this matter of the cuckoo, I passed on to the wood pigeon. This bird does not bother its head with intervals; it goes on singing more or less the same note, though it changes its tone of voice, so that some of the notes are almost devoid of expression, while others come out as something between a drawl and a sneer. But it is all the same note; the wood pigeon, one of the least likable of God's creatures, is not capable of any more.

What the wood pigeon is after, when it is not stuffing its gut or persecuting its weaker brethren, is rhythm. Its song seems to have some quite subtle variations, on a casual hearing, but in fact it is exactly two bars long, in common 4/4 time, and it never varies. The first bar contains two minims; the second contains two crotchets, a crotchet rest, and then a final crotchet on the fourth beat.

The wood pigeon gives the impression, as I have said, of having a much wider range of song than this. It does so by starting its song abruptly at any point in either bar and breaking it off, likewise, at any point. It quite commonly starts with the last note of the second bar, as a lead-in to the two minims; but it may come in absolutely anywhere, even half-way through one of the notes. So the initial minim or crotchet may appear as a crotchet, a quaver, or even a demisemiquaver, but the note reverts to its true character when it comes around again.

So much for the wood pigeon and the cuckoo. All over Europe, I thought, the wood pigeon must chop off lengths of its predestined rhythm; the cuckoo must chant its out-of-tune thirds, with an interpolated hiccup later in the season. So must the diesel, through some fate neither I nor it could comprehend, sing always in fourths.

How, though, were things in the New World? On arriving in New York for the first time a while ago, I listened eagerly for the song of the American diesel. It was so long before I heard it that I forget now exactly where it was. I think it was in Queens, when I was on my way to Patchogue to catch the ferry to Davis Park; but it may have been in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, or Oklahoma City, for all I know. Wherever it was, I heard it with astonishment

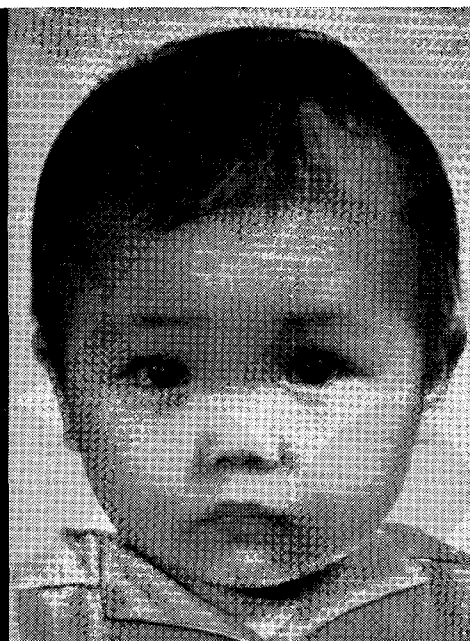
and delight. It made exactly the same noise as the diesel of Le Puy and all other European diesels of my acquaintance. There was something reassuring about this old familiar sound. Other sounds were new, and I was glad of it, but it was good to know that whatever else changed, the diesel remained constant to its age-old traditions.

I never heard an American cuckoo, but I heard a wood pigeon in Michigan. At least, I took it to be one. Its song was familiar, and yet not familiar; and the moment I heard it I could see what had happened to the American wood pigeon. It was the same thing that happened to Dvořák when he came to the New World, though the wood pigeon had, of course, been here longer. Dvořák's Czech melodies were agreeably influenced by intervals derived from the plantations, and ultimately from Africa. The wood pigeon had nothing to be influenced in but his rhythm, but this was certainly affected by the same influence. The song of this Michigan bird was subtly diversified with syncopated subrhythms and slightly offbeat grace notes. As far as I could tell, these were superimposed on the same basic two-bar rhythm, which is of course syncopated itself, in the second bar. I simply had not time to confirm this by a detailed study; I had to catch a bus to Cheyenne. But I thought the whole thing a distinct improvement on the song of the European wood pigeon, though I expect the bird's manners and morals leave just about as much to be desired.

How far, then, has the Negro influence permeated the sounds of North America, if the wood pigeon is noticeably affected and the diesel is not? I had to leave a fuller study of this fascinating question till some future time, though I hope these preliminary observations are not without interest.

As for the diesel: now that I am back in England, one of my agents, who are scattered widely all over the world, has reported to me that diesels in Spain make a different noise from other European diesels. Through one accident or another, I have never heard a Spanish diesel, and this report has stimulated my curiosity to such an extent that I intend sometime soon to pay a brief visit to Madrid, in order to verify or refute the story for myself.

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THE FIESTA OF PAMPLONA

BY ROBERT TROUT

A rocket pulls a thin gray thread of smoke into the clear mountain sky and explodes with a flash. Guitar strings by the dozens begin to vibrate. Hundreds of throats, moistened by hundreds of skillfully directed streams of red wine, open in song. The clashing of cymbals is nearly submerged by the rapid booming of bass drums, which can scarcely be heard over the shouts; and from assorted directions the thin call of Basque pipes stabs through the din. Around a corner a file of giant figures, each three times as tall as a man and with a man inside propelling it, marches into view. And from the doorways of bars, apartment buildings, barbershops, cafés rush the young men of Pamplona, many dressed in the traditional white with red trimmings, to leap and turn in their mountain dance. So Pamplona embarks on its annual fiesta.

On the seventh day of July, thousands of visitors from the United States and the countries of Western Europe swarm into this northern Spanish city for the celebration that is one of the most rugged the Continent has to offer. When they stagger out of town a week later, they

will have survived an experience that combines some of the features of a guerrilla battle, a jazz festival, and a Legion convention.

As one local publication puts it, there is "no minute of repose, among musics, reveilles, and above all the *encierro*." This last is the attraction that gives Pamplona's annual fiesta its unique flavor, the daily running of the bulls through the streets. It is quite likely the only important event to take place in the early morning that Spaniards have ever devised. To see, or take part in, the *encierro*, the visitor must arise from his bed well before six o'clock. Encouraging him to do so are the musics and the reveilles, groups of young men, embracing wine bottles and guitars, who roam the streets in the dark hours of the mornings, shouting cheery songs about the necessity of departing from bed with a jump, and pounding on drums.

For fifty-one weeks of the year, Pamplona, the capital of Navarra, goes about its business with a reasonable amount of restraint and decorum. However, at the time of the New Year, to judge from the words of a tune that never loses its hold on

the eighty-five thousand inhabitants, a certain restlessness sets in. The lyric goes: "First of January, second of February, third of March, fourth of April, fifth of May, sixth of June, seventh of July, San Fermín!" By the time July arrives, Pamplona, steaming with repressed excitement, is ready to explode in a flare of fireworks, rope-soled sandals flashing in the kicks and turns of Navarra dances, cascades of wine, and a prolonged clamor exceedingly rich in decibel content.

It is the saint named Fermín, the patron of Pamplona, who is honored by the fiesta, which the inhabitants call the *sanfermines*. Although the martyred saint seems to have spent most of his working years in France, the return of his remains to Pamplona has been celebrated relentlessly for centuries by his fellow townsmen, and the present generation has lost none of the old-time energy and enthusiasm. From before dawn until well after midnight, large sections of the population take to the streets. They use the streets for eating, dancing, and singing. They dare bulls to kill them in the streets, doze in café chairs in the streets, and stroll amiably through the streets, flirting, carrying balloons, and making sounds on noisemakers. Embarked on a marathon of wine consumption from bottles, glasses, and leather bags, they grow friendlier with every gulp.

Unlike some other well-known festivals, the fiesta of San Fermín is an affair of, by, and for the people, and the absence of balls and parties organized by clubs and other private groups ensures the visitor from any country that he can, if he wishes, be quickly swept into the main current of the celebration. While he is relaxing in a café chair on the curb, eating potato chips or drinking beer, sooner or later a group of young men will suddenly appear in the street, leaping and twirling in a dance. If the tourist is a male physically able to stand the exertion, there is nothing to stop him from joining the dancers; if he does, they will almost surely smile a welcome. If, when wandering with the crowds in the streets, the visitor should direct his gaze to one of the goatskin *botas* the men carry on cords over their shoulders, the chances are that the carrier will instantly offer a drink. On all sides there are reminders that if the stranger surrenders to the urge to



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buy a *bota* of his own, sensible procedure is to have it filled with white wine, not red, until after considerable practice in the trick of pouring the wine down one's throat with the *bota's* nozzle a good two inches from the lips. The gaiety of the Pamplona scene at fiesta time is enhanced by the great purple stains on the shirts of the foreigners who have been practicing with red wine.

Although the daily bullfight is the main item on each day's program, other fiesta attractions would fill a list formidable in length. The determined celebrant, before probable collapse, can cheer *jai alai* players, groan with wrestlers, inhale sawdust at a circus, gasp at competing weight lifters, and buy a mule at the horse fair in the field near the winding River Arga, just outside part of the old city wall.

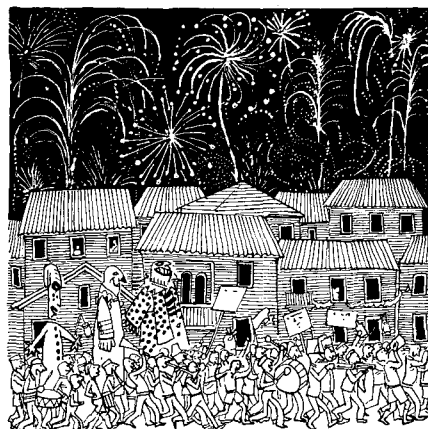
Still, the festival does revolve around bulls; the talk from the day's first sleepy grunting to the night's last murmur is about bulls; and, as the first-time visitor is almost certain to discover within minutes of arrival, every day at least six bulls will be killed, butchered, sold to the public, and consumed in the form of steaks, chops, and stews.

Visitors who may not wish to attend the afternoon bullfights can, nevertheless, get a good look at these handsome animals in motion by watching the run through the streets every morning. In most of Spain's cities, the bulls are brought by truck to the corral behind the ring several days before they are to be fought. The local Pamplona custom is to let the bulls get to the ring under their own power along a half-mile course from the edge of town.

As they have done for at least three hundred years, Pamplona's brave young men run ahead of the bulls. At least, they begin ahead, assembling near the baroque facade of the eighteenth-century city hall to await the starting signal, the first stroke of the bell in the thirteenth-century church of San Saturnino. Since a half-ton bull can cover the distance at a clip considerably faster than a four-minute mile, the animals pass many of the human runners on the way. And the spectator who is not satisfied by the flash of hooves and horns glimpsed for an instant over a wooden street barrier would do best to watch the *encierro* from the ring.

Most mornings, a ticket there costs less than twenty cents.

In recent years, foreigners have joined the native runners in increasing numbers and have become the target for some but not all the complaints that the *encierros* are not what they were in the good old days. Last year, after a number of accidents, often serious, handbills appeared in the streets signed by "the young men of Pamplona," reminding all who



read them of what would seem to be the obvious truth: that one should not try to run a footrace with a wild bull without knowing something of the techniques of the competition.

After a week of arising shortly after five in the morning to be sure of getting a good place to see the *encierro*, the tourist is likely to feel nearly as shaky as if he had been run over by a bull. Every morning, after the bulls are safely in the corral, most of Pamplona, before popping into bed for a quick nap, streams to the big central square, the Plaza del Castillo, to breakfast at one of the many cafés that border it. Kutz Café, the largest and best known, also offers, in addition to the usual drinks, a brief menu of light dishes, like omelettes or cold cuts, that make an acceptable evening meal after a tiring day.

The best restaurant in Pamplona is a fine one, and expensive by Spanish standards, the Hostel of the Noble King, popularly called the Seven Sisters in tribute to its efficient owners and managers. There, if the diner is lucky enough to get a table at the peak hour of three in the afternoon, he can lunch on excellent versions of Spanish-style cold tomato soup; *paella*, rice yellowed with saffron and cooked with chicken and shellfish; and *ajuarriero*, a regional concoction of dried codfish and olive oil to which, for best

results, there should be added meat of the *langosta*, the big clawless lobster of the warm seas.

The appetite may have been sharpened by activities like a midday visit to the bullring to watch husky Basques at their sport of wood chopping, in which the competitors stand on thick logs, gripping the curved surface with shoeless feet covered by thick wool socks; or a visit to the little open lot where the garlic farmers display their crop, the grayish-white bulbs strung into garlands hanging on the walls of their huts. About a dollar will buy a garland of at least fifty bulbs; the whole string can be carried away around the neck like a gigantic necklace. If this is not the best garlic in the world, then the best must be ambrosia indeed; but alas, the law forbids returning travelers to bring it into the United States.

Between diversions, because it is hard to get to bed early in Pamplona (the nightly concert on the bandstand in the square generally lasts until one thirty in the morning), and because it is customary to get out so early, almost everyone feels the need of stealing away for a nap as often as possible. At the *sanfermines*, as a sleep-starved visitor once said, more people go to bed more often for perfectly innocent purposes than anywhere else on the globe. The beds they fall into are not likely to be excessively comfortable, because Pamplona contains only three hotels large enough to be recognizable as such by most travelers and no one below the rank of ambassador or matador's assistant is likely to attain a room in one of them. By the summer of 1962, the authorities hope to have ready a new hotel of two hundred rooms. But, as usual, the vast majority of fiesta visitors will move into private homes. Depending on whether such a luxury as occasional hot water for bathing or shaving is essential to one's happiness, lodging should cost from two to five dollars a person for a night.

In any case, for nappers at any hour, earplugs are recommended to dull, if not obliterate, the nearly constant toot of horn and bang of drum, the almost continual accompaniment to anything else that is happening at any time. As the clubs of men and boys move through the streets, they hop and wheel in their jota, their arms upraised, their fingers often prevented from snapping

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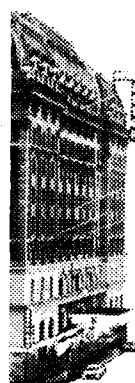
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the rhythm by handfuls of wine bottles, bread rolls encasing slices of ham, rolled newspapers, and cigarettes. They lose the red handkerchiefs from their necks; their floppy straw hats grow tattered; their white shirts and trousers turn gray with dust; but still they dance, from the parading of the statue of the saint that opens the festivities to the night the party ends. At the final hour, they are still dancing, singing now in mock despair, "Ay! Poor me!", for the fiesta is done. At the end of the chorus, the stricken dancers fall to the street and are still. Then, after a few moments of silence and immobility, the music crashes out anew; the dancers spring to their feet; and off they go, leaping, their vigor unimpaired.

These young men are the real owners of the fiesta of San Fermín, and if they regret the inevitable commercialization of their fiesta and resent the hordes of tourists, they hide their feelings. The strap around the shoulder is as likely now to support a camera as a *bota*, and the sun that shines on the matador's suit of lights also glints on the television and motion-picture lenses that peer from a dozen angles. In the crowd that nightly braves the sometimes erratic fireworks in the plaza, French girls in trousers stroll beside American boys wearing baseball caps, and the Germans are there, too, and the English and the Norwegians and the Dutch. The jets that whisk in a day half a town's population halfway around the globe to once isolated centers of folklore have not spared Pamplona.

Yet there is a spirit of San Fermín too hardy to succumb to sightseers. "This," as one visitor recently summed it up, "is the last innocent fiesta in the world." When the rocket explodes and the pipes begin their shrill call, it is impossible to doubt that the dancing young men would not alter their fiesta by as much as one snap of the fingers if every jet were grounded and every incoming bus stalled. By the time the last pipe has fallen silent and the last group of dancers has finally forsaken the streets for bed, the visitor who has traveled to Pamplona for his vacation will be planning a vacation to recuperate—before planning the following year's vacation as one of the loyal band which returns to the big party for San Fermín.

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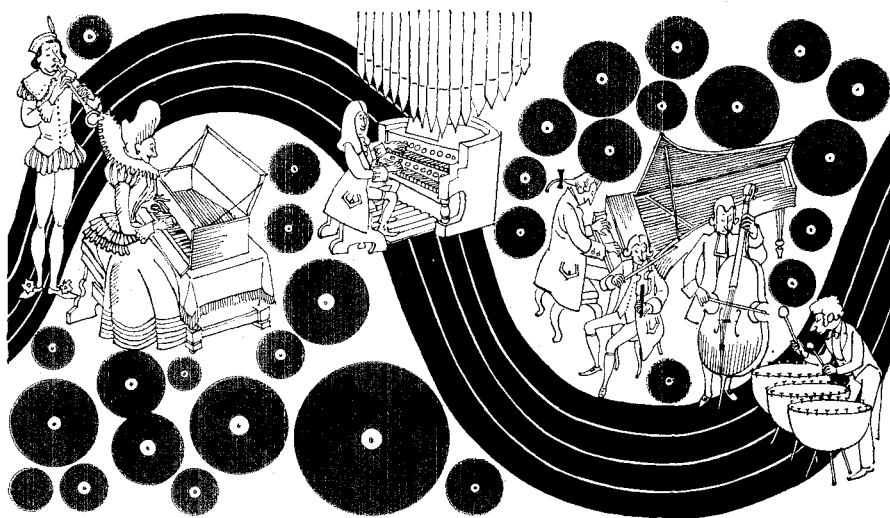
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they shall have music



HI-FI FROM THE GERMANS

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

A few months ago a record came out devoted to the inimitably French songs of that most thoroughly French composer, Claude Debussy. It was sung in French by a leading French baritone, Gérard Souzay. Nothing in music could have been more convincingly or triumphantly Gallic. But it was a record conceived and produced in Germany, and its label bore the defiant and incongruous title *Lieder von Claude Debussy*.

How this might have affected Debussy, who signed himself "musicien français" and never called a *chanson* a *Lied* in his life, is a question one can only speculate on. But the record epitomizes the story of Germany's leading record producer, the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, which is making a massive effort to invade the American classical record market but is reluctant to drop an umlaut while doing so.

In its campaign for a larger share of record sales in this country, DGG has formed an alliance with MGM Records, which has long flourished in the popular field. Although MGM is a movie company subsidiary, its history in classical recording has been neither negligible nor undistinguished. For a number of years it turned out a line of imaginative and sometimes esoteric releases

devoted particularly to contemporary music, and won considerable critical acclaim. But the *succès d'estime* was not matched by a *succès de fisc*, and the line was dropped in 1958. Some of those old MGM releases, such as Douglas Moore's opera *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, were of such interest that they are now being re-pressed in limited quantities for shops specializing in the connoisseur market.

But what MGM really wanted was a high-quality and comprehensive classical department; and DGG, just severing a ten-year connection with Decca Records in New York, was ready to provide it. As of January 1, 1963, MGM has taken over the handling and distribution of all DGG records in the United States, importing the discs from Germany but packaging them in heavy and handsome envelopes printed in this country. "We're retaining the familiar DGG yellow-and-blue insignia on the packages," explains Leo Kepler, the director of MGM's classical division, "but we're trying to give the envelopes more of an American look, and to bring the editorial matter, such as the jacket notes, more in line with American practices."

For the moment there continues to

be something of a linguistic dichotomy between DGG's jackets and labels. For example, its superb new release of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 played by Sviatoslav Richter has a jacket that carries all the pertinent information in English but a label that informs the listener he is about to hear Peter "Tschai-kowsky's" *Konzert für Klavier und Orchester Nr. 1 b-moll op. 23* as played by "Svjatoslav" Richter, klavier, with the Wiener Symphoniker; Dirigent: Herbert von Karajan. Even this represents something of an improvement; in its pre-MGM days DGG put out a recording that was designated on both its jacket and its label as *Schwanensee-Suite; Dornröschen-Suite*. It took a little effort to discover the English titles of the *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty* suites.

This insistence upon the use of *Muttersprache* probably contributes an exotic aura to DGG records; since they are priced at one dollar more than customary list figures, it is perhaps not surprising to find emphasis placed upon their status as "imports" which have undergone inspection and sealing overseas. For a time DGG records came in plastic casings almost as tight as sausage skins, absolutely impenetrable to all but the most determined and strong-fingered customer. One of MGM's most useful improvements has been to devise a detachable strip, permitting ready access to the record itself.

Although DGG's recording activities naturally center in Germany, where its home orchestra is the Berlin Philharmonic, they extend with increasing frequency into other countries as well. The Leningrad Philharmonic, the Warsaw Philharmonic, the Czech Philharmonic ("Tschechische Philharmonie" is the jacket designation), the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris, and La Scala Opera of Milan are among the performing units recorded by DGG. One of its most delightful products is a light-fingered and Italianate Rossini *Barber of Seville* recorded in Munich by an all-Italian cast directed by Bruno Bartoletti. DGG has also turned out a fine *Don Carlos* and *Marriage of Figaro*, as well as Carl Orff's *Antigone* and highlights from Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*. It has had its slipups, too, such as a plodding and routine *La Bohème* inexplicably exported to the United States in one of the customary lavish DGG operatic albums,

with a libretto printed in parallel columns of Italian, German, English, and French.

So far, most of the artists on the DGG roster are European. But with its eyes increasingly on the American market, which accounts for so high a proportion of world record sales (40 percent of all Italian opera recordings are sold here, for example), DGG is likely to be using more and more American artists. Its two prizes to date have been the conductor Lorin Maazel and the mezzo-soprano Grace Bumbry, both young Americans whose recent activity has been centered in Europe.

Maazel, who at thirty-two is already highly regarded among conductors, is that rare specimen among musicians, a *Wunderkind* who not only grew up but matured. He began conducting in public at the age of eight, and his triumphs in knee pants included engagements at the New York World's Fair in 1939 and at the Lewisohn Stadium summer concerts. For nearly a decade he has been in Europe, no longer a prodigy but more than ever a conductor. A series of DGG recordings, including a wonderfully light and airy Mendelssohn *Italian* symphony with the Berlin Philharmonic, plus successful appearances in Germany and France, brought him back to the United States last fall for a schedule that included stops at the Metropolitan Opera and Philharmonic Hall. His symphonic appearances have been better received than his operatic; critics of the latter have complained of a rigid, metronomic beat that whips up the score but sometimes gives the singers hardly a chance to breathe. However, Maazel is a conductor of stature, and DGG is not the only company bidding for his future services.

Grace Bumbry is a 26-year-old Negro girl from St. Louis who, like many other young American singers, went to Europe to learn her trade. Two leading, if rather contrasting, figures in the entertainment world have taken an interest in her — Arthur Godfrey, the broadcaster, who put her on his show when she won a high school singing contest, and Sol Hurok, the impresario, who has helped guide her career and this winter arranged for her formal American debut in two Carnegie Hall concerts.

Miss Bumbry gained European acclaim by appearing as Carmen

at the Paris Opéra and as Venus in *Tannhäuser* at the Bayreuth Festival of 1961. But many Americans first became aware of her bright, rich, flexible mezzo voice in two DGG releases last fall, one devoted to opera, the other to *Lieder*. Although she has studied with Lotte Lehmann, Miss Bumbry seems less suited to *Lieder* singing than opera, where both the size and range of her voice can exercise their full effect, and where subtleties of shading are less consequential. One of the lesser-known arias on her operatic record, "*O ma lyre immortelle*" from Gounod's *Sappho*, displays to the full her ability to unloose a soaring outpouring of melody. Like those of Maazel, Miss Bumbry's recent personal appearances have shown a performer on the threshold of her powers, rather than in full command of them. Her recordings to come will be awaited with anticipation.

Whatever new paths are taken by DGG in the future, one of its projects is certain to continue unchanged and unimpaired. This is the remarkable series of records known as the Archive Production, by far the most complete and comprehensive history of sound ever undertaken by any record company. As a purely commercial proposition, the Archive Production might have difficulty justifying itself, although MGM officials say it does manage to pay its own way. However, it happens to be the pet project of 55-year-old Ernest von Siemens, who is head of Siemens und Halske AG, the giant German electrical combine which numbers DGG among its subsidiaries. Herr von Siemens, who is an avid music listener and a proficient amateur cellist, developed the Archive Production himself, establishing a special "History of Music Division" of DGG. Under these scholarly, not to say professorial auspices, all music from 700 A.D. to 1800 was split into a dozen "research periods" for recording purposes — Gregorian Chant; Central Middle Ages; Early Renaissance; High Renaissance; Italian Seicento; German Baroque Music; Western Europe from 1650 to 1800; Italian Settecento; the Works of Johann Sebastian Bach; George Frederick Handel; German Pre-Classics; Mannheim and Vienna. Each of these in turn was broken up into subdivisions bearing such titles as "Carillon Music of the Low Countries," "Orches-

tral and Chamber Music in Transition," and "From the 'Galant' to the 'Biedermeier.'" The same methodical approach extends to a jumbo-size index card accompanying each release, which includes practically all conceivable data on the pedigree of the music and the recording.

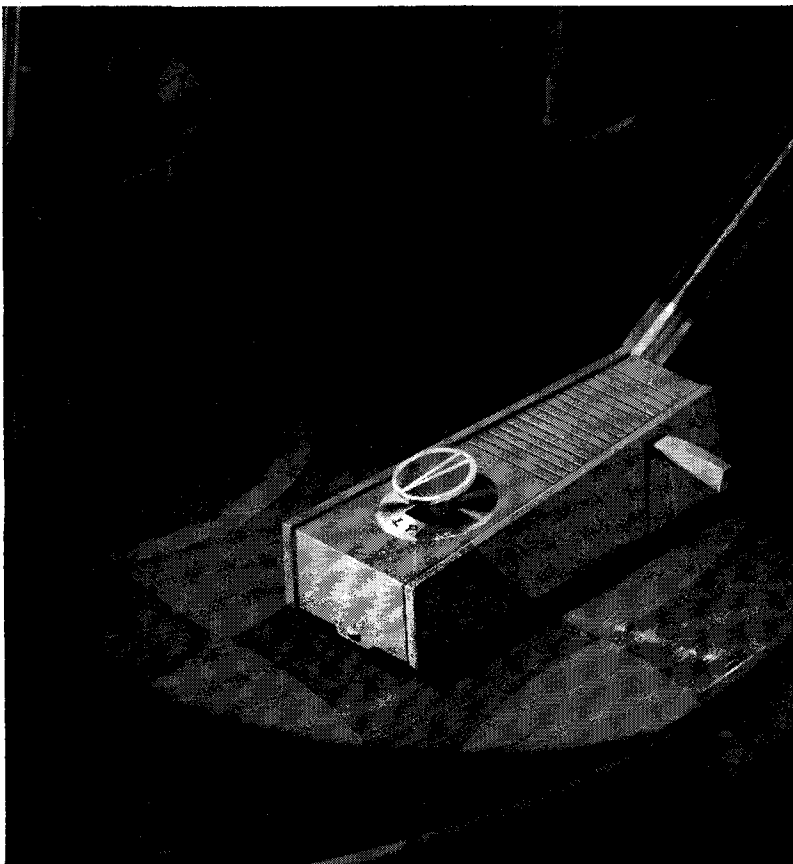
Little attempt is made to popularize the Archive series, either in packaging or annotation; a typical jacket note excerpt (about a Bach concerto) runs: "The same is equally true of the *Larghetto*, which also demonstrates Bach's striving after cyclic unification, as here, too, a succession of (3) soli and (2) tutti passages are contained within analogous outer tutti sections." Some of the Archive activities seem somewhat wasteful, being devoted to adding new versions to the catalogue of such oft-recorded works as Bach's Brandenburg Concertos or Handel's Royal Fireworks Music — although, of course, an Archive producer would undoubtedly claim, just like any other record executive worth his salt and salary, that *his* Brandenburgs and Fireworks were clearly superior to all others.

Where Archive has the field largely to itself, and where it operates at its magnificent best, is in its systematic recording of the works of obscure or neglected masters. So far it has issued some two hundred releases by such composers as Adam de la Halle, Adriano Banchieri, Thomas Campion, Nicolas Dalayrac, Adam Krieger, Georg Rhaw, Pierre Vachon, and Oswald von Wolkenstein, not to mention such relatively renowned pillars of musical society as Gesualdo, Monteverdi, Praetorius, Purcell, Schütz, and Vivaldi. Before it is finished, the Archive series expects to enregister the complete works of Johann Sebastian Bach, in whom its interest is unbounded. For example, it has not been content to record, as so many others have, the *Goldberg Variations*, which are named in honor of a pupil of Bach's who died at the age of twenty-nine; it has even resuscitated a couple of pieces by Goldberg himself, and given them their first and only recording.

The Archive Production, like the rest of the DGG output, is produced, packaged, and sealed in Germany. Each outer jacket carries a pair of initialed inspection tags, and each inner envelope contains a set of solemn instructions on record care



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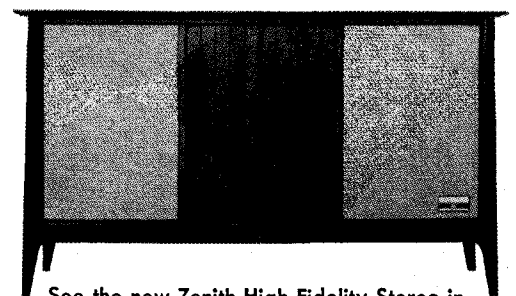
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printed, with typical Deutsche Grammophon thoroughness, in four languages. "Lieber Musikfreund!" is the salutation of the original German, while the translations bear the greetings "Dear musiclover," "Cher mélomane," and "A los aficionados a la musica." When he finally penetrates past the seals, the coverings, the casings, and the warnings, the customer, be he *Musikfreund* or *mélomane*, cannot help but handle the shiny record bearing a blue and silver label with circumspection and respect — which may be what the professors at DGG had in mind all along.

Record Reviews

Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade

Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia MS-6365 (stereo) and ML-5765

What is wanted in a recording of *Scheherazade* is lush orchestral playing, wide-open sound, and a full-blown romantic approach. These are supplied in overflowing measure by Ormandy and his Philadelphians, who seem to hold the modern-day American patent on music of this sort. The solo violin of concertmaster Anshel Brusilow has been practically thrust into the mouth of the microphone, but this is part of the overall abundance. Heaven knows how many times *Scheherazade* has been recorded before; may it now become equally aware that no further attempts are needed for quite a while.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 in B Minor, "Pathétique"

Otto Klemperer conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel S-35787 (stereo) and 35787

To find Klemperer conducting the *Pathétique* is a little like finding Ulanova dancing at the Folies Bergère. Nothing could be further removed from the usual sphere of interest of this granitic and uncompromising exponent of Beethoven and Brahms at their most monumental. But the no-nonsense approach of the 77-year-old conductor pays surprising dividends in his venture into Tchaikovsky, in the form of a crisp, clean, and uncongealed presentation of a score often emotionalized to the point of stickiness. Arturo Toscanini performed a simi-

lar service for the *Pathétique* a generation ago; Klemperer now brings the concept up to date, with stereo to make the effect more striking than ever.

Robert Ward: The Crucible

Emerson Buckley conducting New York City Opera Company with Frances Bible and Patricia Brooks, sopranos; Eunice Alberts and Gloria Wynder, contraltos; Norman Kelley and Jack DeLon, tenors; Chester Ludgin, baritone; John Macurdy, bass; and others; Composers Recordings, Inc. 168-SD (stereo) and 168: two records

The Crucible is an opera about the Salem witchcraft trials. Its libretto, by Bernard Stambler, is based on Arthur Miller's Broadway play of a decade ago. Its music, by the Ohio-born, 46-year-old composer Robert Ward, is technically assured, dramatically taut, and lyrically eloquent. Audiences which have heard the work at New York's enterprising second opera house, the City Center, have liked it, and the critics have welcomed it. Last year it won the Pulitzer Prize and a New York Music Critics Circle citation, and now it has been recorded intact. If anything, the recording strengthens the impression left by the opera-house performance: *The Crucible* is a work of substance and importance, with a freely flowing musical score that gives new depth and impact to the drama of a sex-ridden girl spreading false accusations in a frenzied and fearful community. Ward's music is not stamped with any particular originality or individuality of style, but it establishes a mood of time and place through the use of hymnlike tunes, and it builds dramatic suspense through musical patterns that are straightforward, terse, and melodic. The soaring lyrical peroration by John Proctor, the baritone hero, as he is led off to execution indicates that Mr. Ward is even in possession of that ancient and all but forgotten secret of the operatic craft — the ability to write an aria. The performance of the work, which is almost two hours long, is impeccable, with a City Center cast possessed not only of strong and flexible voices, but of a mastery of dramatic nuance and, for the most part, of clear and distinct English.

Fritz Kreisler in Immortal Performances

Fritz Kreisler, violinist, with Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist; Geraldine Farrar,

soprano; John McCormack, tenor; Efrem Zimbalist, violinist; and Hugo Kreisler, cellist; RCA Victor LM-6099 (monaural): two records

What a wonderful adventure in musical nostalgia this album of re-releases is! The incomparable Fritz Kreisler, who died in 1962 at the age of eighty-six, is its central figure; but Sergei Rachmaninoff is represented with almost equal prominence, and the contributions of Farrar and McCormack, while more fleeting, are no less affecting. Farrar sings Nevin's "Mighty Lak' a Rose" and "Connais-tu le Pays" from Thomas's *Mignon*, while McCormack is heard in the *Berceuse* from Godard's *Jocelyn* and two Rachmaninoff songs — all with obbligatos by Kreisler, and all with the artistry that endows even a trifle with memorable qualities. But it is the Kreisler-Rachmaninoff playing of three violin-piano sonatas — Grieg's in C Minor, Opus 45; Schubert's in A Major, Opus 162, and Beethoven's in G Major, Opus 30, No. 3 — that represents a summit in duo performance not often achieved since. Nor should one overlook the oldest among these ancient musical glories — a 1915 recording of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor, with Kreisler and Efrem Zimbalist weaving a practically seamless "solo" line to the accompaniment of a string quartet.

The Stories of Kafka

Lotte Lenya, reader; Caedmon TC-1114

More than one commentator on Franz Kafka has observed the contrast between the lucid simplicity of his language and the nightmarish symbolism of his thought. Both elements are brought strikingly home by Lotte Lenya in these spellbinding readings of seven Kafka stories — one long and six short. It is *A Hunger Artist*, an extended and grisly tale of an emaciated sideshow performer whose stock-in-trade is to starve himself before a crowd, which carries the greatest dramatic power and most pervasive sense of tragedy. The other stories, perhaps because of their brevity, develop less suspense and mood, except for *A Fratricide*, a swift and sharp depiction of a street murder. Lotte Lenya, the widow of Kurt Weill and the heroine of his *Threepenny Opera*, reads these strange stories in faintly accented but impeccably clear English, making them seem not only grotesque and painful but also human and haunting.



Weeks

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

THIS is the time of year when, during my boyhood in New Jersey, you could come down with anything — chicken pox, measles, whooping cough, croup, or an earache; these stalked us as the winter ran its course. “As the days get longer the cold grows stronger,” and though we were fortified with daily doses of cod-liver oil, we were probably more vulnerable then than at any time since summer. Doctor Jim Green, our family doctor, who had brought me and my five brothers and sisters into the world, was in heavy demand; so, except for emergency, we were cared for with household remedies applied by Mother with the advice of Mr. Parsons, the druggist.

For earache, that sudden frightening pain, the worse because it came at night, she used hot goose grease, drop by drop, or a peeled and heated onion, hot as you could stand it and just small enough to fit the cavity. (I have heard of those who used pickerel oil, but who had it and how it was procured, I never knew.) For croup or a cold that settled in the chest, heat was again essential, and it was rubbed into you with camphorated oil — boy, how that burned! — or mustard plaster, or lard and turpentine, all of these unguents being kept in place by a strip of flannel. The lard and turpentine mixture was warmed in a hot plate and afterward kept out in the laundry; it was bad luck to throw it away — if you did, someone else in the household would get sick.

In the early stages of a sore throat, when our sniffing and barking were getting on Mother’s nerves, she would spoon into us Brown’s cough mixture or Ayer’s Cherry Pectoral. Both were tasty in a day when most medicines were hard to stomach.

Whooping cough was a mixed blessing, depending, of course, on how bad a case you had. It meant that you would be quarantined (no school!) for seven weeks and you would be expected to swallow quarts of Hive Syrup to keep you from

whooping. I spent my quarantine with my grandfather and favorite aunt, and enjoyed it.

Tonsillitis, on the other hand, was a nag, and the cure for it humiliating. They tied a wet wash-rag around your throat, and to keep it from slipping, wrapped it around with one of Mother’s old black stockings.

Burns, incurred when you were making fudge or otherwise fooling around the kitchen range, were salved by an application of linseed oil and lime-water. For an upset stomach, there were several remedies, and since no allowance was made for allergies and you were supposed to eat whatever was set before you, I suffered frequently from what was called heartburn. Fried tomatoes, fried onions, cucumbers would set me burping in no time, and at the sound I would be sent upstairs to eat some charcoal tablets. If that didn’t work, then a tablespoonful of rhubarb and soda, and if I was still irrepressible, this would be followed by a tall glass of baking soda and steaming water. For hiccups you simply stole up behind the victim and dropped a fifty-cent piece inside his or her shirt. The shock was supposed to cure.

Chicken pox, like mumps and chapped hands, you just suffered until nature did the mending. For fever, sweet spirits of niter diluted in water, or, if it was bad, an alcohol rub and, oh, the relief of witch hazel on a cool cloth on cheeks or temple. As long as there was snow on the ground, chapped hands would be scarred and the skin broken by nightfall. The trouble, of course, was with our mittens, which got soaked in our snowball fights, soaked when we coasted, and caked with snow when we hitched up our Flexible Flyers to the rear end of delivery wagons. Good-natured drivers would tow us all through our part of town; those who weren’t would crack their whips at us until we let go. Allen Church, my most daring cousin, hitched his sled to a Hahn’s delivery wagon and got towed all the way to Newark, where, when

night fell, one of his father's friends found him and brought him — and sled — home.

With the March thaw came lassitude, and as the stronger sunlight filtered through the window I remember how we used to stretch and yawn. Spring was coming, and we were almost home free. We had heard of country cousins whose mother tied around their necks little bags of asafetida, which stank like onions and old clothes; if you could stand that smell, I guess you could stand anything. But we had our own form of grueling, and we knew we were in for it when on a bright Saturday afternoon Mother would suddenly exclaim, "Come, children. Time for spring housecleaning. A clean house is better than a bad tenant." We always hoped she might forget, but she never did. That night, before we undressed, each of us would be made to swallow a tablespoonful of castor oil. We could take it in a tumbler mixed with orange juice, the orange juice in the top layer and the oil underneath, or choke it down in a desperate gulp with eyes shut tight. Either way, it marked the end of winter.

LUDENDORFF'S LAST GAMBLE

1918 — **THE LAST ACT**, by **BARRIE PITT** (Norton, \$5.95), invites comparison with Barbara W. Tuchman's splendid chronicle *The Guns of August*. Mrs. Tuchman has the more spectacular material, Mr. Pitt the more desperate. In the summer of 1914 the nations rode off to war with a pride, confidence, and color they were never to have again: the uhlans carried their steel-tipped lances; the Cossacks were a nightmare threatening Prussia; and the Czar's armies, the least equipped and most naïve, maintained their staff work with wireless messages anyone could intercept. Mrs. Tuchman is the better portraitist; she has more bizarre and choleric types to work with, and her skill in characterization contributes much to the readability of her book. Finally, her account of von Moltke's remorseless advance through Belgium and toward Paris, so unstoppable until Gallieni and "Papa" Joffre turned the right flank on the Marne, is an example of the classic military reverse, a miracle of recovery in which the dazed leadership of Sir John French and the always late B.E.F. played a disappointing part.

In 1918, the Germans are again advancing, this time under the more capable direction of General Ludendorff; after an incredible barrage, a gap miles wide has been opened between the British and French armies, and up the roads toward Amiens come the German infantry, packs on their backs, virtually unopposed. But this time the defenders' roles are reversed: it is the British who bear the brunt; the French, bled white and muti-

nous in some divisions, were capable of holding but had lost their élan. Thus, Mr. Pitt is as much a proponent for the British Army as Mrs. Tuchman is for the French. He was born in 1918, that great turning point which he writes about, and as the son of an officer in the Royal Navy he naturally sympathizes with the British. Mr. Pitt's prose is concise and lucid; his narrative is focused on the troop movements, the fighting conditions — excellent in the description of the muddy, drowning stalemate — and the intricate chain of decisions. Personalities come through by inference: he prefers Douglas Haig to Pétain, and both to Foch, whose ability he consistently underestimates. Yet it was Foch's duty as Supreme Commander to close that door before Amiens, and this he did at the critical moment by throwing in his shock troops — the Australians, the Foreign Legion, and the Moroccans. In this assault the German spearpoint was tempted beyond endurance; having fought its way through the wasted country, it entered villages with wine cellars, food, and booty — and the drinking began. Here, as later, Pitt quotes the German staff officer Rudolf Binding to good effect.

A PRIVATE LINE IN BUCKS COUNTY

In **AREA CODE 215** (Atheneum, \$5.75) **WALTER TELLER** records his appreciative, highly personalized journal of the bucolic life in one of the most jealously guarded and beautiful counties in the East. Mr. Teller is part naturalist, part historian. His entries follow the course of the year and are written with an unhurried curiosity which adds to the fun. I like him best when he is talking about the old-timers: Albert Large, the hermit who for three decades holed up in Wolf Rocks; Edward Hicks, the painter of primitives who become a Quaker convert; Joseph Pickett, another self-taught artist; and Dr. "Ralcly" Bell, "knight of the loyal heart," as it says on his epitaph, who had a way with the ladies and who accidentally knocked himself off with a shotgun trap he had set up beside his front door. "In gentle-appearing valleys strange happenings occur," says Mr. Teller, and indeed they do. I enjoy the perception with which he watches the birds and the changing moods of the weather, and his savagery at a cocktail party, but I am a little less taken with his somewhat mushy love affair of Ernest and Lucia.

SCORCHED SURVIVAL

EDWARD WEISMILLER published his first volume of poems, *The Deer Come Down*, shortly before the Second World War. During the war he was one of the few marine officers to serve in Europe, and in

A publishing house is known by the company it keeps

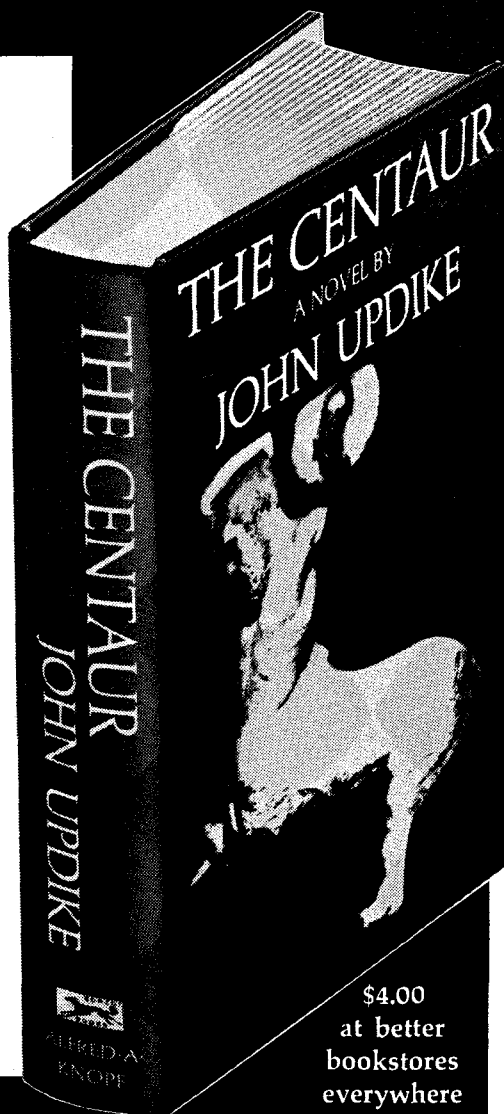
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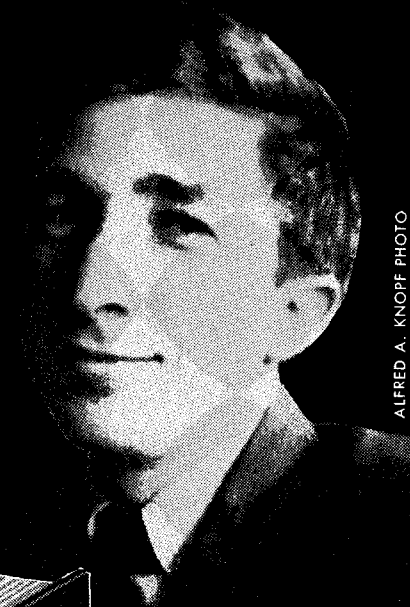
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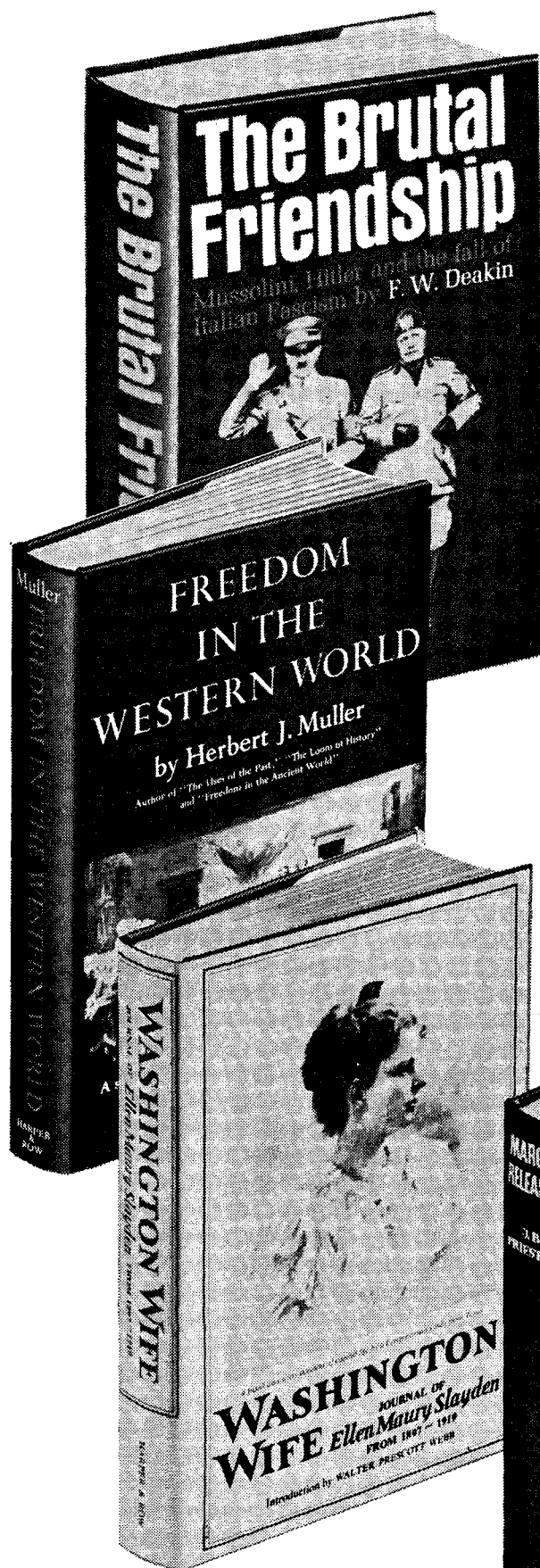
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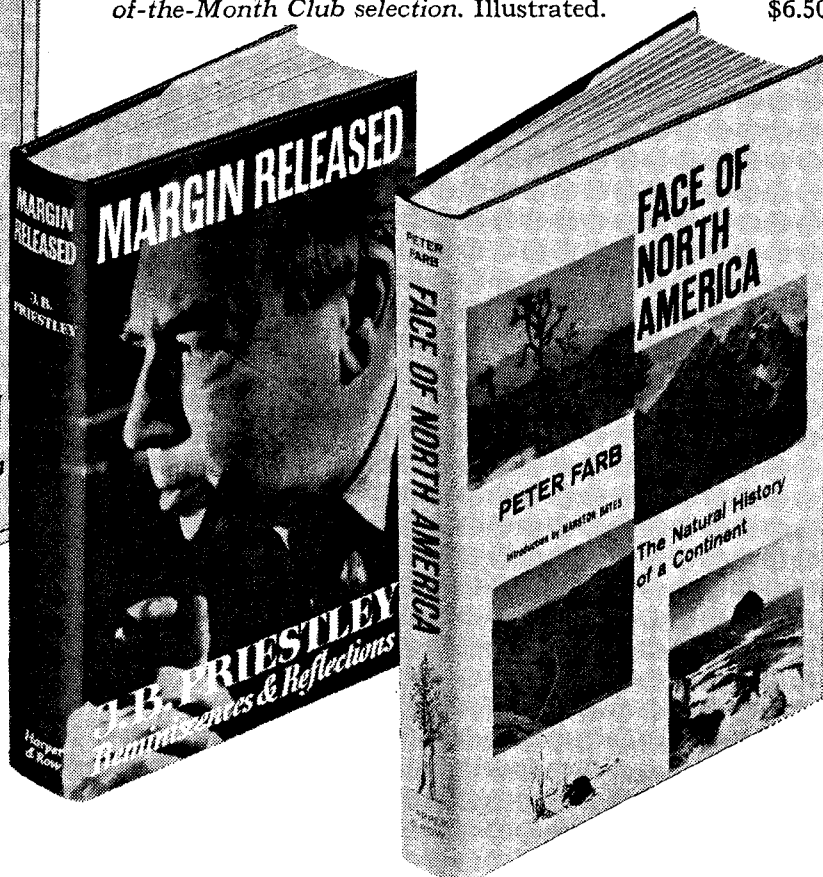
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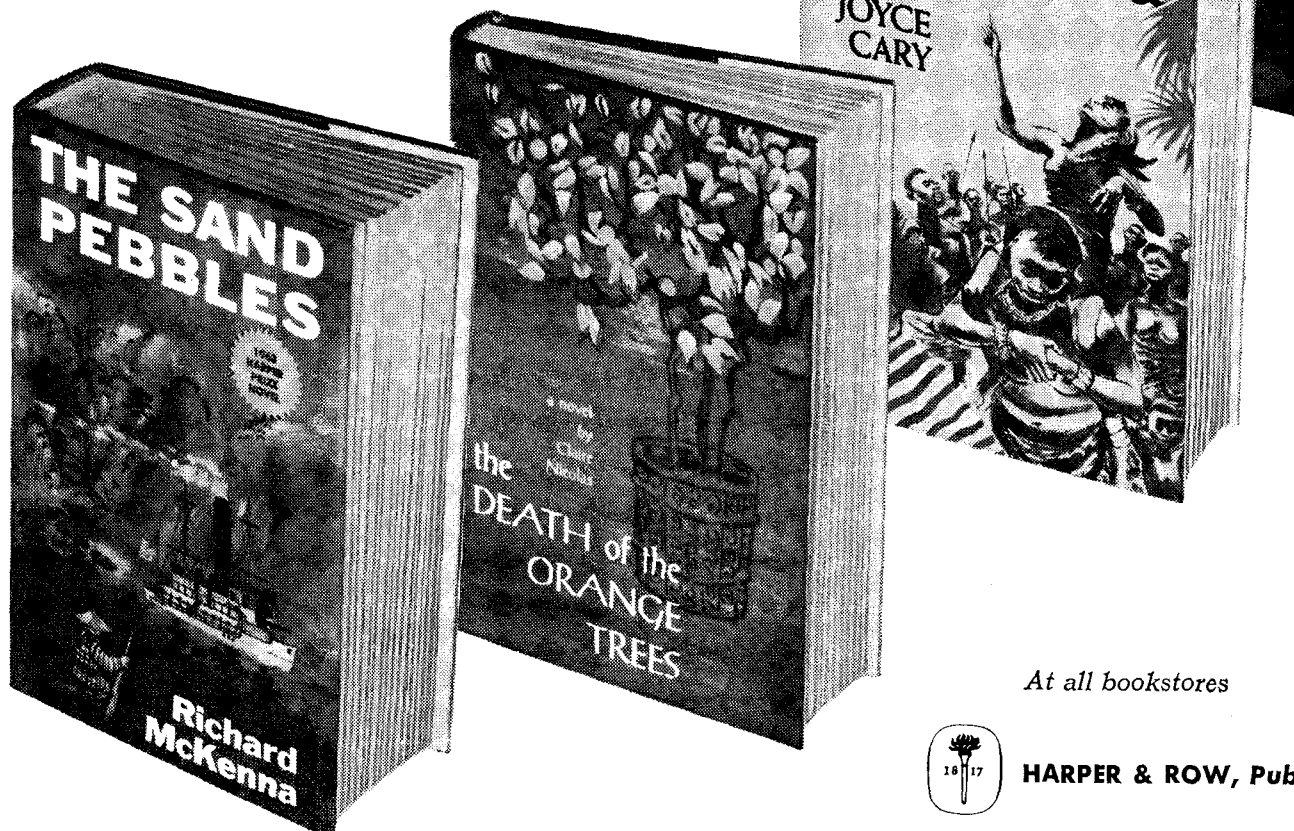
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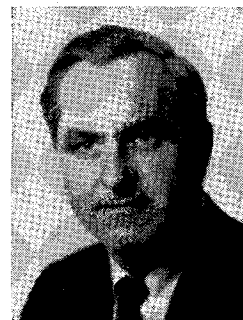
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Cherbourg after the invasion he was involved in counterespionage which opened up the seamy side of the Occupation and laid the foundation for his novel, *THE SERPENT SLEEPING* (Putnam, \$4.95).

The story is set in Cherbourg in the summer of 1944, when the women who collaborated were still being shaved and spat on, and when there was suspicion among the natives, which rubbed off on the Americans, as to which of the returnees were innocent and which guilty. Weismiller tells his story through the understanding of young Lieutenant Phillips, sensitive and with little training for a nasty job, who tries to thread an honest course through the web of vindictive rumor and deceit. He believes in the innocence of Thérèse Bouliard, a girl whom his superior officer has every reason for wanting to convict — and thereby hangs the tale. The handicap of this story is inherent in the material, for counterespionage is a small hard cord of truth leading through an indefinite maze, and it takes persistence on the part of the reader to follow this plot to the end.

The famous foreign correspondents Bill Shirer, Ed Murrow, and Raymond Gram Swing, who warned us of the approach of the Second World War, were followed by a second wave of action writers, Dick Tregaskis, Ernie Pyle, and John Hersey, and by young novelists who had been in action, like John Horne Burns, Tom Heggen, and James Jones. The young writer who was the longest exposed was **JOHN HERSEY**. He experienced the night fighting on Guadalcanal, lived with the American GIs in Italy and with the heavy bombers of the Eighth Air Force, saw the gas chambers, studied the crushed ghetto of Warsaw, reported with enormous patience and compassion the dazed aftermath of Hiroshima. It would be quite wonderful if a writer of Hersey's quality, after witnessing these many faces of death, could find any theme worth writing about save man's desperate struggle for survival.

In his new book, *HERE TO STAY* (Knopf, \$5.00), Mr. Hersey has brought together eight of his prose pieces, each of them a heroic adventure in survival. The lead piece, "Over the Mad River," tells how a little old lady outlived the hurricane and flood in Winsted, Connecticut; and the second is of a family's flight from Hungary after the revolt of 1956. The war pieces include "A Short Talk with Erlanger," an almost unbearable diagnosis of an American soldier who has lost the use of one leg; John F. Kennedy's inexhaustible tenacity shepherding the crew of PT boat 109, and the long, brilliant description of Hiroshima, commissioned by the *New Yorker* and in itself a classic. Charged with sympathy, vivid and terrible in detail, this is eyewitness writing of a high order.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

This year is the centennial of the Emancipation Proclamation; to mark the occasion **JAMES BALDWIN**, in *THE FIRE NEXT TIME* (Dial, \$3.50), has written a proclamation of his own, a manifesto on the Negro question so eloquent in its passion and so scorching in its candor that it is bound to unsettle any readers who might be satisfied about the progress we have made in race relations.

Such progress is real, no doubt; but in the century since Lincoln it has moved at a snail's pace. Mr. Baldwin is no sociological bookkeeper totting up a balance sheet of rights gained against rights still in abeyance. As a novelist and a writer of uncommon talent, he plunges to the human heart of the matter: the fact, quite simply, that any Negro now born in the United States enters a world that belongs to the whites, and that, in consequence, the Negro is branded from the start with the mark of inferiority. To Mr. Baldwin this situation is humanly intolerable, and his anger and resentment, which are just, know no bounds.

Indeed, for most of this book he leaves the impression that the wounds of past and present injustice rankle too deeply ever to be healed, and that this republic, forever divided between whites and blacks, must always stand as a house divided against itself. Yet, when he visited the Black Muslims, who want an independent Negro nation within the United States, he found that, though he shared the feelings of this group, he could not believe in their ideas. He was still bound to the white world and a few people within it whom he could call friend. So he concludes, surprisingly enough, with a hope for a reconciliation, but he is under no illusion that this will be easy. The Negro will have to forgive, which is always hard, but the white will have to do something harder still: he will have to search painfully his own soul and find out what he wanted to vilify in himself when he chose to look down on the Negro.

WAR AND REVOLUTION

"The world on the verge of its catastrophe was very brilliant," wrote Winston Churchill of the

years before World War I. "Empires crowned with princes and potentates rose majestically on every side." In **THE FALL OF THE DYNASTIES** (Doubleday, \$6.50), an account of the collapse of Europe's royal houses from 1905 to 1922, **EDMOND TAYLOR** agrees, but only partly, with this bit of Churchillian nostalgia. Beneath all the pomp and circumstance there were undercurrents of misery and unrest that were later to gather head in the tides of war and revolution, and inundate the old dynasties.

Before 1914 social legislation was very meager. Homeless masses of people camped in the parks or slept in shifts in furnished rooms. It has been estimated that, in a glittering capital like Vienna, a third of the children born were illegitimate.

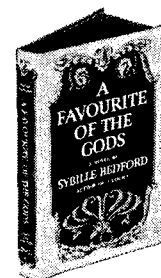
And as for the princely personages themselves, what emerges from Mr. Taylor's narrative is less the impression of regal grandeur than of tragic mediocrity in the face of the historical crises with which they were confronted. Francis I of Austria was a doddering old man presiding over a patchwork empire. The Russian Czar was an inept little man, a puppet in the hands of a hysterical and power-crazy Czarina. The Sultan of Turkey, scion of the once powerful Osmanlis, was a ravaged and impotent captive of his own harem. And the Kaiser himself, who publicly affected the mask of imperial warlord and Teutonic beast of prey, was in his private life only a dull and stuffy German paterfamilias with very limited capacities of imagination. Only the British royal family had ties with its own people. The other European dynasties, having outlived their usefulness, were like dead leaves ready to be blown away by the winds of revolution.

Mr. Taylor has woven all these stories into a unified and superbly readable chronicle. He writes with unobtrusive elegance and the professional reporter's sharp eye for significant detail. He has a grand theme, and his performance lives up to it. The First World War was the pivotal event of our century, from which all subsequent upheavals and conflicts issued. All of us who survive, Mr. Taylor concludes, have been scarred, at least emotionally, by it.

Like Mr. Taylor, **HANNAH ARENDT** believes that war and revolution

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"Full of suspense, you cannot put it down," says William L. Shirer of **Richard M. Watt's DARE CALL IT TREASON**, just published, the first book to tell the long-suppressed story of the French Army mutinies of 1917. \$5.95



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are the central facts of our time. But while war may become obsolete through nuclear terror, revolution seems likely to persist as the order of the day, and those who understand revolution may well be the masters of the future. **ON REVOLUTION** (Viking, \$6.00) is a remarkable study of two classic models of revolution — the American and French — as a possible key to this future.

On the face of it, there is a curious irony in the fate of these revolutions for posterity. The American Revolution produced political stability and was brought to completion under the direction of the men who started it. The French Revolution, on the other hand, gave way to terror, chaos, and dictatorship, and ended by devouring its own children. Yet, the latter was to serve as model for the Russian and Chinese revolutions, and apparently for the continuing revolutions of the emerging nations. "The sad truth," Dr. Arendt sums up, "is that the French Revolution, which ended in disaster, has made world history, while the American Revolution, so triumphantly successful, has remained an event of little more than local importance."

What accounts for the difference in these two revolutions? America found itself in the privileged position of launching a revolution without any great mass poverty. (European visitors to the Colonies in the eighteenth century were amazed not to find hordes of beggars in the streets.) The decisive difference in the French situation is symbolized by the fall of the Bastille, when the oppressed masses of Paris suddenly swarm upon the stage of history for the first time. A revolution that turns to curing mass misery becomes social rather than political in its preoccupations, and it can even lose altogether the sense of politics as an affair of checks and balances and the legal safeguards for individual liberty. In the name of compassion it can become self-righteously cruel and dictatorial. "Out of pity, out of love for humanity, be inhuman!" the Parisian Commune counseled the members of the National Convention, and it could just as well have been addressing the leaders of the Russian and Chinese revolutions.

No schematic summary can do justice to the richness of detail and insight to be found in this book. Dr. Arendt's mind has always seemed

A CRIME OF HONOR

By Giovanni Arpino

Author of *The Novice*

Dr. Castiglia, a provincial aristocrat in southern Italy, marries a girl much younger than himself and beneath his station. On his wedding night he discovers she is not a virgin. The consequences are horrendous. Yet his lawyer can say, with apparent sincerity: "You meted out justice, didn't you? It's a whole world, ours. And you confirm it. You defend it. I wasn't under your bed, but if I had been I swear to you that I wouldn't have lifted a finger to stop you."

Arpino evokes the whole dark and uncompromising psychology of southern Italy, where the vendetta, the blood tie, and a man's personal honor are not just words but matters of total commitment and remorseless retribution. **\$4.00**

PRIVATE SHAW AND PUBLIC SHAW

*A dual portrait of Lawrence
of Arabia and G. B. S.*

By Stanley Weintraub

In 1922, it would have been hard to find two more celebrated men in England than George Bernard Shaw and T. E. Lawrence — "Lawrence of Arabia" as he was then still known. One casual afternoon in March they met, and for the next thirteen years, when Lawrence — presumably to escape being famous — changed his name to Shaw, they maintained (with Mrs. Shaw as a third partner) one of the most unusual friendships in literary history.

What Professor Weintraub, editor of *The Shaw Review*, has done, for the first time, is trace the progress and texture of this extraordinary friendship, drawing upon much hitherto unpublished correspondence. *Illustrated.* **\$5.00**

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to me something of an eighth wonder; an erudite and disciplined thinker, she still retains the ebullient intuition of a woman able always to come at things from a fresh and unusual angle. This is a study to which the thoughtful reader can return again and again for both intellectual delight and profit.

UNHAPPY FUNNYMEN

Laughter, observed the philosopher Bergson, is like spray rising playfully to the surface of the ocean; but when we come too close to it we may find that, like spray, it has a bitter and salty taste. Perhaps no more apt cases in point for the tradition of the sad clown can be cited than our own American humorists Mark Twain and Ring Lardner — the former in old age, the latter throughout the whole of his brief and mordant life.

The pieces in **MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS FROM THE EARTH** (Harper & Row, \$5.95) were edited by the late Bernard De Voto as early as 1939, but publication was forbidden by the author's daughter, Clara Clemens. By her own lights, of course, she was being perfectly consistent; these late papers and sketches are so bitter and uncompromisingly misanthropic in spirit that they would have been an outrage to the genteel tradition represented by the author's wife and daughter. Mark Twain was not one of those old men who, in the words of Dylan Thomas, "go gentle into that good night"; he preferred to rage like a wounded but still unconquered lion. It is a horrible thing, he had once declared, to be a "professional funny man."

Yet, with all his cantankerousness, what magnificent bite and vigor he still retains in his pen! "Letters from the Earth," the title piece, purports to be written by Satan himself to the archangels Gabriel and Michael about the follies of the human race on this tiny and unimportant planet. In "Papers of the Adam Family," Mark Twain audaciously writes as our first parent, giving his own hair-raising, unorthodox interpretation of events in Eden and afterward. Wherever he turned, Mark Twain was struck by human absurdity and pretense: in preposterous books of etiquette, French civilization (which he allows to be just about equal to that of the Comanches), in the impossibly artificial style of his old

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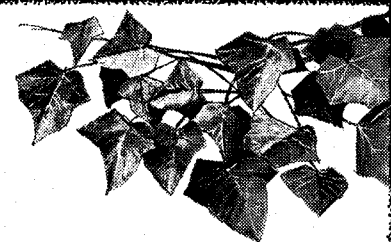
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chopping block Fenimore Cooper. If nothing human was alien to him, nothing human seemed to please him; yet he never attempted to play any Olympian role, and he included himself, too, in that "damned human race," for whose absurdities, one feels, he never ceased to feel affection.

THE RING LARDNER READER, edited by Maxwell Geismar (Scribner's, \$7.50), contains no hitherto unpublished writings, but it is put together in such a way that it sheds a new light upon a writer whose reputation appears to be steadily on the increase. It is, first of all, much more inclusive than any previous Lardner collection. Mr. Geismar has taken selections from those two much-neglected works *Gullible's Travels* and *The Big Town*—only the most extreme Lardner addicts would want them whole—and wedged them unobtrusively, according to subject matter, among the short stories. Finally, he has arranged all the selections under a number of categories—"Provincial Life," "On the Make," "Success Story, U.S.A."—so that what emerges from all this material is a renewed impression of Lardner not merely as a funnyman but as an extremely accurate social historian of American life in the teens and twenties.

This historical picture, to be sure, is not a pleasant one. Lardner's characters, as Mencken noted, for the most part resemble so many broken-down Model T Fords. Lardner dealt with the same America as Booth Tarkington, but he chose to daub in all the shadows that had been left out of Tarkington's idyllic portrait.

Though Mr. Geismar does bring out, as has never quite been done before, Lardner's power and scope as a social historian, the sheer bulk of this collection serves to intensify one's feeling of the grim and unrelieved monotony of the Lardnerian vision of things. This deadpan humor, fired at point-blank range, unerringly hits its target between the eyes; but the targets themselves—boobs, boors, heels, and respectable cheats—become in the end an appallingly tiresome lot. Though Mark Twain may have been bitter in his later years, in his early life he had known the exhilarating freedom of life on the Mississippi, and in a book like *Huckleberry Finn* he had been a



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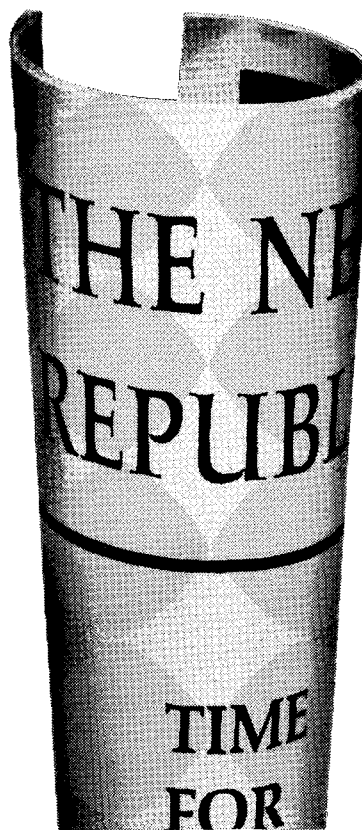
MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY

Writers, according to the classic dictum of Juvenal, are a high-strung and irritable lot, and they tend to be most quarrelsome of all where other writers are concerned. It is a remarkable feat when two of the tribe can maintain a mutual adulation of each other unbroken over the years, and well-nigh incredible when these two happen to be such prickly individualists as Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller. Yet, believe it or not, LAWRENCE DURRELL AND HENRY MILLER: A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE, edited by Professor George Wickes (Dutton, \$6.95), spreads before us just such a love feast of admiration and friendship over a span of thirty years. Only once does Durrell confess himself very disappointed by Miller's writing (the book is *Sexus*), and he wonders whether Miller may not have gone to seed since leaving Europe and settling among the California beatniks. But this harsh verdict is modified in a later letter.

The letters make very lively reading, and they clarify many of the ideas and literary values of the two authors during the difficult years when they were without very much public recognition. Yet it is a rather impersonal exchange, in the sense that it lacks those homely and nonliterary details that are often the special charm of letters written without any intention of publication. This may be because the two knew each other for many years only by correspondence, and they tend to address each other as literary minds rather than as real, flesh-and-blood persons.

The exchange began in the early 1930s with a fan letter from Durrell on the *Tropic of Cancer*. (He was then twenty-three, unpublished and unknown; Miller, forty-three, had been published but was little known.) The *Tropic*, writes Durrell, is the great book for our time; and Miller, with a detachment that transcends egotism, calmly replies that this is exactly what he himself would say of the book if he were not its author. He suspects that Durrell may be a writer too, and asks to see a manuscript; in due course he receives a copy of *The Black Book*,

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and now it is his turn to exclaim that, by God, Durrell too is a "stinking genius." And that about sets the tone from there on.

Yet for all this unbuttoned praise of each other, the letters demean neither man. In this very private exchange they remain men of stature, and their correspondence is in fact a moving testament to the dedicated literary life as each has practiced it.

AUTUMN LOVE

When the Japanese take over Western forms of art they never quite abandon their own native style and sensibility. At first glance there might seem to be a certain naïveté about **AFTER THE BANQUET** by YUKIO MISHIMA (Knopf, \$4.00), as if the author, in writing a novel, were imitating an alien idiom. But this initial reaction (as in our first exposure to Japanese films) quickly vanishes; the apparent naïveté turns into a style all its own, direct yet allusive, poetic without being gushing, and we realize that the author has accomplished the amazing feat of making his novel entirely successful by Western standards and yet never losing contact with his own great tradition of Japanese poetry. This is Mr. Mishima's third novel to appear in English, and it seems to me that it establishes him as an outstanding writer, not only of Japan but of the world. He is fortunate, too, in his translator, Donald Keene, who has outdone himself in turning the original into felicitous English.

Kazu, a middle-aged woman who believes that love has long since been put out of her life, is proprietress of a highly successful restaurant in Tokyo that is much frequented by retired diplomats and politicians. One of the latter is Noguchi, a slightly threadbare but haughty aristocrat. Kazu, on the other hand, is a woman of the people who harbors a very romantic heart beneath the veneer of a successful professional woman. The opposites attract each other, fall in love, and get married. But the austere moralism of Noguchi, high-minded but hypocritical, grinds romance into dust. When he attempts a comeback in politics, Kazu throws herself into the campaign; but her methods in going directly to the people scandalize her husband, and the marriage breaks up.



Harrison Salisbury on "the special magic" of *VOICES IN THE SNOW*

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The plot is slight; the novel triumphs as a character study of a couple past their prime caught in the toils of a hopeless marriage. In Kazu, particularly, Mr. Mishima has caught the pathos of the middle-aged woman fluttering in love with the impulsiveness and abandon of a young girl as we have not had it in fiction since the best of Colette.

MIGHTY MOUSE

In the usual thriller we find respite for a few moments from the cares of the world in the company of the superhuman hero, master of judo and assorted mayhem, as he outwits spies and casually seduces beautiful women. However, in **THE LIGHT OF DAY** (Knopf, \$3.95), **ERIC AMBLER** proves conclusively that the formula can be turned around and yet provide just as good an escape. Taking an altogether unattractive and disreputable protagonist, Mr. Ambler plunges him into a maelstrom of international intrigue, and before long we are hanging on with bated breath. When the story is good, we can identify with the mouse as well as the lion — perhaps even better, for we are able to release some of our own less desirable qualities.

The unheroic hero is Arthur Abdel Simpson, son of a British officer and an Egyptian mother; and Mr. Ambler, with a delightfully sardonic irony toward his own countrymen, leaves it a moot point whether the shady streak in this character comes by way of paternal or maternal ancestry. A short exposure to an English public school, which is supposed to foster character, has in fact encouraged Arthur in all the wiles of the petty sneak. Hired under rather unusual circumstances to drive a Lincoln Continental from Athens to Istanbul, Arthur runs afoul of Turkish customs. Thence begins a chain of improbable adventures in the course of which he becomes simultaneously an arm of Turkish counter-intelligence and a confederate of international thieves.

Arthur always does the wrong thing; but somehow the mouse, hurled into these dangerous waters, splashes around and floats. Not only does he keep several jumps ahead of Turkish intelligence; he also is able to outwit the thieves. In the end he has turned out just as effective an agent as any James Bond — and a good deal more human and likable.

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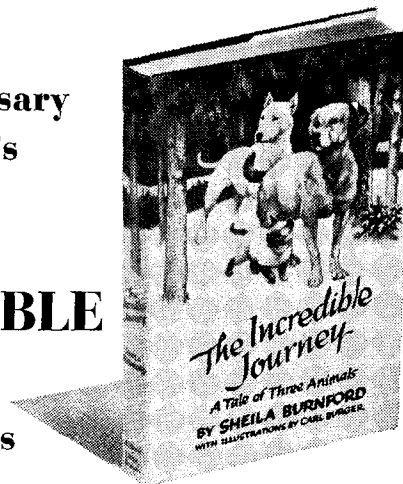
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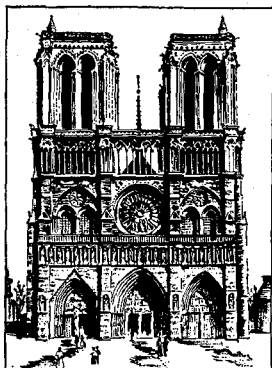
And millions of people, while professing belief in God, choose no church at all.

This "neutral" attitude is not, however, a good answer to the question for any person who wants to be honest with himself. If you are among these uncertain ones, it is not a good solution for you when you stop to consider that the eternal destiny of your soul may depend upon your choice. And for anyone raising a family, the decision is a matter of special concern.

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS' new novel, *CHILDREN OF CAPRICORN* (Random House, \$3.95), is a story of two young people dominated by their family history, and of how one escapes from this prison and the other does not. The period (the nineteen thirties) and the place (western Massachusetts) are described with exceptional sharpness and fidelity. The tone of the family, overridden by a formidable matriarch and intimidated by the glory of a literary ancestor, is consistent, sourly amusing, altogether right even to the subtly aroused suspicion that grandfather was really a lousy poet. If the book has a defect, it is the same one that afflicts *Wickford Point*. Mr. Abrahams has been truthful about a particular region and a particular type of New England family, and neither region nor family conforms to the generally accepted idea of New England. It is possible that only the local aborigines are equipped to appreciate this intelligent and accomplished novel.

THE NOVELS OF A. C. SWINBURNE (Farrar, Straus, \$6.50) are, it turns out, two: *Love's Cross Currents* and *Lesbia Brandon*. Neither is now likely to alter the course of English literature, and both suggest that if Swinburne had stuck to prose with more persistence, or taken it more seriously, he might have become an important novelist. But Watts-Dunton, that worthy bear leader, was not amused, and Swinburne the novelist remains more a beguiling possibility than an accomplished fact. Edmund Wilson's introduction to these novels says everything that needs to be said about them with a fine blend of grace and scholarship.

A peculiar anthology of Americana, *THE WAYFARING STRANGER'S NOTEBOOK* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.95), is a jumble of fact, legend, quotation, and opinion compiled by BURL IVES. It is useless to wonder where Mr. Ives picked up his material, which ranges from Jefferson's letters on Indian wars to moldy comic epitaphs, or to brood about how much he may simply have invented. The book is held together and justified by Mr. Ives's humor and enthusiasm. He provides no bibliography, at-

tributing everything to an uncle, Dr. Sam Icle Ivanhoe, who is clearly fictional. Nobody, unfortunately, could have a name like that in fact.

The new translation of **THE TORAH** (The Jewish Publication Society of America, \$5.00) is the work of a committee of scholars, undertaken largely because recent advances in Near Eastern archaeology, both biblical and secular, have made the older English version inadequate in some respects. The result is impressive. The committee has achieved a style which is dignified without stiffening into formality and easy without drifting into colloquialism. There are no antique echoes and no unnerving modernisms. It is, in the best sense, classic prose and should stand for a long time, unless the archaeologists dig up too much history.

JOHN TOLAND'S THE DILLINGER DAYS (Random House, \$5.95) is a fast, unreflective history of the era of bloody bank robberies. It seems like a tale from another century now, and in a way it is, for Dillinger and his trigger-happy kind were the last of the James boys rather than precursors of the elegant masqueraders that cleaned out Brink's. As a stylist, Mr. Toland is undistinguished, but the uproar of his material will probably console any reader with the faintest interest in the mechanics of sticking up a bank.

OF STREETS AND STARS (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50) by **ALAN MARCUS** was originally published in California in a limited edition. It is now available on a normal basis, as it should be, for the writing is notably lively and original. Set in Hollywood, the novel rambles around the edges of a film lot without ever getting seriously mixed up with the movie business. Mr. Marcus introduces a large number of people, all different, all convincing, for the purpose of demonstrating that their real lives have no connection with each other or with the means by which they earn a living. There have been a lot of novels lately about isolation and the failure of communication between individuals, and too many of these books fail to communicate anything except the isolation of the author. *Of Streets and Stars* is outside this dismal category. Mr. Marcus knows his characters and has succeeded very well in making a coherent whole of material selected for its essential disjointedness.

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JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 by Page Smith Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST by Barbara Tuchman Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE by Edmund Wilson Oxford
 Judges: William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

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IN THE CLEARING by Robert Frost Holt
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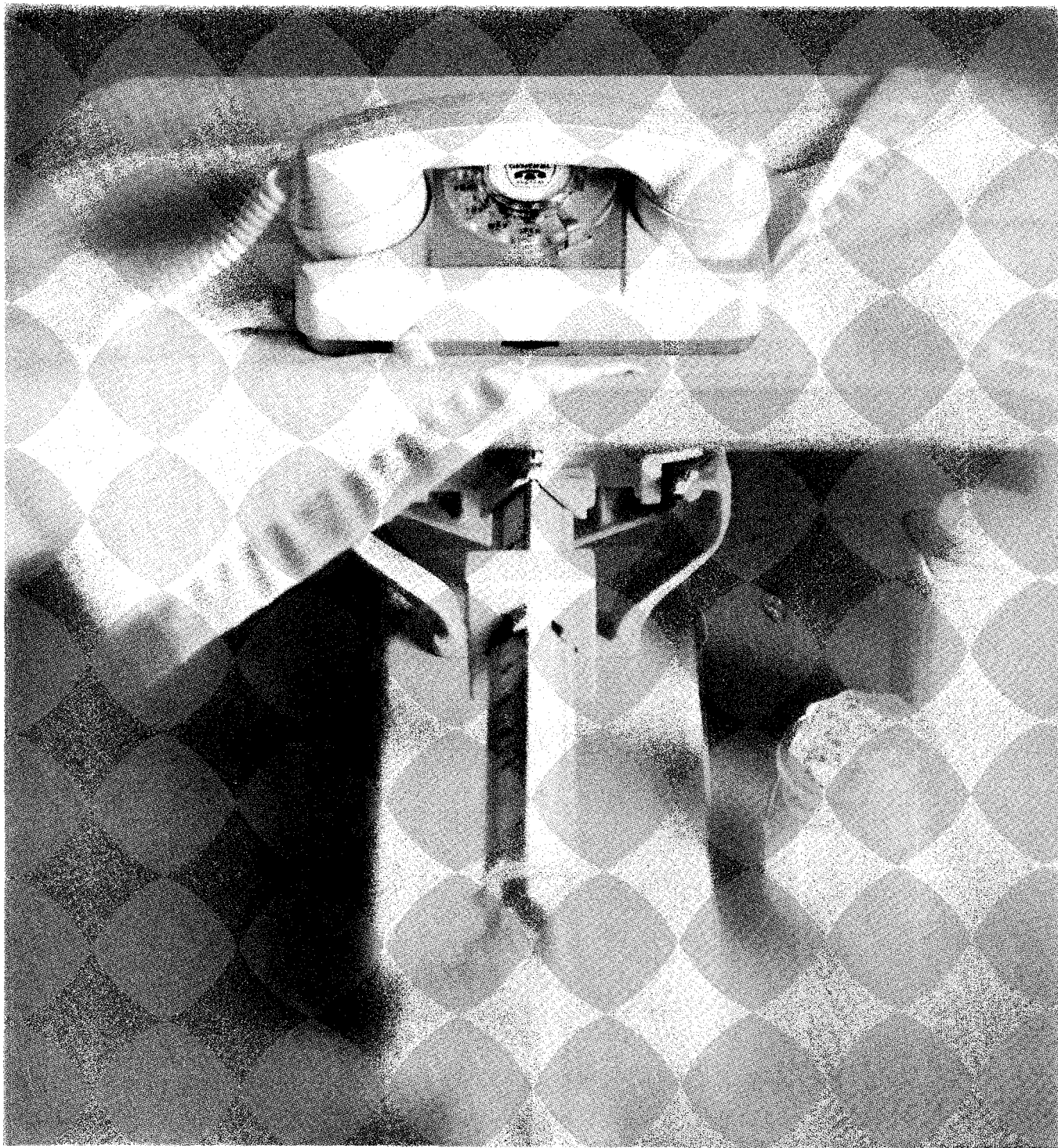
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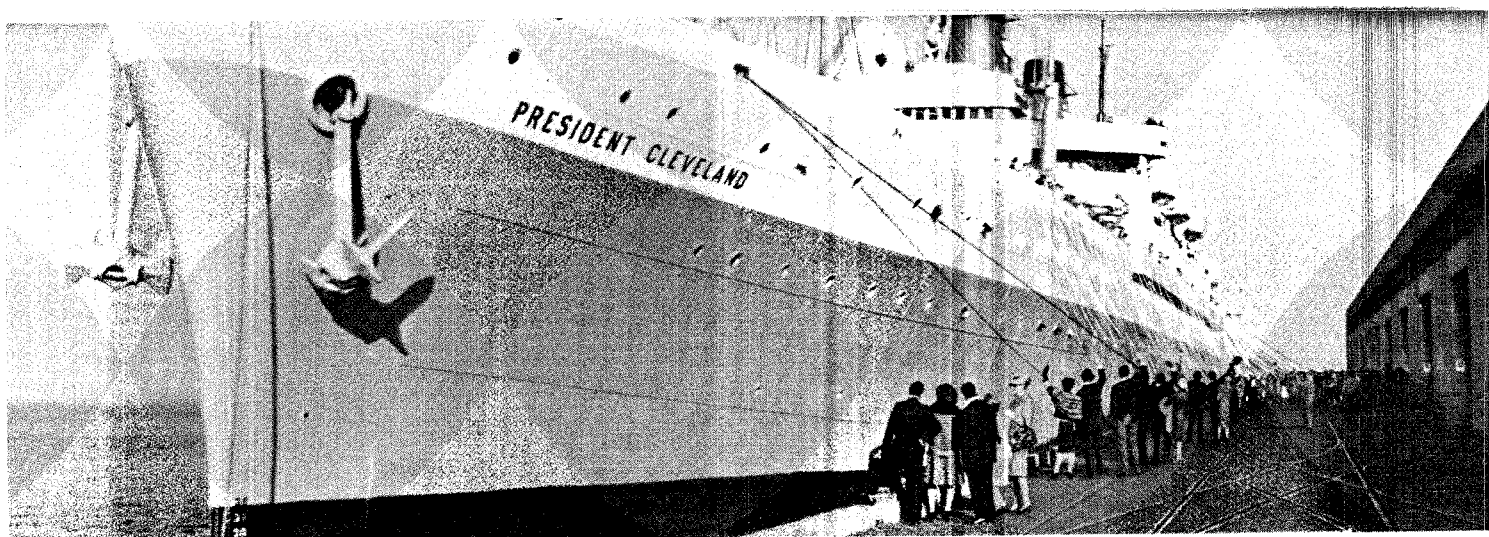
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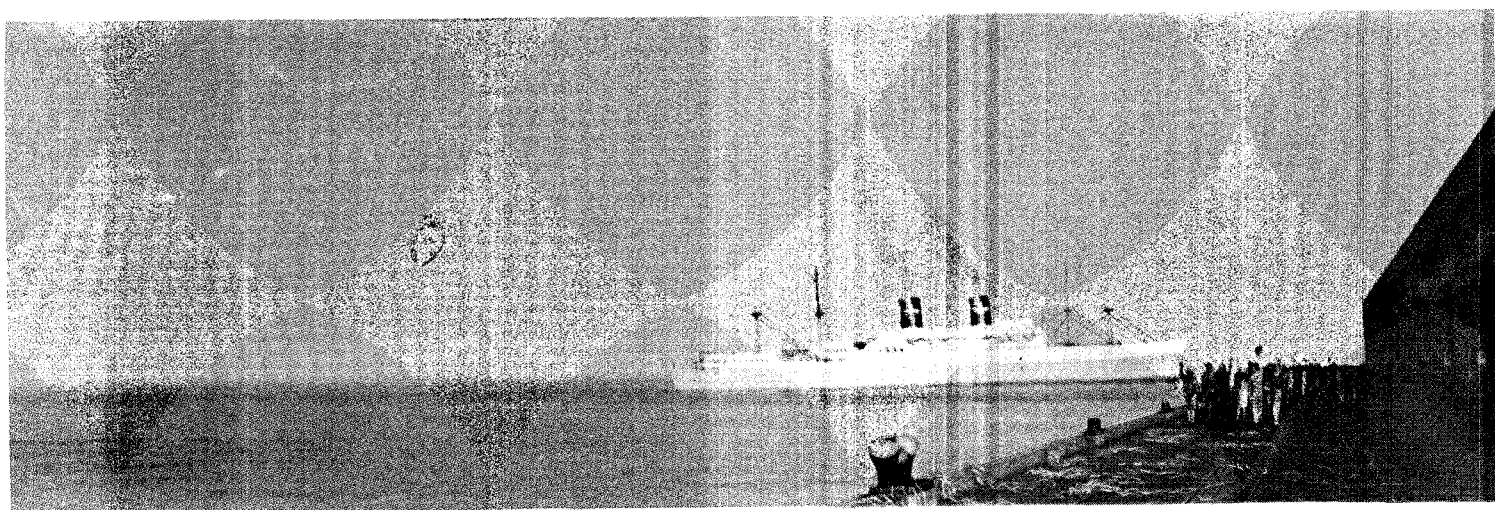
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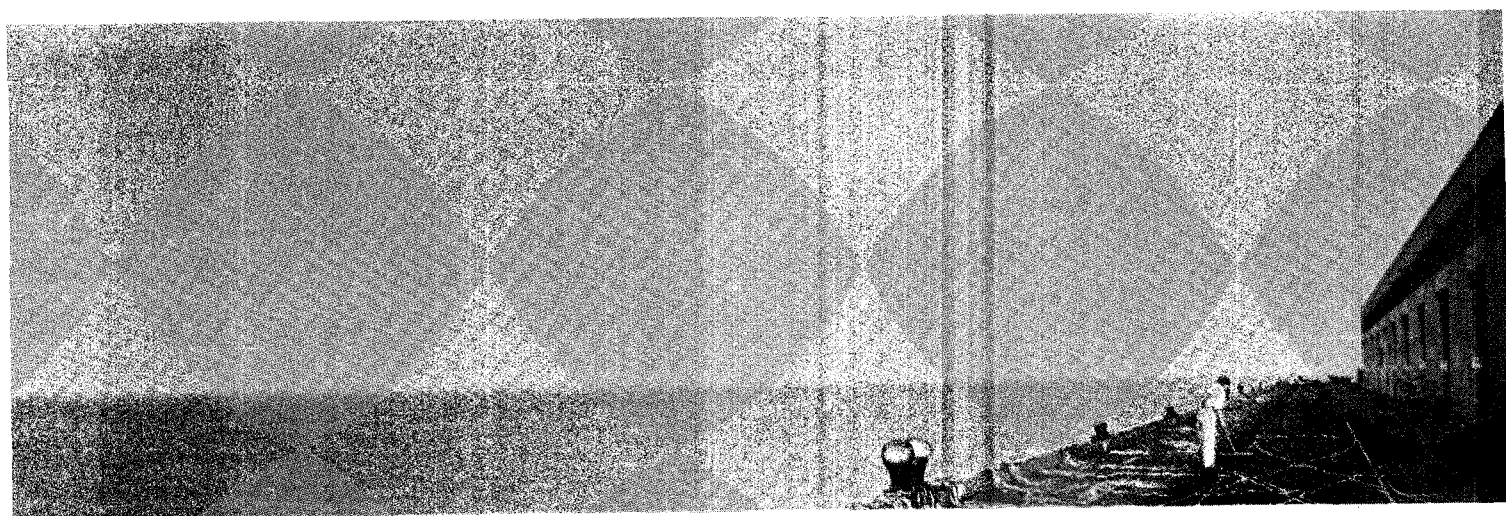
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